★ Dec. 16, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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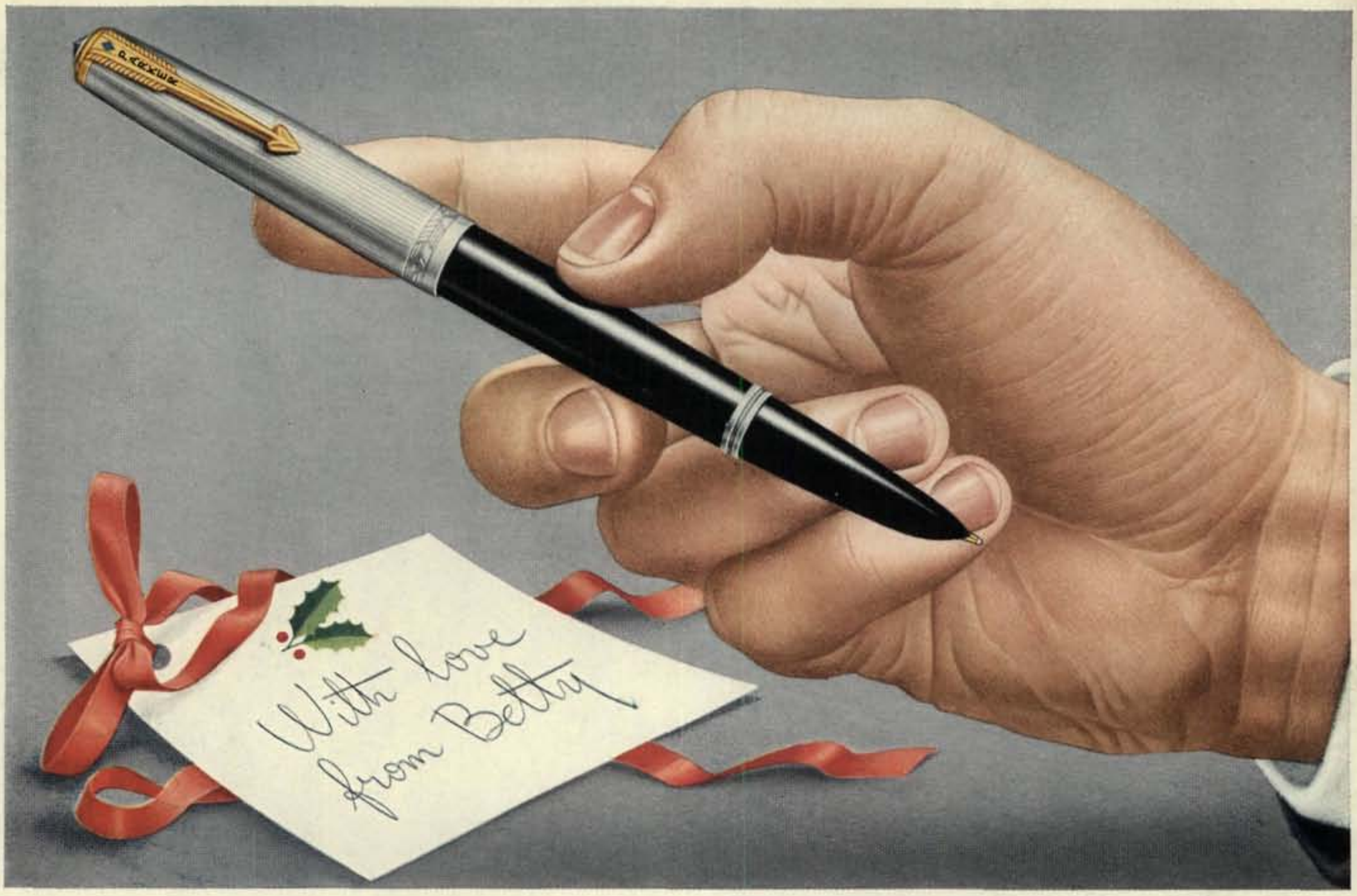

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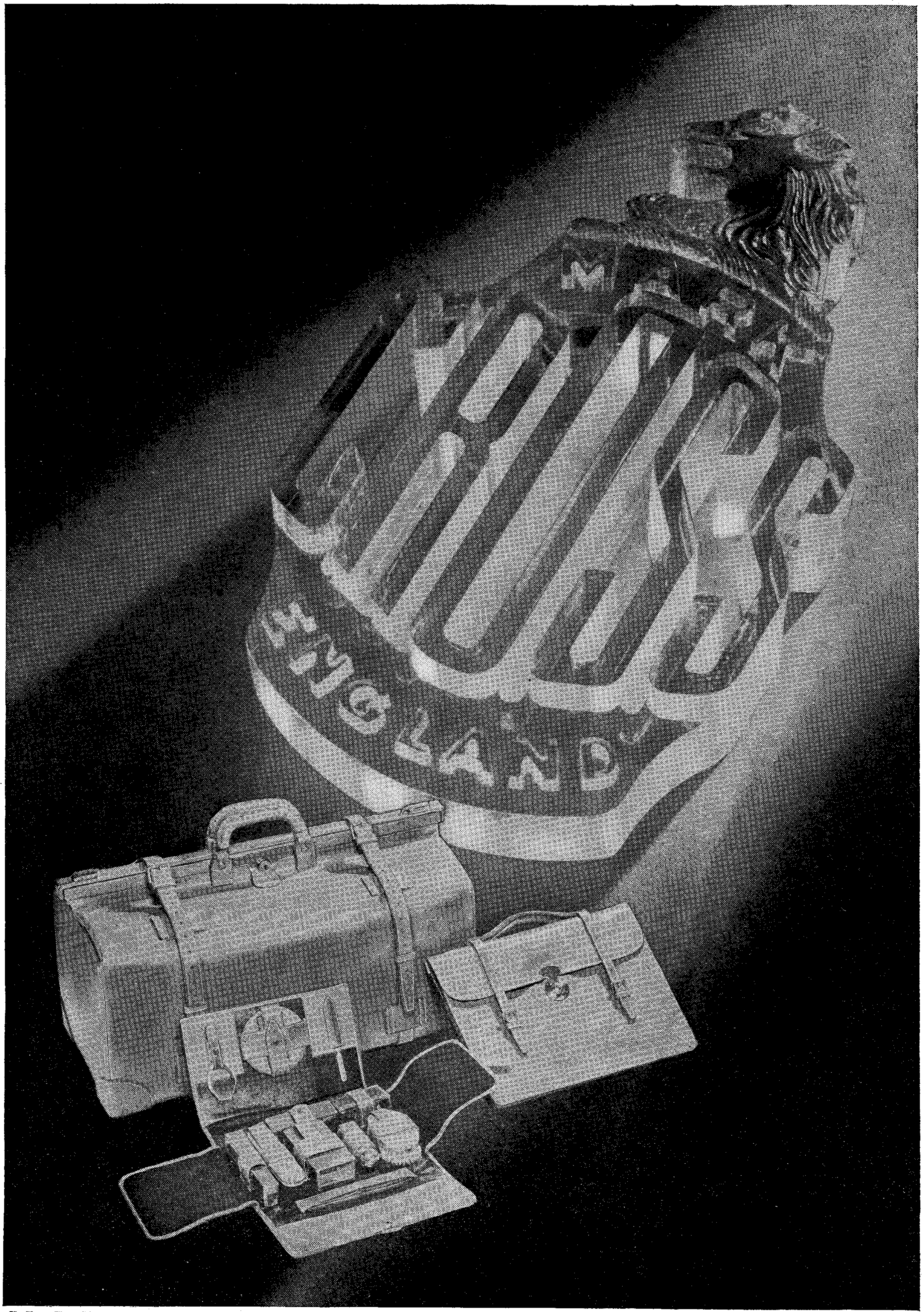

MARK CROSS LUGGAGE AND TRAVEL REQUISITES OF FINE LEATHER
• FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND, NEW YORK •

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its fourth year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:40; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at Arnold Constable.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history, or Diamond Lil transplanted to Moscow. Funny in spots, but on the whole a pretty rudimentary piece of work. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hand in Glove—Perversity and insanity in a psychological melodrama that is rather more unpleasant than exciting. Isobel Elsom and George Lloyd are especially busy in it. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of quiet humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase's novel about a lady (Ilka Chase) who is more successful with cosmetics than love has been made into a play and probably shouldn't have been. Frederic Tozere, Paul McGrath, and Francis De Sales are among her fashionable admirers. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—This adaptation of the Marquand novel may have been broadened and simplified a little too much, but it is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

Little Women—A revival of the Marion DeForrest dramatization, with Mary Welsh, Frances Reid, and Margot Stephenson. Directed by Jessie Royce Landis and produced by Eddie Dowling. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat., except Dec. 23, Sun., and Wed. at 2:30.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory as a couple who suddenly discover that ten years is a long time to be married. Samson Raphaelson has written much better comedies than this. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Barbara O'Neil. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A play about the return of an adolescent hero that might have been a good deal better if some of its broader comedy effects had been left out. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, who leaves the cast on Sat., Dec. 16, will be replaced by Betty Field. Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie will stay on. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:35, for the Actors' Fund.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dark Hammock—A melodrama by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham is the director and Miss Orr is in the cast, along with Elissa Landi, Mary Wickes, and Charles McClelland. Produced by Meyer Davis and Sam H. Grisman. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy by Norman Krasna, with Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Phyllis Povah, and Howard Smith. Directed by Moss Hart and produced by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the eighteen-sixties. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets, costumes, and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, handsome musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Moves on Mon., Dec. 18, to the Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. All very satisfactory. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sadie Thompson—Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke have turned Mr. Maugham's short story into a spectacle that is one of the things you ought to see. June Havoc is Sadie and Lansing Hatfield the Reverend Davidson. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Laffing Room Only—Another Olsen and Johnson show, this time with Frank Libuse, Betty Garrett, and Fred Waring's Glee Club. Staged by John Murray Anderson; produced by Olsen and Johnson and the Shuberts. Opens Sat., Dec. 23. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

(Listed below, for the convenience of parents who want to plan ahead, are some activities scheduled for children through the Christmas season.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—"The Gnomes' Christmas": Sat., Dec. 16 and 23, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

New York City Center—A Nativity pageant, with music by the Collegiate Chorale and the New York City Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski: Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 21 and 23, at 3 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 24, at 11 P.M. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

St. George's School—The dramatic association presenting Dickens' "A Christmas Carol": Thurs., Dec. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call MU 4-4000, Ext. 6.)

Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre—J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan": Tues., Dec. 26, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

Junior Dramatic Workshop—"The Travels of Danny Doubt and Tommy Trust," a fantasy based on a Tolstoi story: Tues. through Fri., Dec. 26-29, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

Adelphi Children's Theatre—"The Golden Cockerel," a ballet play based on the Elaine and Willy Pogany story: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 and 3:30 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. For tickets, write to the Children's Theatre, Adelphi College, Garden City.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—A dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland": Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom (no adults admitted), with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, is open weekdays from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5 P.M. (For reservations, call CI 5-8900.)

BALLET

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Pictures at an Exhibition," "Sentimental Colloquy," "Constantia," and "Memories," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Mad Tristan," and "Brahms Variations," Fri. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . "Swan Lake," "Mad Tristan," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 16. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Brahms Variations," and "Bolero," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 17. . . . "Constantia," "Mad Tristan," and "Memories," Tues. Eve., Dec. 19. . . . "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Mad Tristan," and "Brahms Variations," Wed. Eve., Dec. 20. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," and "Memories," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sentimental Colloquy," "The Mute Wife," and "Sebastian," Fri. Eve., Dec. 22. . . . "Constantia," "Mad Tristan," and "Brahms Variations," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 23. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the stately old Trianon Room, Jules Lande's orchestra provides polite music for a polite dinner and supper audience.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has a pleasant enough ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid piano music by Mary Lou Williams; Phil Moore's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Where the tumult and the shouting seem never to die away. Carol Bruce in a slapdash show, and dance music by George Olsen's and Joel Harron's orchestras. . . . The Copa Bar has the Milt Herth Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet and familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Murray Golden's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the Cotillion

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

Room, Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, will be replaced on Tues., Dec. 19, by Myrus, the ingenious mindreader (only intellectuals seem to play this house). Stanley Melba's orchestra provides the dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, at her most roguish, is in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the handsome Iridium Room, and there is Marthe Errolle to sing for you. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, the show is headed by Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh; a couple of orchestras play for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by two small orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folk at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper, who is currently floating about in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, will be replaced by Annamary Dickey and a ballet team, Volkoff and Milada, on Wed., Dec. 20. Leo Reisman's orchestra will continue to play throughout the evening and Mischa Borr's neat little band will stay around to help entertain the supper crowd. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Maxine Sullivan, George and Gene Bernard, the Herman Chittison Trio, Claude Alphand, and Pearl Bailey—all in one evening, too. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pointed comedy by Imogene Coca, helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, background by Cedric Wallace's Trio. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): quiet and pleasant, with Ted Hunter rambling along at the piano.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, and Louis Armstrong's band making a commendable contribution to life on old Broadway. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful but not very animated girls. Also, Dwight Fiske and his smirk, who will be replaced by Carl Brisson and his tailcoat on Wed., Dec. 20; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of fairly Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.

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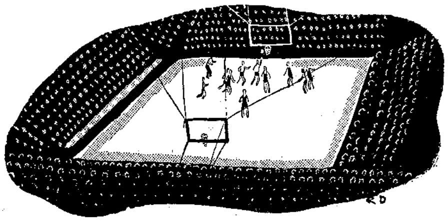
Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): music by Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their capable companions. . . . **SPOTLITE,** 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): a new place with some good old ideas, such as Harry Gibson, Oscar Pettiford's band, Tiny Grimes' quartet, and (at unpredictable intervals) Billie Holiday. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page, Stuff Smith's trio, and Barney Bigard's quintet in full stride. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins, his eminent saxophone, and his band, abetted by a trio and Trummie Young. . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Ma sala, Adele Girard, and their band still at thei old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861) Art Tatum at the piano, a hot quartet, an (through Thurs., Dec. 21) Wingy Mannone' band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) Art Hodes' trio hard at work; dancing. . . . **VILLAG VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): jus a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard War Trio; dancing.



ART

Abstract and Surrealist—Paintings by Americans Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Dec. 30.

American—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: paintings b nineteenth-century artists, as well as such con temporaries as Revington Arthur, Douglas Gors line, and Sol Wilson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:3 P.M.; through Jan. 6. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: paint ings by early and present-day artists. Weekdays A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Europea paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth an twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M. through Jan. 1.

Byron Browne—New abstract paintings: Pinacotheca 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; througl Dec. 30.

David Burliuk—Recent oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Week days 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; througl Dec. 30.

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles in bronze an plaster: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

Chess in Art—Painting and sculpture which th game inspired, by Marcel Duchamp, Ossip Zad kine, Max Ernst, and others: Julien Levy, 42 E 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan 31.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 12 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

Cristofanetti—New paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57 Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat. Dec. 23.

Raoul Dufy—His race-track scenes, in water colo and oil: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. t 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Angna Enters—Paintings and sketches by the versatile mime: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:3 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 29.

Emlen Etting—Scenes of the Paris liberation: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. t 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

Europeans—Work by artists who exhibited at th "Salon d'Automne" in prewar Paris: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Henri Farge—Caricatures of Parisian people and places: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:3 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

André Girard—Paintings of flowers and a series o the Fourteen Stations of the Cross: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings o the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Groups—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57: a painting apiece by Philip Evergood, David Burliuk, and a dozen other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **67 GALLERY,** 67 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by William Baziotes, Eugene Berman, Adolf Gottlieb, and other moderns. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 53 E. 57: pioneer modern painters, with Joseph Stella, Amédée Ozenfant, Louis Maurer, and their better-known contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: a cosmopolitan collection with Vlaminck, Rivera, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: the annual show of paintings for the young collector. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57: work by such artists as Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo, and Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **BONESTELL,** 18 E. 57: Jean Charlot, Eric Isenburger, Joseph Solman, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Sat., Dec. 23. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by seventy-four American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . .

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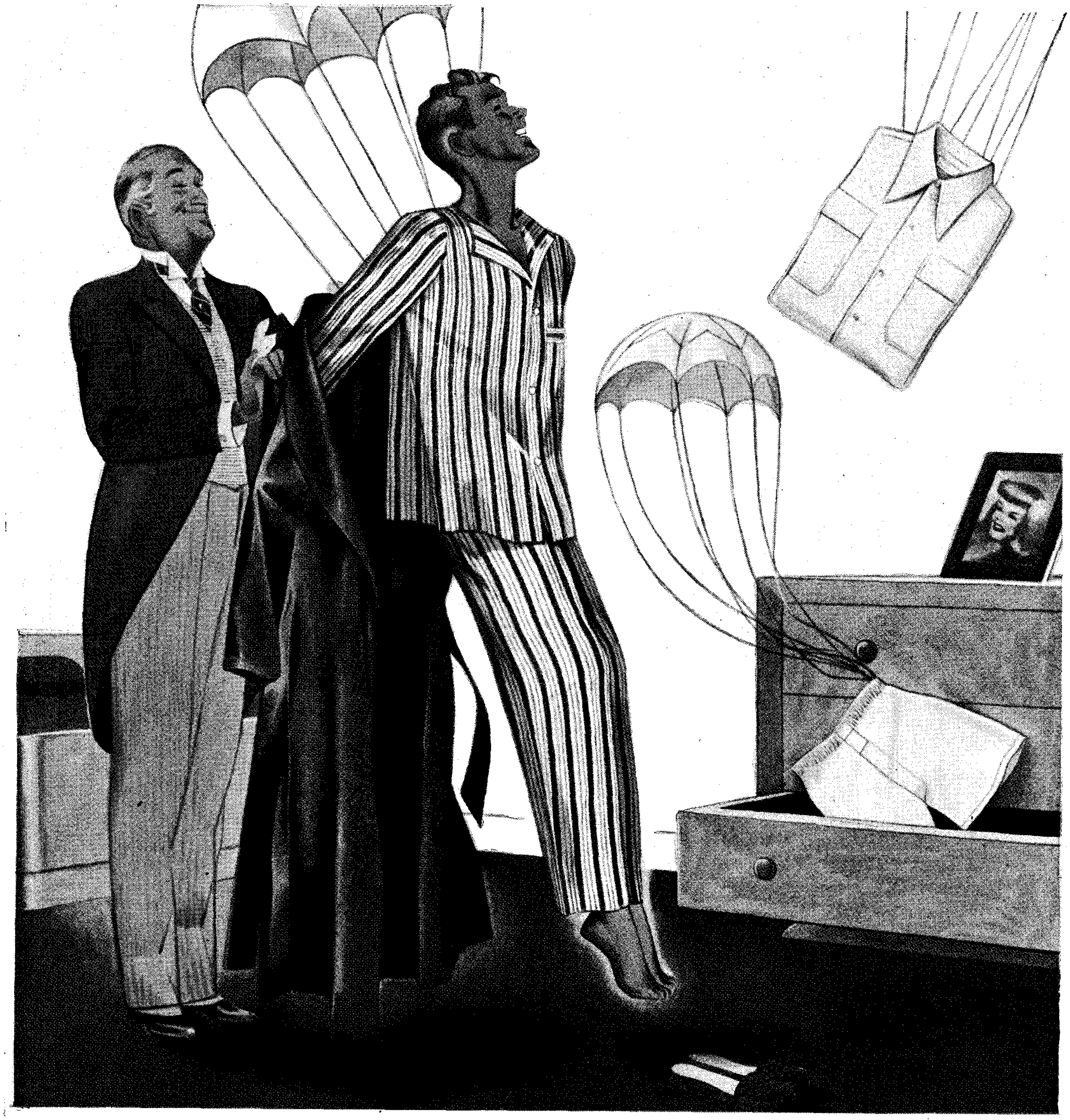

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

WILLARD, 32 E. 57: a small show, including some Calder jewelry. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **INTERNATIONAL PRINT SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57: small paintings and water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 3. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: well-selected flower paintings by modern American and French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

MARSDEN HARTLEY—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: paintings, old and new. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: drawings, pastels, and silverpoints. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

JOHN MARIN—New oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

GRANDMA MOSES—The rural naïve paints the same pleasant countryside with increased technique: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Retrospective shows of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Works in many mediums by merchant seamen of the United Nations; also, drawings by members of the Academy and others. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

NEWARK MUSEUM, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

RUTH RAY—Surrealist paintings: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 16.

KURT SELIGMANN—Recent paintings: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

WILLIAM STEIG—Drawings of Small Fry and frustrated adults: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

MARCEL VERTÈS—Drawings, water colors, and ballet sketches, all in the usual manner: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 16.

DARIO VITERBO—Sculpture and drawings; also, elaborate political caricatures and miniatures by Arthur Szyk: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 15, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 17, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Dec. 22, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Erica Morini, violin, Dec. 17; Artur Schnabel, piano, Dec. 21-22.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Dec 16, at 11 A.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski conducting. Mon., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Dec. 19, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA—Dean Dixon conducting; soloist, Vivian Rivkin, piano. Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Conducting his orchestra. Tues., Dec. 19, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Stuff Smith's trio, Barney Bigard's band, and others, with Pearl Bailey, singer, as soloist. Wed., Dec. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 247.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Die Walküre," Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8 P.M. . . . "Norma," Fri., Dec. 15, at 8 P.M. . . . "Faust," Sat., Dec. 16, at 2 P.M. . . . "Aïda," Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Mon., Dec. 18, at 8 P.M. . . . "Lohengrin," Wed., Dec. 20, at 8 P.M. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs., Dec. 21, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri., Dec. 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Tristan und Isolde," Sat., Dec. 23, at 2 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Sat., Dec. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—A new English version of Pergolesi's "The Jealous Husband." Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 14-16, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 16, at 2:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

SASCHA GORODNITZKI—Piano. Fri., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS—Choral group. Sat., Dec. 16, at 5:30 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 17, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN—Violin. Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Budapest Quartet, with Milton Katims, viola; Ralph MacLean and Jules Serpentini, clarinet; and Louis Del Negro, bassoon. Sun., Dec. 17, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOHN HARMS CHORUS—John Harms conducting. Sun., Dec. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. Mon., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. Admission by purchase of War Bonds only; for information, call WI 7-7000, Ext. 210.)

GORDON STRING QUARTET—Contemporary Polish chamber music. Mon., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 247.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin; a benefit for the American Friends Service Committee. Tues., Dec. 19, at 9 P.M. (Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Madison at 46. For tickets, write to Mrs. Jacques Balsan, 2 E. 67.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass conducting. Tues., Dec. 19, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN AND WANDA LANDOWSKA—Violin and harpsichord. Wed., Dec. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—George Mead conducting. Wed., Dec. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

HANDEL'S "THE MESSIAH"—The Oratorio Society of New York, Alfred Greenfield conducting. Sat., Dec. 23, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—City College vs. Arkansas, and St. Francis vs. Muhlenberg, Sat., Dec. 16; L.I.U. vs. De Paul, and St. John's vs. Puerto Rico, Sat., Dec. 23; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 15; Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 22. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

FOOTBALL—Polo Grounds—Randolph Field Ramblers of Texas vs. Second Air Force Superbombers of Denver, Sat., Dec. 16, at 2 P.M. (Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any of the leading department stores or banks.) . . . Giants vs. Green Bay; championship game, Sun., Dec. 17, at 2:05 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional game: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Dec. 17, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8:30 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 17, at 1:30 P.M.; and Tues., Dec. 19, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Benefit game: St. Paul's School vs. Kent, for the St. Paul's Boys' Camp, Thurs., Dec. 14, at 3:30 P.M.

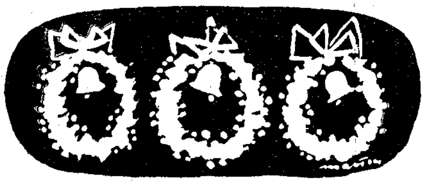
SOCCER—Eight amateur and professional teams in an exhibition tournament: Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8 P.M. (Admission by War Bonds only; for information, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 63.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

BENEFIT PARTY—The annual Silver Spoon cocktail party and tea dance for the benefit of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service: Stork Club, 3 E. 53. Thurs., Dec. 21, at 4 P.M. (For tickets, call RE 4-3120, Ext. 10.)

DRESS—A fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4.



THEATRE—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

FLOWER SHOW—Orchids and Christmas plants: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Wed., Dec. 20, from 2:30 to 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., Dec. 17, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting: Mon., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC; and Tues., Dec. 19, at 6:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Dec. 16 and 23, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sat., Dec. 16; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 23; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Dec. 17, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Kansas City Philharmonic, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sat., Dec. 16 and 23, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Dec. 17, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Dec. 16 and 23, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Aïda," Fri., Dec. 15, at 1:30 P.M.; "Faust," Sat., Dec. 16, at 2 P.M.; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat., Dec. 23, at 2 P.M.; WJZ. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Dec. 17, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

SPORTS—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., Dec. 15; Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., Dec. 22; at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

CASANOVA BROWN—A farce sometimes droll and sometimes slightly painful, with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 16-18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Dec. 20-23.)

DARK WATERS—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Wed., Dec. 20.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. Based on the novel by James Cain. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., Dec. 19. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 16-19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 19-21.)

DRAGON SEED—Hollywood does nobly if unevenly by Pearl Buck's account of the Chinese war effort. With Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and others. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Dec. 14.)

THE IMPATIENT YEARS—Nice light report on the woes of a war bride. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16-17. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 17-19. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19-20.)

KISMET—Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman make decorative gestures in a not too heavy costume piece about old Bagdad. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Dec. 20.)

THE MASTER RACE—George Coulouris and Stanley Ridges have the major rôles, but the minor ones are better, in this quick and not too convincing peek at Nazi plans for postwar Europe. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Dec. 18.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland singing and making love in a very intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—Not always sure of what it wants to say, but greatly helped by the performances of Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. From the novel about London's lower depths. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs., Dec. 14.)

THE RAINBOW—Plain and moving Russian account of the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. Subtitles in English. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

THE SEVENTH CROSS—Spencer Tracy and other good players in a smooth translation of a popular novel about Germany before the war. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Dec. 16. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Dec. 19.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—The heroism of the Navy doctor on Java. The story has been handled ponderously, but a good deal of the drama of the doctor's actual achievement survives. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Nor-

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mandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 18-20. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 20-22.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—This picture of Doolittle's bombing raid is too long, but the thirty seconds are finely done and all too short. Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, and others. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Dec. 20.)

To Have and Have Not—Humphrey Bogart, well supported, in an adventure story of Vichy rule in the West Indies. Remotely derived from the book by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—Isolationism's famous victim is treated with reverent speed, and in Technicolor, by producer Zanuck and a huge cast led by Alexander Knox. Sketchy history but a good show. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Tues., Dec. 19.)

Note—"V-1, the Robot Bomb," a short, workmanlike documentary film put out by the British, will be shown at the following theatres—Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 15-16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 15-18.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Dec. 15.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19-20.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 22.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 16.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Dec. 14.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 17-19.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles at Rochester. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Dec. 15.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers is Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19-20.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 14. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 19-21.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat., Dec. 16.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 14. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 19-21.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 15-16.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 14.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Dec. 15. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., Dec. 19.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Thurs., Dec. 21.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 19-21.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Dec. 15.)

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (1930)—The Viennese operetta. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 15-18.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 16.)

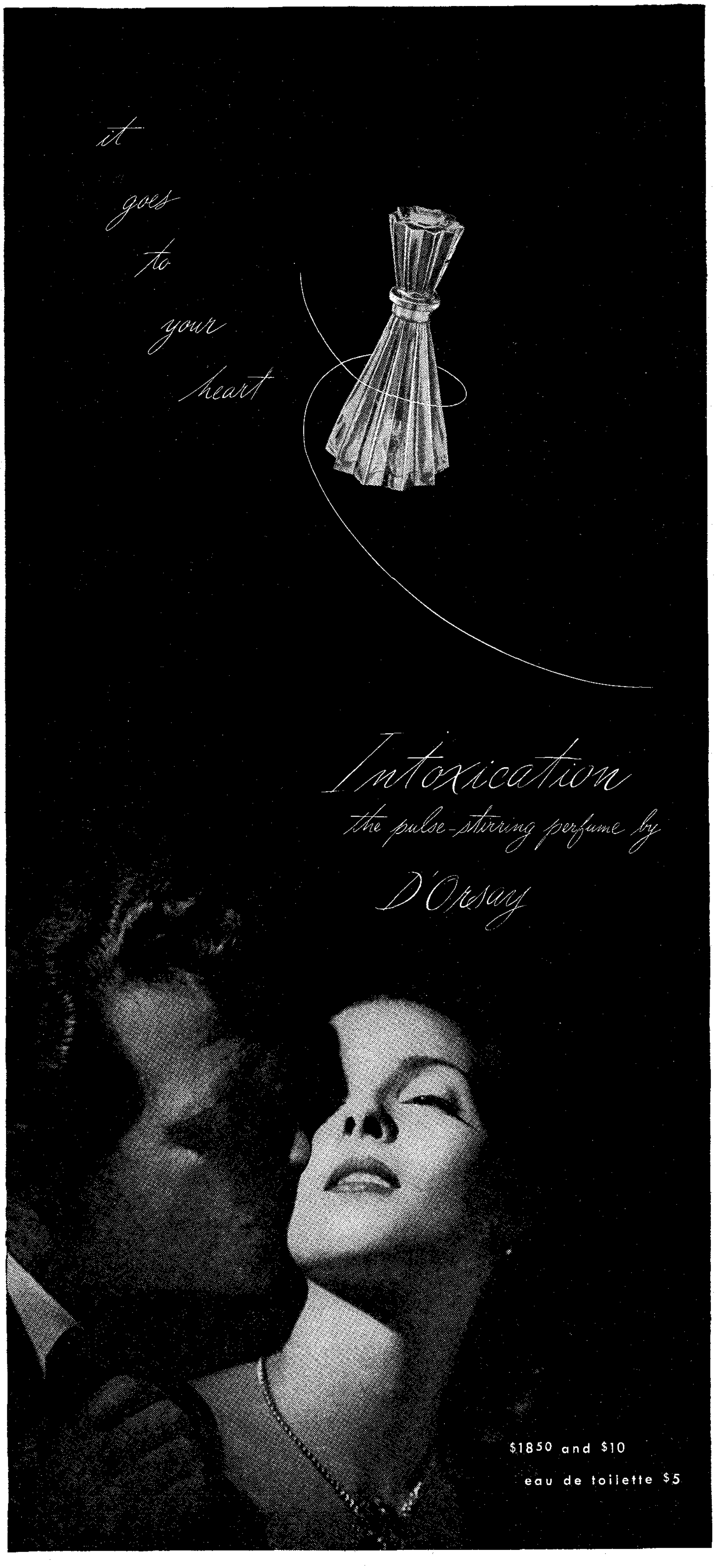
Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49; starting Fri., Dec. 15.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney as a fugitive jailbird and his girl. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 16-18.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THROUGH SUN., DEC. 17: "Sergeant York"

To Yvonne
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

Beware . . . Wear KAYSER . . You owe it to your audience



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1941), with Gary Cooper.... FROM MON., DEC. 18: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

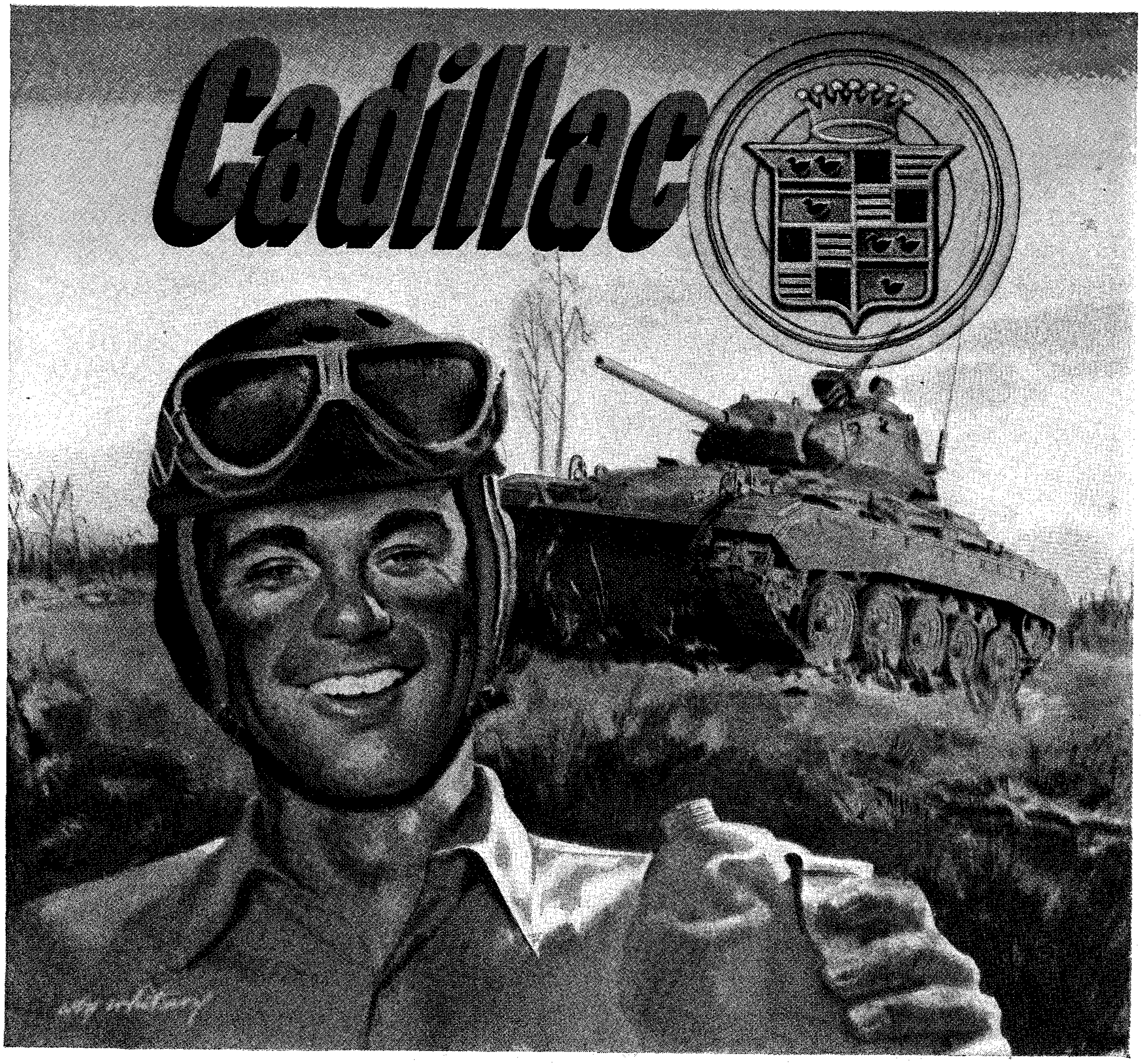
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men and women to work as typists one or two daytime sessions a week in various municipal offices; men and women to work as choral leaders and crafts teachers in settlement houses.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 48 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37.)... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.)... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs; women to take a four-week part-time training course and then serve at least six daytime hours a week as librarians in hospitals.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 819 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work several daytime hours each week preparing food in service men's canteens.

Sixth War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign will continue through Sat., Dec. 16, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) still need volunteers who can work daytimes or evenings, once or twice a week, canvassing, working in Bond booths, or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, playing cards, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976).... Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).... The American Committee for the Yugoslav Relief Ship (LE 2-4945) is collecting warm clothing, bedding, and tinned foods to be sent abroad. Contributions should be sent to the organization's offices at 58 Park, at 38.



Ask *him* about Cadillac Engines!

You may be the owner of a Cadillac car—but if you want to hear the latest word on Cadillac engines, you'll have to ask a tank veteran, like the one pictured here. Only he—and his many thousands of buddies in the light tank corps—can tell you what a Cadillac V-type engine is like today.

Soon after America's entry into the war, the United States Army standardized on Cadillac engines and Hydra-Matic Transmissions for use in light tanks. And under the impact of battle, these great power trains have been vastly improved.

Today they are hardened veterans of literally thousands of individual tank battles—from the South Pacific to the Siegfried Line. The punishment they are built to withstand is beyond anything a passenger car driver would ever exact. Yes—regardless of how well you know Cadillac engines—you'll have to ask the Army for the latest word!

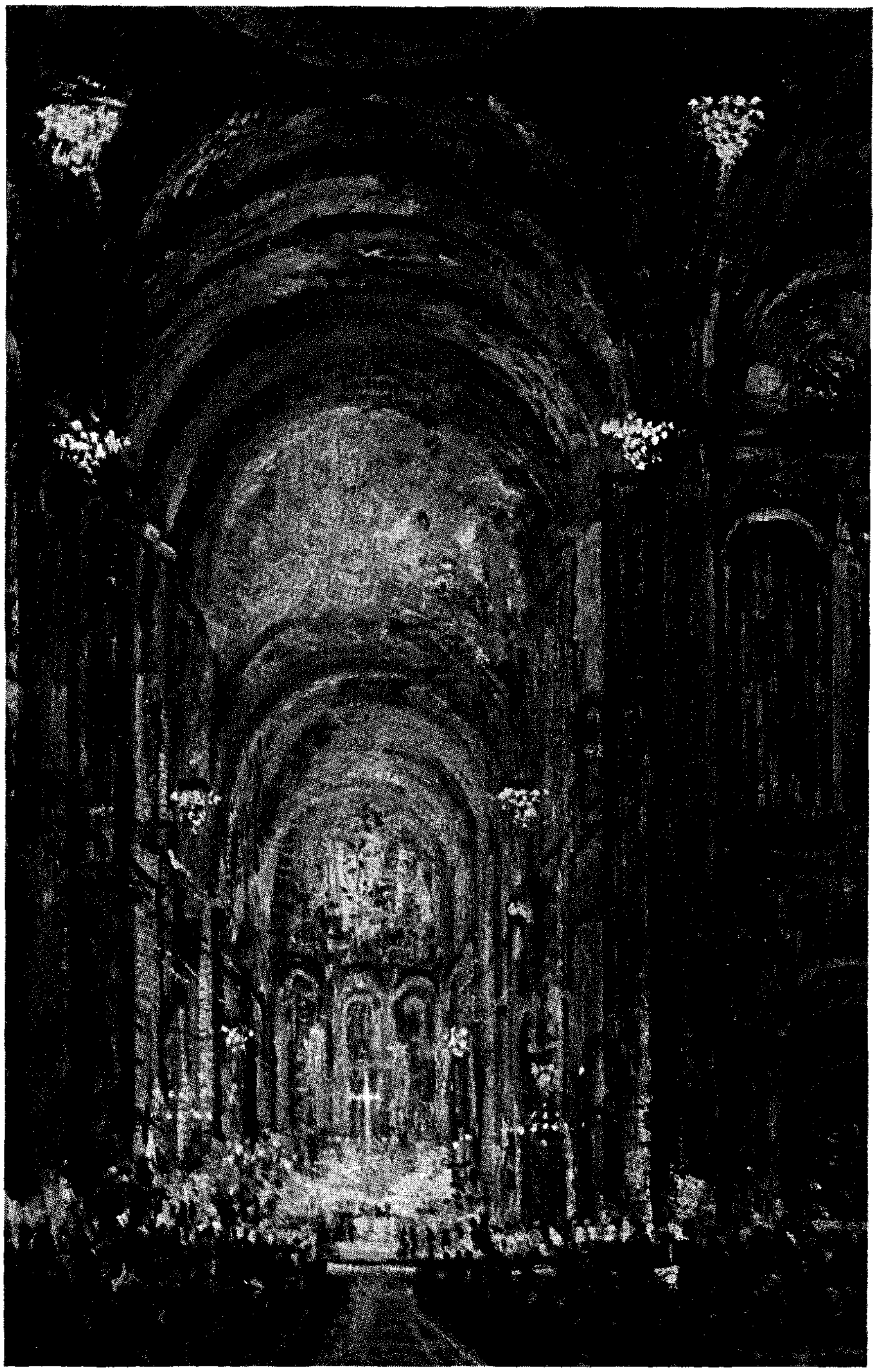
Since 1939, Cadillac has also been producing super-precision assemblies for the Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY NAVY

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS



"And the Glory of the Lord" the great anthem from Handel's "Messiah," interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. For information on reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection, write to Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

And the Glory of the Lord

Ring out, oh voices, in glad hosanna! Ring out . . . from solemn cathedral and simple chapel, from distant ship and island shore. Lift heavenward a hymn whose message fills the world with hope.

To men free to sing their faith, Christmas, this year, comes as a day of deep rejoicing. To men still fettered, yet unafraid, it offers new-forged comfort. To both, it is a time of prayer that may soon know fulfilment. . . .

For the light of peace is lengthening, and there is promise that at last the forces of hatred shall be banished from the earth . . . that the hearts of all peoples, shadowed by great sacrifice and sorrowing, shall once again hold only mercy and good-will.

Then, truth shall triumph over tyranny.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

The Capehart — The Farnsworth

PRODUCTS OF FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

THE NEW YORKER

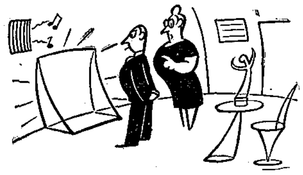
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

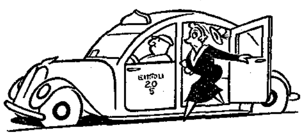
EMERGENCY RATION NOTE: First nighters at the Billy Rose opening on the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor were issued champagne during intermission.

WE brought in our Yule log the other evening with as much ceremony as a man can manage who is fighting an armful of wood up a flight of stairs. The log came from a coal-ice-wood cellar in the neighborhood. It is a stick of oak. It is fourteen inches long and it cost sixteen and two-thirds cents (two dollars a dozen). Of all the inflationary aspects of this particular Christmas, probably this tiny sliver of firewood is the most notable. At the rate of two dollars for a dozen sticks, a cord of wood would probably be worth somewhere around a hundred dollars. We are proud of this costly little Yule log and shall treat it as it deserves. On Christmas Eve we aim to pour some very old brandy on it and bring it in flaming on a platter.

POSTWAR houses, some of them, are to be called "dwelling machines," as you have undoubtedly heard. The name will attract those who see the future as essentially a functional problem—in other words, it will attract all of us who have ever washed, dried, and put away a dish. Dwelling machines will be mobile, sterile, vibrant, and, in an offensive sort of way, convenient. The persons who occupy them will have to show new qualities and new talents. It is only necessary to shut your eyes to witness a scene in one of the dwelling machines of the future. A mother is talking to her son, who has never been any good with tools. They stand before a hearth of glass in which glows a light never before seen on land or sea. From a grille, by transcription, comes the Muzak of the Sfeerz. On the plextex wall behind them is a motto, GOD BLESS OUR DWELLING MACHINE, and next to it a booklet containing instructions for collapsing the premises. "Marry her, my boy," says the mother solemnly, glancing at the drift indicator. "She may not be beautiful, but she's pretty and she's a good mechanic."

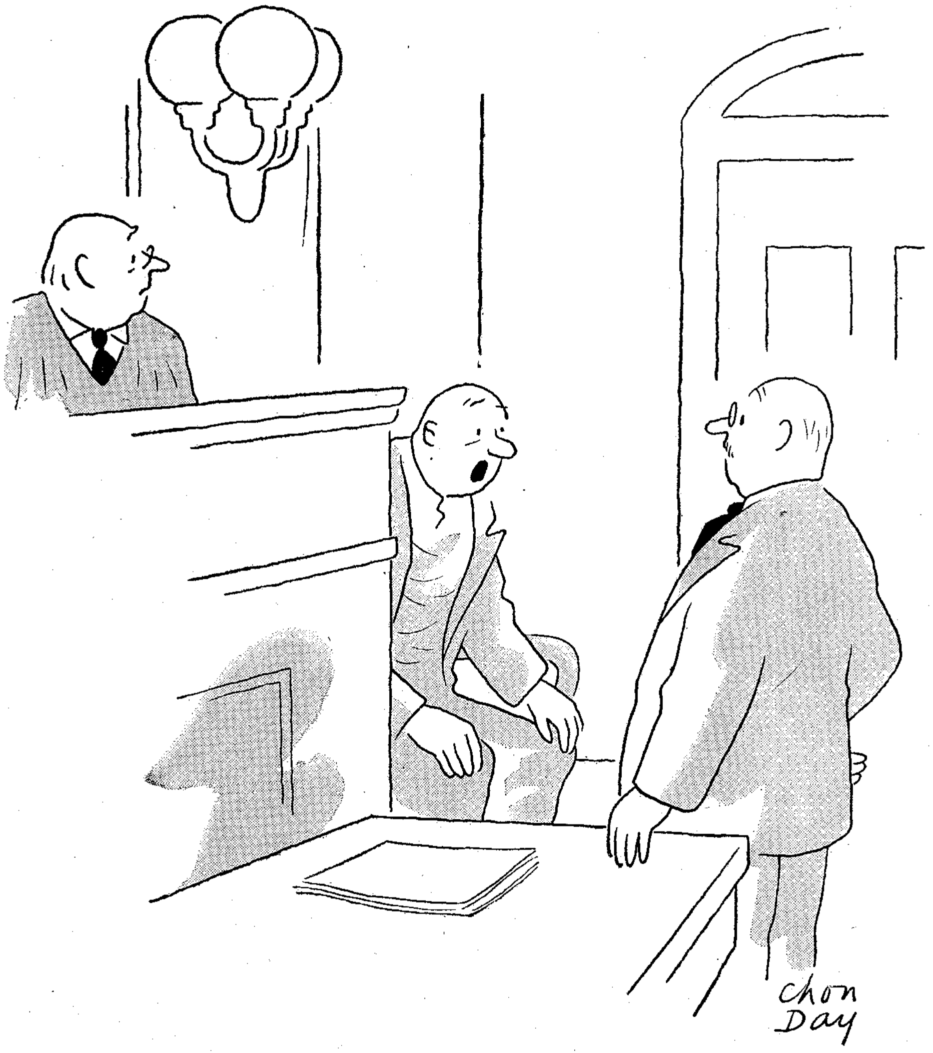


THE *Times* has been publishing a questionnaire asking everyone to indicate his preferences in motor-car design, but we are not fooled by this. Designers and manufacturers do not care what the public prefers; if they did, they would have done something about it long ago. Designers, whether of motor vehicles or of world orders, live in a little dream world of their own, playing with shapes. They do not make their product conform to the needs of the people, because they know that the people, having no choice in the matter, will conform as best they can to the shape of the designers' dreams. For instance, people in cities have been educated, through necessity, to enter and leave taxicabs through an opening just big enough for a cocker spaniel. This obvious defect in cab design is a commonplace which we have often mentioned—it is apparent to everyone and was apparent years ago, when taxicabs were still being designed and built. It is apparent to every lady who has had her hat brushed off, apparent to every man who has had to hold his kidneys in his arms while he debouched into the street. It is apparent to the driver, who automatically croons, "Watch your head!" It is, in fact, apparent to every person in the world except to the taxicab designer. We will bet the *Times* that ninety-five per cent of the people who ride in cabs would approve a bigger hole to creep in and out of, once they got used to it. We will also bet that when the first cab rolls off the line after the war, it will be long and low and will have a door just high enough to admit a cocker spaniel.



IN the subway yesterday we read about an astounding new discovery of the advertising world. It is something called "chlorophyll." The stuff would seem to have amazing properties, and it is already being put to work in a household device for purifying the air in your kitchen or bathroom. "Contains miracle-working chlorophyll," said the ad. Miracle-working chlorophyll! It struck us that this same advertising legend would be a good thing to hang on the trees in the city parks, together with their identification tags, to impress the people with what they are getting for their money. "*Ulmus americana*—contains miracle-working chlorophyll." People might look twice at an elm if it had proper billing.

"LIFE" recently gave some space to a phenomenon which has been obvious for quite some time; namely, that children and comic-strip artists are usually ten to twenty years ahead with the weapons by which adults and serious people reduce the world to rubble. Children have no brakes on their fancy; they invent wild and goofy machines, uninhibited by practical considerations. The comic-strip world seems real to them, and in time the comic strips themselves are eclipsed by reality. It seems highly significant to us that a small boy in Colorado long



"I didn't intend to shoot him so many times. My aim was faulty."

• •

ago sent in to his favorite artist an idea for a bomb shaped like a plane, which would travel under its own power, and that a girl in Texas sent in plans for a long-distance rocket-driven missile. Those ideas happen to be, respectively, V-1 and V-2. Twenty years ago we would have laughed when our junior geniuses sat down at the drawing board. Today it is not so funny. The world still fails to get the point, and people fail to see how brief is the interval between today's comic strip and tomorrow's explosion. We're all living in the funny papers now, but only the children seem to know it.

Azikiwe

WE'RE fresh from an enlightening chat with Prince Akweke Orizu of Nigeria, who was recently described in our book-review column, for all we know with perfect accuracy, as "probably the most literate prince alive." Prince Orizu is a tall, deep-voiced, black-skinned, highly articulate young man. He has been in this country five years, getting a thoroughly American education at Ohio State and Columbia. He said that most African intellectuals rate American universities below the European but added that Ohio State had been highly recommended by a Nigerian writer he knew, one Nnamd Azehimme. Orizu specialized in political science, government administration, and international law there. He also spent what he described to us as a "healthful amount of time" on the football field. At Columbia, where he continued his studies and took a master's degree in law, he kept in shape by playing soccer and was for one season captain of the varsity team.

Prince Orizu is timely by reason of the book he has just had published. It is called "Without Bitterness" and is a philosophical study of African economic, social, religious, and political issues of the past and present. The Prince also discusses the future of Africa in terms of a philosophy of his own which he has named Zikism. We gathered that a definition of Zikism would be difficult but that it embraces some of the teachings of Aristotle, Plato, Spengler, and Harold Laski and is in essence a youth movement. In fact, the name itself derives from *azikiwe*, a word in the Ibo dialect which might be translated "The growing age is full of revenge" or "Youth is indignant." "I don't think any age has been as indignant as this," Prince Orizu said to us. His purpose in writing the book was to convince his readers that Africa is a continent to be taken seriously. "I want to encourage people to think of Africa in terms other than polygamy and sacrificial dances," he told us. "It's high time people thought of Africa as a place with intelligent, eager human beings in it." As things stand now, the Prince pointed out, it isn't even generally known that Africa has a substantial contemporary literature.

The Prince is also plugging for Afro-American solidarity through an organization called the American Council on African Education, which is sponsored by many solid American citizens. The Council is principally concerned with getting African students into American colleges on scholarships. Already a hundred and fifty scholarships have been offered by Columbia, Ohio State, Radcliffe, and other colleges. As a matter of fact, the big problem right now is to get enough students to fill the scholarships. The Prince plans to establish, when he goes home, an African Council on American Education, which will offer reciprocal scholarships and research facilities to Americans.

The Prince is actually now the King of Nnewi, having succeeded to the title on the death of his father, Ezeugeonyamea I. He left one of his brothers on the throne as regent while he completed his education. Orizu will reign in a palace set in four square miles of grounds, most of which, he assured us, is as busy as Times Square. Orizu himself occasionally adds to the confusion by playing the cornet.

Attn: Mr. Ruml

TWO old ladies met in the elevator of an uptown apartment hotel and one asked the other if her afternoon of shopping had been a success. "No," the lady said. "I went to Macy's, but they didn't have the color I wanted." "That's the trouble with Macy's," her friend said. "They spend so much on advertising, they have nothing left to buy merchandise."

Flushing Protocol

AN interesting question of international etiquette arose several weeks ago because of the desire of the residents of Flushing, Queens, to felicitate the people of Flushing, Holland, on their liberation. We'll give you the picture in the words of Mr. Frank Clark, a business-office manager for the Telephone Company in Flushing, Queens, who was more deeply involved in it than anybody else in either Flushing. It all started, it seems, at a Kiwanis luncheon held, as it happened, on the day Flushing, Holland, fell to the invaders. "We were all sitting around, talking and thinking," Mr. Clark recalled, "and somebody—I don't remember who it was, but it was probably Van Etten, over at Consolidated Edison—he's full of ideas—up and says why shouldn't we send some congratulations to Flushing, Holland, because we've both got the same name."

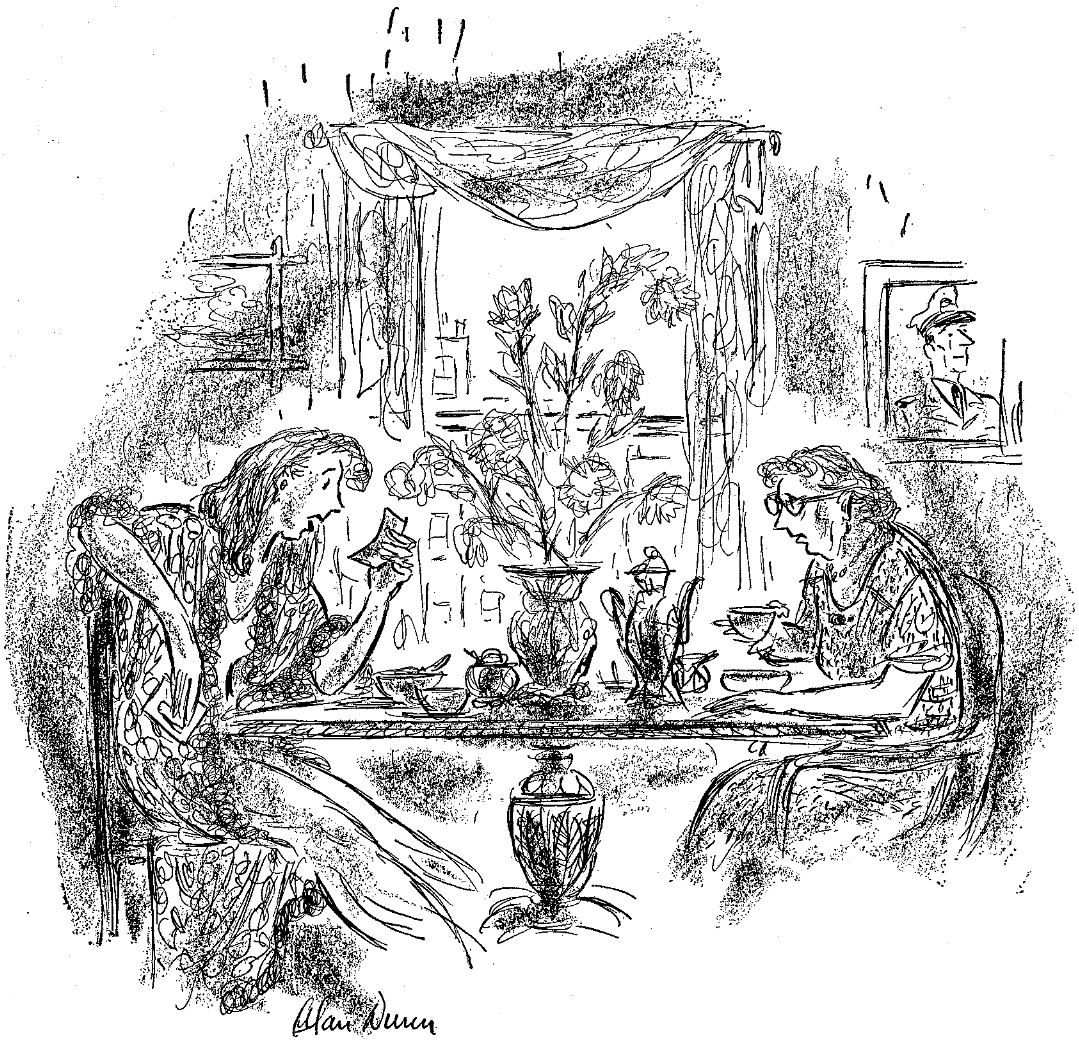
A formal resolution to this effect was passed before anybody even thought of any possible difficulties. It was Mr. Clark who acted as the wet blanket. "I've been around in the Kiwanis state organization," he told us. "I know how things get put off in some of these smaller groups. The secretary takes a note, but he's a busy man with a family, so the thing gets put off for weeks, even months. So I stood up, and I said, 'Boys, whom writes to who?' " Inevitably, the result of such a question is that the man who asks it gets appointed chairman of a committee to get the thing done, and that is what happened to Mr. Clark. "You know how it is—you stick your neck out," he remarked. The very next day, as soon as the word got around Flushing, Queens, Clark began to get calls from interested citizens. "To tell you the truth," Clark confided to us, "I thought I'd just let the thing ride until after the weekend, but so many people kept after me that I decided I'd better start right in. The Lions had decided that they wanted to be in on it, and the Chamber of Commerce came right after them, and I didn't want anyone to think that Kiwanis was lying down on the job."

With the help of a lawyer friend, Clark got in touch with the proper person in the State Department, who suggested that a written resolution might be presented to the Netherlands Minister in this country. Clark ordered a handsome gold-and-engraving job, suitable for framing, but while that was in the works, he had a call from the O.W.I. "Just out of the clear blue sky, the O.W.I. calls me," Clark said. "They said they had heard of our resolution, and what a fine thing it was, and could they broadcast it over. They also had some samples of greetings. Some town in California had sent greetings to some town on Leyte or some place, but their message mentioned that they were going to send material aid or money or something, so we decided to use our own message. It was shorter, you know, with a Bible quotation and all that."

The congratulations were broadcast several weeks ago, and now Clark and his fellow-Kiwanians are waiting to see whether they hear from the other Flushing. The engraved resolution will be given to the Netherlands Minister, or maybe the Dutch consul in New York—somebody, anyway. "We're taking that up at the next meeting," Clark told us.

Ulysses

OUR Third Avenue correspondent reports that the other evening, while he was having a couple of drinks at a place in the Fifties, one of the other patrons was forcibly ejected because he insisted on further drinks although he had run out of money. The dispossessed toper stood in the doorway and delivered a moody harangue. "You'll be sorry," he said. "You think you can kick me around because I haven't got any money. Well, you'll be sorry for it. I ain't coming back here until I've got some money, and when I do come back



"Of all the remote, dismal places to spend Christmas! He's in Palestine!"

you'll be good and sorry for the way you treated me." Usually, in such cases, the aggrieved one is gone for a matter of years and returns wearing morning clothes by Bernard Weatherill. This fellow, however, was gone for no more than five minutes. Then he walked in, slapped five pennies and a nickel down on the bar, and said to the bartender, "O.K., wise guy. Give us another beer."

Grand Old Washerwoman

WE fall for anything that's labelled "first," and when we heard that the first world's championship three-cushion billiards tournament to be held in New York in ten years was under way at the Capitol Hotel, we dashed over there as fast as our legs would carry us. Being an old Kelly-pool man ourself, we were somewhat confused by the three-cushion game, but luckily we sat next to a chief aviation radioman on leave from Floyd Bennett Field, a billiards fan of thirty years' standing, who helped make things clear. He agreed with us that, superficially at least, the tournament combined some of the best features of a chess match and a prize-fight. The billiard table—a nice, new, shiny one provided by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, which stages such contests and keeps many of the best players under contract in order to stimulate interest in the game—stood in the center of a large square ring, with a battery of powerful lights overhead and rows of temporary bleachers rising on all four sides. Between what are technically known as innings, each contestant went to his corner and sat in a chair. The neutral corners were provided with pitchers of ice water, chalk for fingers and cues, and chaste white napkins. The contestants were dressed not, as would have seemed fitting, in silk shorts but in dinner jackets.

The tournament resembled chess in the rapt silence with which the audience, mostly middle-aged, watched the execution of difficult shots. Now and then, if a run was unexpectedly broken, a loud groan would rise from somewhere in the bleachers, and once we swear we heard a lady in a mink coat telling Dan Parker of the *Mirror* a recipe for ginger cake, but aside from these unfortunate lapses from taste, the contest proceeded with the solemnity and preoccupation of a religious rite. Three-cushion billiards, our radioman told us, is practically a brand-new game, having been worked out only a few decades ago. The trick is to make the cue ball strike one of two object balls and then carom off three cushions before striking the second object ball. The game requires a much stronger stroke than 18.2 balk line, a variety of billiards we wouldn't think of trying to explain, and is easier for reformed pool sharks to catch on to. For example, Ralph Greenleaf, the former pool champ, took up three-cushion billiards a couple of years ago and is already one of the best players in the country.

The contest we watched was between Joe Procita of Gloversville, New York, dressed in a well-cut double-breasted evening jacket, and Willie Hoppe of New York City, who wore a single-breasted one. Hoppe has been known as the grand old man of billiards ever since, fifty years ago, at the age of seven, he took to beating salesmen who stopped off at his father's hotel near West Point. He is short and plump, with large jaws and slick white hair, and when glaring down his cue he looks like an elderly, alkaline Walter Winchell. Procita, a reasonable facsimile of Park Commissioner Moses, apparently knew that he had little or no chance of beating the old man and never changed his expression, which was sour to begin with. Hoppe, who, our radioman said, was way off his game, took about an hour and a half to beat Procita. The final score was 50–41. "Why, Hoppe's even missing hangers," our radioman said incredulously. "Imagine Willie missing a hanger! And he lost the lag. And he's had a couple of lucky kisses. Willie hadn't ought to depend on kisses."

After the match was over, we went up and spoke to Hoppe. He has the reputation of being reserved and of exchanging no more than an occasional monosyllable with friends for months at a time, but we found him in a downright garrulous mood. We asked him what he thought of the tournament, and he said, "I have no interest whatever in the tournament." Next we asked him how he liked playing three-cushion billiards compared to 18.2 balk line, his old favorite, and he said, "I hope I never have to play the game again." Feeling a little less breezy by then, we went on gamely to ask him if he thought he was going to win the championship. "Hell, no," he said. "I got home from Mexico a while back and had to go to the hospital. Dysentery. Then I had to play seventeen hours of exhibitions out West. Then I had to come back here. I'm half dead. I haven't got a chance. I'm playing like an old washerwoman." Though still off his game and still complaining bitterly, Hoppe was, at last reports, still in the running.

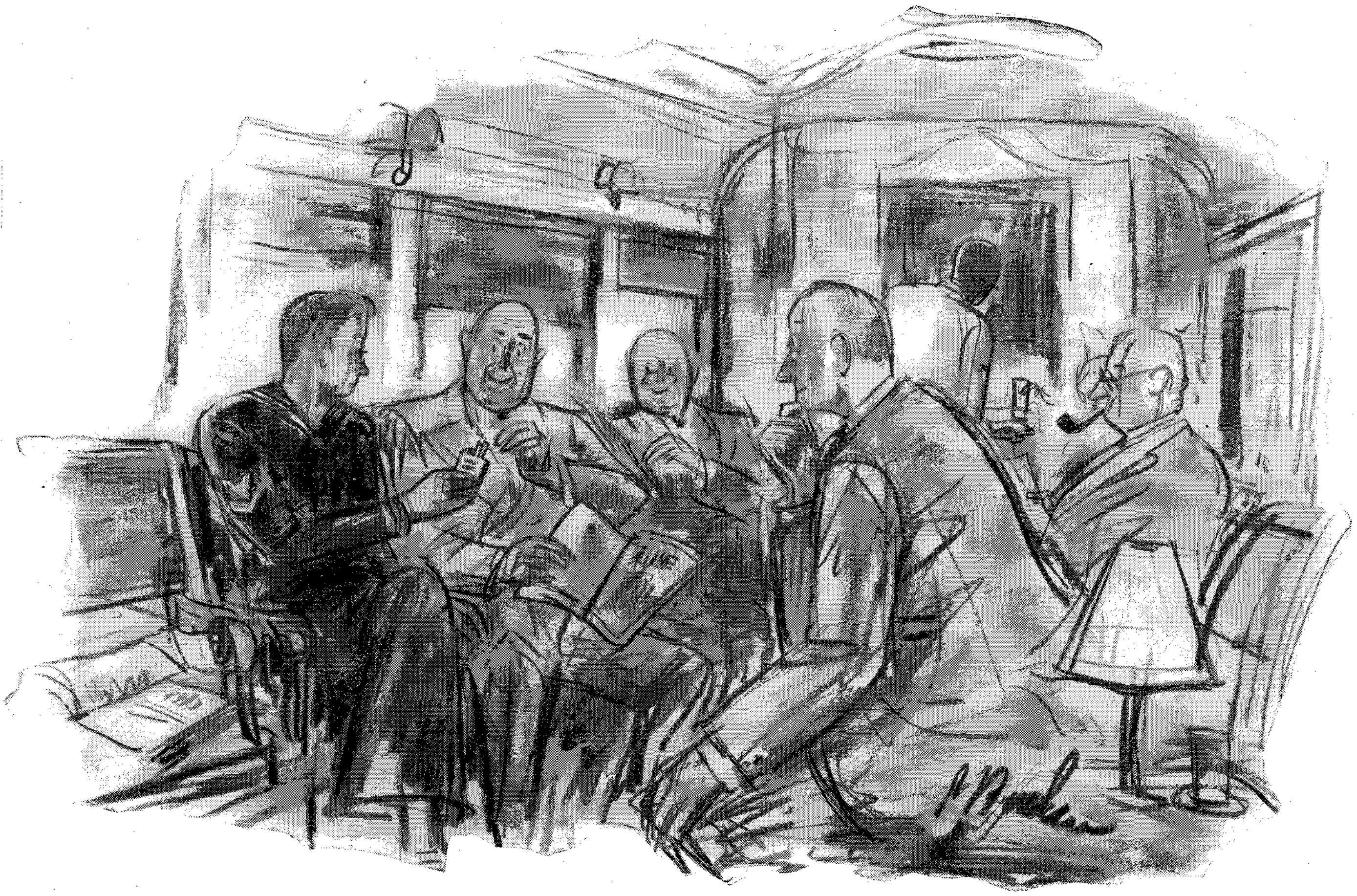
Jeune Fille

PACKAGES of gifts made up by local school children were distributed the other day in a nearby military hospital. One soldier found in his package a note signed with a girl's name and address. It suggested that they might correspond. "But don't get any ideas," the writer had added. "I'm only 9½ years old."

Our Own Baedeker

AUSTRIA has an area roughly equal to the state of Maine and had, before the *Anschluss*, a population of seven million. This, of course, represented a terrific falling off from the great days of the Hapsburgs, when they ruled over fifty million Czechs, Poles, Ruthenes, Serbs, Croats, Rumanians, Slovenes, Magyars, and Germans. It was the first World War that whittled Austria down to its German-speaking, Catholic core, putting the country back almost where the Hapsburgs had started, some six hundred years before. The Hapsburgs can be summed up in a nutshell; there were twenty-four of them on the throne and the average reign was twenty-four years. After the last one, Charles I, lit out in the face of the German defeat of 1918, Austria went through a tough period of adjustment. The Austrians found that with their new boundaries they were left without any imports or exports to speak of; there wasn't even much of a tourist trade. They were still in bad economic shape when the Nazis marched in.

The German-speaking Austrians,



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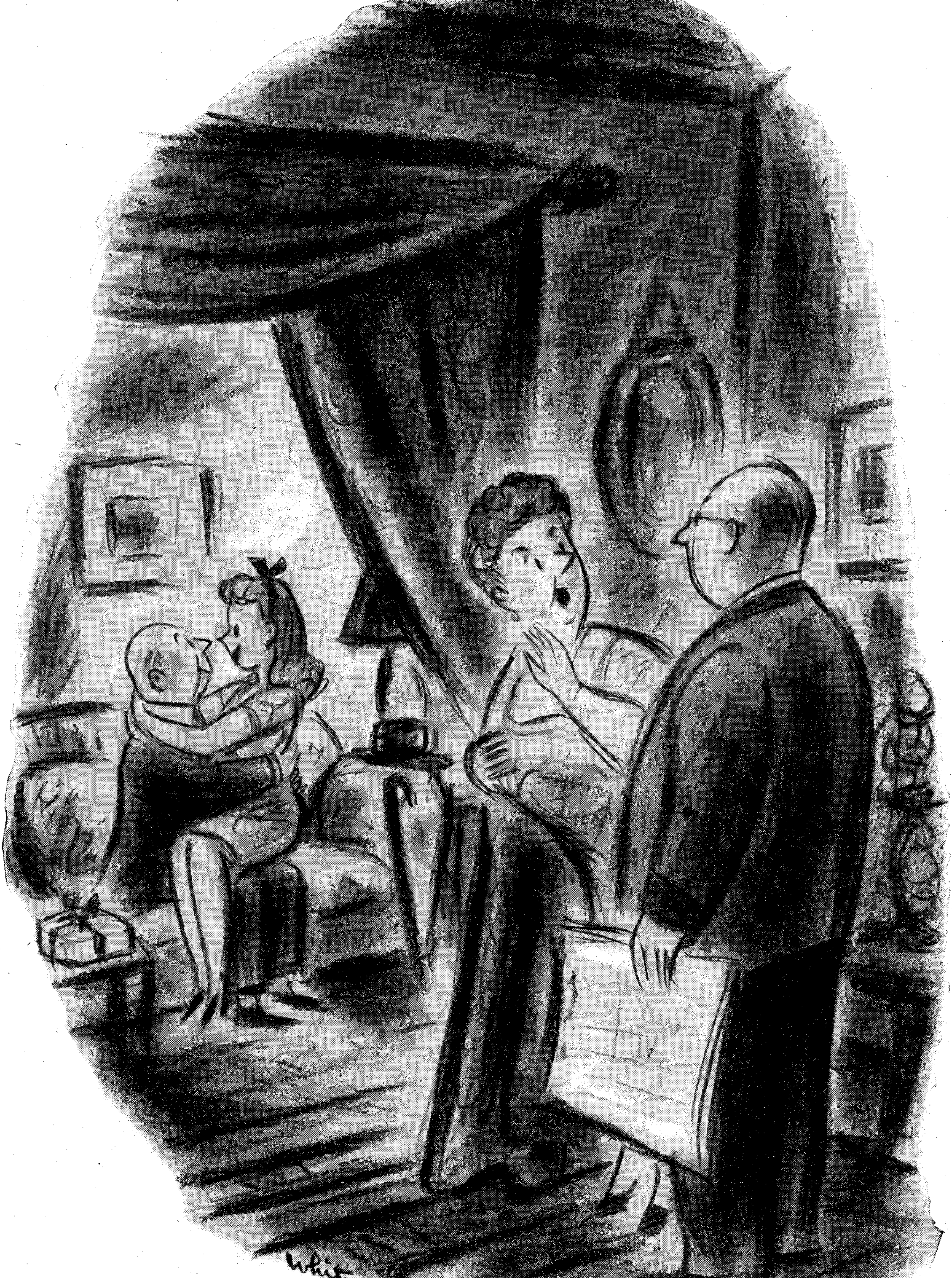
who now constitute ninety-seven per cent of the population, are, as anybody who ever attended a German movie knows, fond of light wines and dancing. They're not terribly good at business, but they make up for it in cleanliness and *gemütlichkeit.* Everybody in Austria waves at trains and the church towers are apt to be painted some cheerful color like vermilion or green. The Austrians are acknowledged to be the greatest rifle marksmen in Europe; they get that way from shooting the Alpine antelope, or chamois. Hunters pay the government so much a head for their bag, with a fine thrown in if a wounded animal has escaped. A chamois hunter, to be in fashion, must wear a tall feather in his cap and the feather must be from the ptail of a ptarmigan. Austria gave us the postal card and the Arlberg, or crouching, style of skiing. The Austrian peasants were pioneers in bee-venom therapy for rheumatism, and science is only just now catching up with them. There's a lake in Austria, the Neusiedler See, which, though it is normally two-thirds the size of Lake Geneva, dries up completely every now and then. Once it dried up for five years, and the local farmers planted the bed until the water came back. Not that it makes any difference now, but Berchtesgaden is properly a part of Austria, having been taken from it by the Bavarians during the Napoleonic wars and through some oversight not restored to them by the Congress of Vienna, which supposedly put things to rights after the final defeat of Napoleon.

In Vienna, there's a statue which is filled with old, dried-up cigars. Seems that the sculptor had had it cast in Bavaria and put the cigars inside as an inspired means of smuggling them into Austria; something went wrong, and the statue was put up in a public fountain with the stogies still in it. The Cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna, moreover, is probably the only cathedral built of cement slaked with wine; the year the cathedral foundation was laid, the wine was bad, and the citizens emptied their casks into the cement. The Viennese eat all day long. You know what would happen to an employee of J. P. Morgan if he went out for a beer at 10 A.M. Well, in Vienna the 10 A.M. beer is served right in the bank, compliments of the management. Augustin, hero of "*Ach, du lieber . . . ,*" was Viennese, and so were Beethoven, Brahms, Adler, and Freud. What we call a croissant is really a Viennese invention; somebody once bent a roll into a parody of the crescent on the Turkish flag—sort of a mean joke, but then the Turks had a nasty habit of besieging the city for weeks at a time, and war is war.

Discovery of Shakespeare

DURING a long voyage, the welfare-and-recreation officer of a certain aircraft carrier used up all the new movies with which he had been provided when he left port. Finally the time came when there was nothing to give the audience but a somewhat stately version of "Romeo and Juliet" made seven or eight years ago. Seamen are good audiences when they like a picture but perfectly terrible when they don't, and the recreation officer was frankly worried about their reaction to "Romeo and Juliet." He figured that the first crisis would come with the balcony scene. The scene was being run off in a silence broken only by the sounds of the ship. Then the voice of a youth, a voice pregnant with appreciation and wonderment, rose from the audience. "Shakespeare," it said fondly. "You old son of a bitch!"



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I do hope the manpower shortage eases up before Ellen does anything silly."

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY APPETIZER

Add Smorgasbits to your ought-to-know department, the newest of the three Betty Lee products. What in the world! Just small mouth-size pieces of herring and of pinkish tones. We crossed our heart and promised not to tell the secret of their tinting.—*Clementine Paddleford's food column in the Herald Tribune.*

The "Hush-Hush" Blouse. We're very hush-hush about his name, but the celebrated shirtmaker who did it for us is famous on two continents for blouses with details like those deep yoke folds, the wonderful shoulder pads, the shirtband bow! —*Russeks adv. in the Times.*

I CAME down the sixth-floor corridor of the Arbogast Building, past the World Wide Noodle Corporation, Zwinger & Rumsey, Accountants, and the Ace Secretarial Service, Mimeographing Our Specialty. The legend on the ground-glass panel next door said, "Atlas Detective Agency, Noonan & Driscoll," but Snapper Driscoll had retired two years before with a .38 slug between the shoulders, donated by a snowbird in Tacoma, and I owned what good will the firm had. I let myself into the crummy anteroom we kept to impress clients, growled good morning at Birdie Claflin.

"Well, you certainly look like something the cat dragged in," she said. She had a quick tongue. She also had eyes like dusty lapis lazuli, taffy hair, and a figure that did things to me. I kicked open the bottom drawer of her desk, let two inches of rye trickle down my craw, kissed Birdie square on her lush, red mouth, and set fire to a cigarette.

"I could go for you, sugar," I said slowly. Her face was veiled, watchful. I stared at her ears, liking the way they were joined to her head. There was something complete about them; you knew they were there for keeps. When you're a private eye, you want things to stay put.

"Any customers?"

"A woman by the name of Sigrid Bjornsterne said she'd be back. A looker."

"Swede?"

"She'd like you to think so."

I nodded toward the inner office to indicate that I was going in there, and went in there. I lay down on the davenport, took off my shoes, and bought myself a shot from the bottle I kept underneath. Four minutes later, an ash blonde with eyes the color of unset opals, in a Nettie Rosenstein basic black dress and a baum-marten stole, burst in. Her bosom was heaving and it looked even better that way. With a gasp she circled the desk, hunting for some place to hide, and then, spotting the wardrobe where I keep a change of bourbon, ran into it. I got up and wandered out into the anteroom. Birdie was deep in a crossword puzzle.

"See anyone come in here?"

"Nope." There was a thoughtful line between her brows. "Say, what's a five-letter word meaning 'trouble'?"

"Swede," I told her, and went back inside. I waited the length of time it would take a small, not very bright boy to recite "Ozymandias," and, inching carefully along the wall, took a quick gander out the window. A thin galoot with stooping shoulders was being very busy reading a paper outside the Gristede store two blocks away. He hadn't been there an hour ago, but then, of course, neither had I. He wore a size-seven dove-colored hat from Browning King, a tan Wilson Brothers shirt with pale-blue stripes, a J. Press foulard with a mixed-red-and-white figure, dark blue Interwoven socks, and an unshined pair of ox-blood London Character shoes. I let a cigarette burn down between my fingers until it made a small red mark, and then I opened the wardrobe.

"Hi," the blonde said lazily. "You Mike Noonan?" I made a noise that could have been "Yes," and waited. She yawned. I thought things over, decided to play it safe. I yawned. She yawned back, then, settling into a corner of the wardrobe, went to sleep. I let another cigarette burn down until it made a second red mark beside the first one, and then I woke her up. She sank into a chair, crossing a pair of gams that tightened my throat as I peered under the desk at them.

"Mr. Noonan," she said, "you—you've got to help me."

"My few friends call me Mike," I said pleasantly.

"Mike." She rolled the syllable on her tongue. "I don't believe I've ever heard that name before. Irish?"

"Enough to know the difference between a gossoon and a bassoon."

"What *is* the difference?" she asked. I dummied up; I figured I wasn't giving anything away for free. Her eyes narrowed. I shifted my two hundred pounds slightly, lazily set fire to a finger, and watched it burn down. I could see she was admiring the interplay of muscles in my shoulders. There wasn't any extra fat on Mike Noonan, but I wasn't telling *her* that. I was playing it safe until I knew where we stood.

When she spoke again, it came with a rush. "Mr. Noonan, he thinks I'm trying to poison him. But I swear the herring was pink—I took it out of the jar myself. If I could only find out how they tinted it. I offered them money, but they wouldn't tell."

"Suppose you take it from the beginning," I suggested.

She drew a deep breath. "You've heard of the golden spintria of Hadrian?" I shook my head. "It's a tremendously valuable coin believed to have been given by the Emperor Hadrian to one of his proconsuls, Caius Vitellius. It disappeared about 150 A.D., and eventually passed into the possession of Hucbald the Fat. After the sack of Adrianople by the Turks, it was loaned by a man named Shapiro to the court physician, or hakim, of Abdul Mahmoud. Then it dropped out of sight for nearly five hundred years, until last August, when a dealer in second-hand books named Lloyd Thursday sold it to my husband."

"And now it's gone again," I finished.

"No," she said. "At least, it was lying on the dresser when I left, an hour ago." I leaned back, pretending to fumble a carbon out of the desk, and studied her legs again. This was going to be a lot more intricate than I had thought. Her voice got huskier. "Last night I brought home a jar of Smorgasbits for Walter's dinner. You know them?"

"Small mouth-size pieces of herring and of pinkish tones, aren't they?"

Her eyes darkened, lightened, got darker again. "How did you know?"

"I haven't been a private op nine years for nothing, sister. Go on."

"I—I knew right away something

was wrong when Walter screamed and upset his plate. I tried to tell him the herring was supposed to be pink, but he carried on like a madman. He's been suspicious of me since—well, ever since I made him take out that life insurance."

"What was the face amount of the policy?"

"A hundred thousand. But it carried a triple-indemnity clause in case he died by sea food. Mr. Noonan—Mike"—her tone caressed me—"I've got to win back his confidence. You could find out how they tinted that herring."

"What's in it for me?"

"Anything you want." The words were a whisper. I leaned over, poked open her handbag, counted off five grand.

"This'll hold me for a while," I said. "If I need any more, I'll beat my spoon on the high chair." She got up. "Oh, while I think of it, how does this golden spintria of yours tie in with the herring?"

"It doesn't," she said calmly. "I just threw it in for glamour." She trailed past me in a cloud of scent that retailed at ninety rugs the ounce. I caught her wrist, pulled her up to me.

"I go for girls named Sigrid with opal eyes," I said.

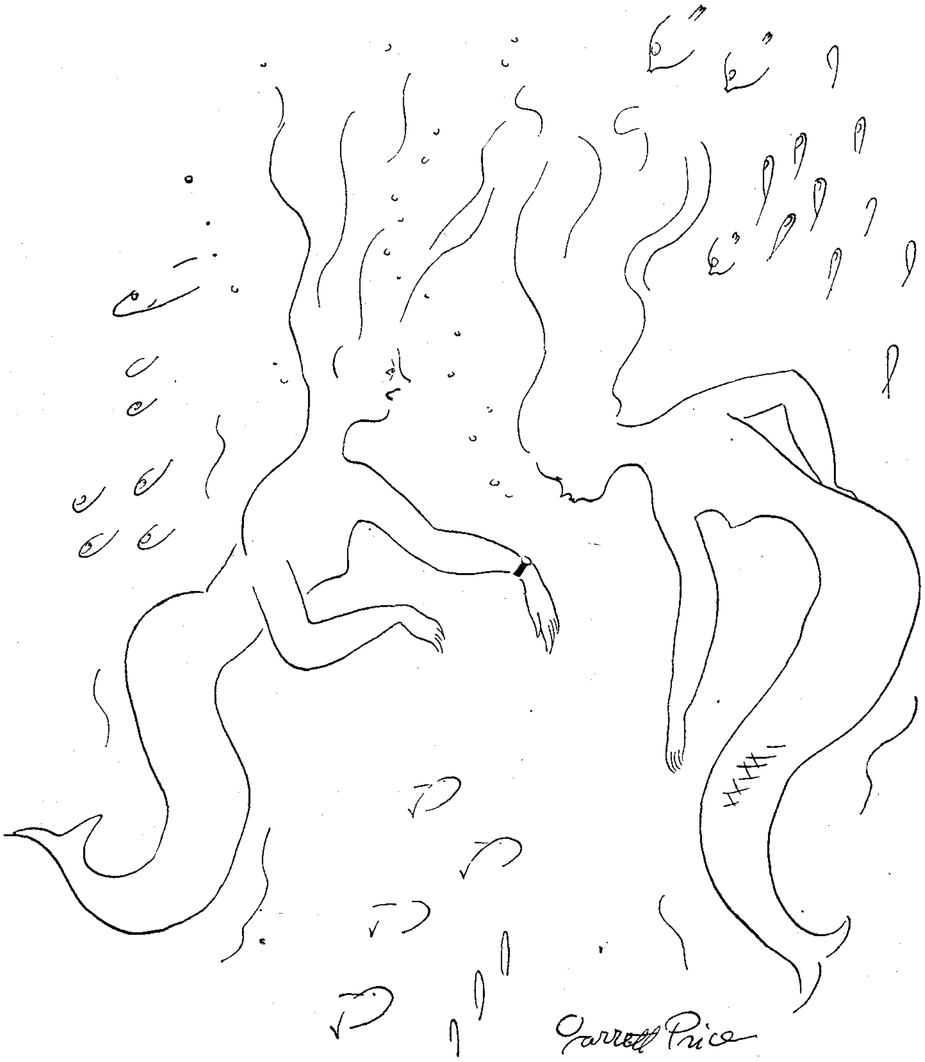
"Where'd you learn my name?"

"I haven't been a private snoop twelve years for nothing, sister."

"It was nine last time."

"It seemed like twelve till *you* came along." I held the clinch until a faint wisp of smoke curled out of her ears, pushed her through the door. Then I slipped a pint of rye into my stomach and a heater into my kick and went looking for a bookdealer named Lloyd Thursday. I knew he had no connection with the herring caper, but in my business you don't overlook anything.

THE thin galoot outside Gristede's had taken a powder when I got there; that meant we were no longer playing girls' rules. I hired a hack to Wanamaker's, cut over to Third, walked up toward Fourteenth. At Twelfth a mink-faced jasper made up as a street cleaner tailed me for a block, drifted into a dairy restaurant. At Thirteenth somebody dropped a sour tomato out of a third-story window, missing me by inches. I doubled back to Wanamaker's, hopped a bus up Fifth to Madison Square, and switched to a cab down Fourth, where the second-hand bookshops elbow each other like dirty urchins.



"It's guaranteed absolutely waterproof."

A flabby hombre in a Joe Carbondale rope-knit sweater, whose jowl could have used a shave, quit giggling over the Heptameron long enough to tell me he was Lloyd Thursday. His shoe-button eyes became opaque when I asked to see any first editions or incunabula relative to the *Clupea harengus*, or common herring.

"You got the wrong pitch, copper," he snarled. "That stuff is hotter than Pee Wee Russell's clarinet."

"Maybe a sawbuck'll smarten you up," I said. I folded one to the size of a postage stamp, scratched my chin with it. "There's five yards around for anyone who knows why those Smorgasbits of Sigrid Bjornsterne's happened to be pink." His eyes got crafty.

"I might talk for a grand."

"Start dealing." He motioned toward the back. I took a step forward. A second later a Roman candle exploded inside my head and I went away from there. When I came to, I was on the floor with a lump on my sconce the size of a lapwing's egg and big Terry Tremaine of Homicide was bending over me.

"Someone sapped me," I said thickly. "His name was—"

"Webster," grunted Terry. He held up a dog-eared copy of Merriam's Unabridged. "You tripped on a loose board and this fell off a shelf on your think tank."

"Yeah?" I said skeptically. "Then where's Thursday?" He pointed to the fat man lying across a pile of erotica. "He passed out cold when he saw you cave." I covered up, let Terry figure it any way he wanted. I wasn't telling him what cards I held. I was playing it safe until I knew all the angles.

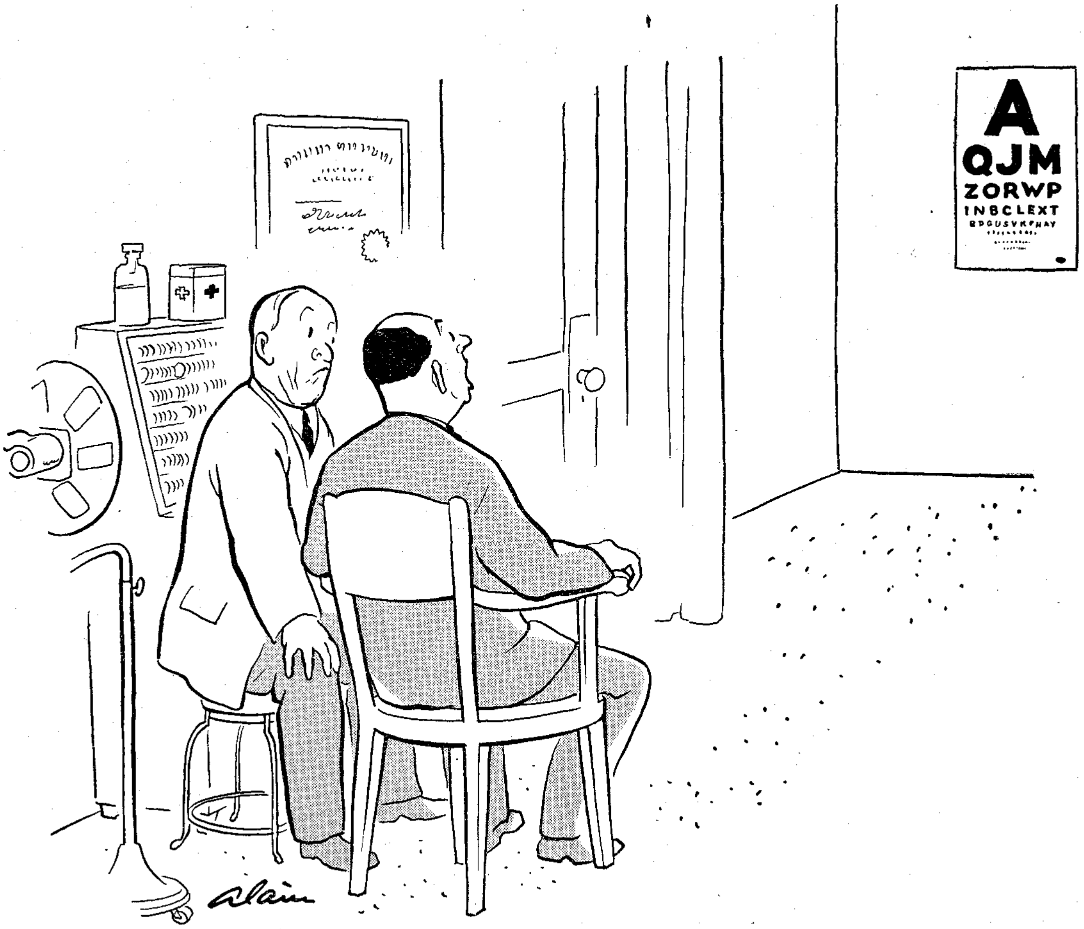
In a seedy pharmacy off Astor Place, a stale Armenian, whose name might have been Vulgarian but wasn't, dressed my head and started asking questions. I put my knee in his groin and he lost interest. Jerking my head toward the coffee urn, I spent a nickel and the next forty minutes doing some heavy thinking. Then I holed up in a phone booth and dialled a clerk I knew called Little Farvel, in a delicatessen store on Amsterdam Avenue. It took a while to get the dope I wanted because the connection was bad and Little Farvel had been dead two years, but we Noonans don't let go easily.

BY the time I worked back to the Arbogast Building, via the Weehawken ferry and the George Washington Bridge to cover my tracks, all the pieces were in place. Or so I thought up to the point she came out of the wardrobe holding me between the sights of her ice-blue automatic.

"Reach for the stratosphere, gumshoe." Sigrid Bjornsterne's voice was colder than Horace Greeley and Little Farvel put together, but her clothes were plenty calorific. She wore a forest-green suit of Hockanum woollens, a Knox Wayfarer, and baby crocodile pumps. It was her blouse, though, that made tiny red hairs stand up on my knuckles. Its deep yoke folds, shoulder pads, and shirt-band bow could only have been designed by some master craftsman, some Cézanne of the shears.

"Well, Nosy Parker," she sneered, "so you found out how they tinted the herring."

"Sure—grenadine," I said easily. "You knew it all along. And you planned to add a few grains of oxylbutane-cheriphosphate, which turns the same shade of pink in solution, to your husband's portion, knowing it wouldn't show in the post-mortem. Then you'd collect the three hundred g's and join Harry Pestalozzi in Nogales till the heat died down. But you didn't count on me."



"A, Q, J, M, Z, O, R, W, P, I, N, B, C, L, E, X, T, R, D, G, U, S, V, K, F, H, A, Y, M, T, V, A, N, Z, B, Y, C, P, L, X, D, W, F, G, J, C, E, H, Q, R, Y, B, I, L, N, T, V, U. Allied Printing Trades Council, Union Label, New York."

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"You?" Mockery nicked her full-throated laugh. "What are you going to do about it?"

"This." I snaked the rug out from under her and she went down in a swirl of silken ankles. The bullet whined by me into the ceiling as I vaulted over the desk, pinioned her against the wardrobe.

"Mike." Suddenly all the hatred had drained away and her body yielded to mine. "Don't turn me in. You cared for me—once."

"It's no good, Sigrid. You'd only double-time me again."

"Try me."

"O.K. The shirtmaker who designed your blouse—what's his name?" A shudder of fear went over her; she averted her head. "He's famous on two continents. Come on, Sigrid, they're your dice."

"I won't tell you. I can't. It's a secret between this—this department store and me."

"They wouldn't be loyal to *you*. They'd sell you out fast enough."

"Oh, Mike, you mustn't. You don't know what you're asking."

"For the last time."

"Oh, sweetheart, don't you see?" Her eyes were tragic pools, a cenotaph to lost illusions. "I've got so little. Don't take that away from me. I—I'd never be able to hold up my head in Russeks again."

"Well, if that's the way you want to play it . . ." There was silence in the room, broken only by Sigrid's choked sob. Then, with a strangely empty feeling, I uncradled the phone and dialled Spring 7-3100.

For an hour after they took her away, I sat alone in the taupe-colored dusk, watching lights come on and a woman in the hotel opposite adjusting a garter. Then I treated my tonsils to five fingers of firewater, jammed on my hat, and made for the anteroom. Birdie was still scowling over her crossword puzzle. She looked up crookedly at me.

"Need me any more tonight?"

"No." I dropped a grand or two in her lap. "Here, buy yourself some stardust."

"Thanks, I've got my quota." For the first time I caught a shadow of pain behind her eyes. "Mike, would—would you tell me something?"

"As long as it isn't clean," I flipped to conceal my bitterness.

"What's an eight-letter word meaning 'sentimental'?"

"Flatfoot, darling," I said, and went out into the rain. —S. J. PERELMAN

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NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE DEPT.

[*From the Sumter* (*S.C.*) *Herald*]

The wedding will take place when Miss Burnette completes her college education and world-wide conditions are improved.

THE WASTE OF IT ALL

PHILIP had been in the Middle East for over three years now, and sometimes it seemed to Frances even longer than that. They had been married very soon after meeting each other and he had been sent abroad a few months later. Sometimes, in a panic, Frances would close her eyes and try to remember Philip's face in detail, how he smiled, how his voice sounded. On good days he came to life perfectly, but if she was tired or depressed she could bring him back only in fragments that wouldn't connect, like a jigsaw puzzle from which the key pieces were lost. Or if eventually she assembled him, he wouldn't work in her head. He'd stand looking at her dumbly, not smiling, and she would have the disconcerting feeling that he was some stranger she had met and liked at a party but couldn't give more than a name and a face to.

Of course, letters helped to keep them in touch. Philip wrote long, full letters by every mail, and so did Frances. But sometimes she would be brought up short by the realization that her chatter was stuffed with all the mental and physical debris acquired in the three years without him—allusions to friends he had never met, books he hadn't read, little jokes which they hadn't laughed at first together—and that Philip must, at times, try to fit together his own jigsaw Frances and fail miserably. Worst of all to her was the awful suspicion that she had almost grown used to doing without him. For the first two years she had missed him unbearably, but now her loneliness was something which she put on automatically when she got up and hardly noticed any more, like a person who had become accustomed to wearing glasses or a false limb.

Frances wrote a lot about the cottage, for she knew that Philip enjoyed the smallest, silliest details. He had wanted, touchingly, to leave her in their own home. He had an old-fashioned wish to frame a woman in a setting which would include a fire, a lamp, and a workbox, and he had hated Frances's undomestic plan of getting into the uniform of the first service that would have her. They had found the cottage on one of his last leaves, a Hans Andersen place into which someone with taste had fitted less elfin modern plumbing and other conveniences. "On a good train service to London, too," Philip had pointed out. "It's really a buy. If we ever want to sell we'll be able to get twice what we're giving, before the war's over." But she knew that he didn't want her to sell. He liked thinking of her there, safely anchored, something to come home to. He had always been fond of drawing little plans of things, and his letters were full of diagrams explaining to Frances what she was to have done about a leaking bit of the thatch roof, where the hen house was to go, exactly how he wanted the new apple trees planted. He was a countryman by birth, a Londoner only by adoption, and he loved that sort of thing.

Frances, a Londoner by birth and a countrywoman by adoption, grappled valiantly with thatch, hens, and orchard in the intervals of a full-time job at a government office which had been evacuated to the neighborhood. A series of women friends and their children had shared the cottage with her. She became used to the light clip of feminine conversation, to light eating on trays. When a man came to the house, his voice seemed to roar like a giant's and the floors seemed to shudder under his unaccustomed tread.

ONE day the supply of women friends ran out, and Frances, wildly bicycling round, couldn't find a soul who was free to come and clean the place and have a meal waiting for her when she got home in the evenings. She was on the point of giving up, Philip or no Philip, and retreating thankfully to London, where thatch didn't leak and eggs were to be had conveniently dried from grocery-store shelves, when Margaret suddenly happened.

"I'm delighted about Margaret," Philip wrote some weeks later. "Now, perhaps, you'll get some decent food to eat. So far as I can make out, you and the girl friends have been getting along on lettuce and cups of tea. Your description of the Home where you found her chilled my blood. Pure Dickens, my God! She must think it's heaven now she and the kid are with you, darling."

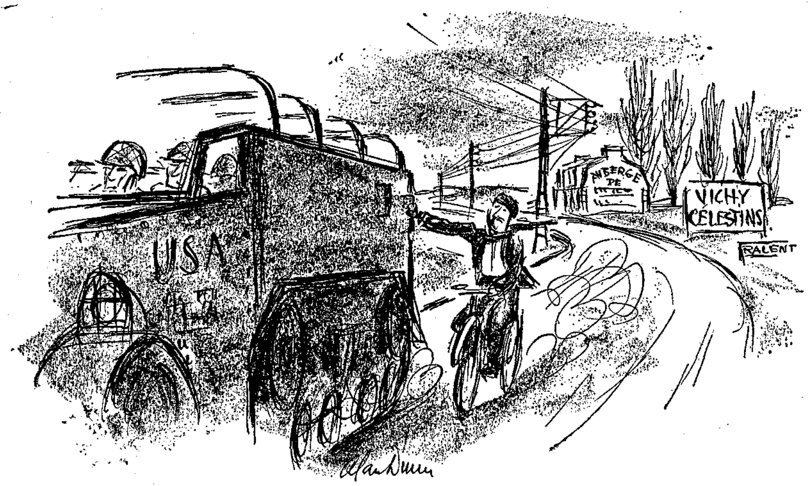
Frances, folding Philip's letter, could hear Margaret singing in the kitchen above the sizzle of frying bacon and certainly sounding cheerful. Frances began to drink her coffee, thinking of the Home of the Good Samaritan, to which a friend's suggestion had sent her. Chilling, she thought, had been the word for it. Sitting uneasily on a hard sofa in the matron's parlor, a small room smelling frigidly of beeswax and charity, she had looked out into the sunshine where four or five unmarried mothers were pushing prams up and down the gravel walks.

"We have to be very careful, of course, where we place our girls," the matron was saying. "Once they make a mistake of this kind, they so often get into—well, the habit, you might say." She looked at Frances piercingly, as though suspecting her of keeping a bordello. "You say you're at work all day. Would Margaret be likely to see any men while you're out?"

Frances thought swiftly of the boy who delivered the papers, a grubby urchin of twelve, and of old Bostock, the gardener, who hobbled in two afternoons a week to dig the vegetables. She felt justified in answering, "None, absolutely none," and the matron, after a thoughtful survey of Frances's wedding ring, agreed that Margaret and the baby should go to her next day.

"The father won't worry you—that's one thing," the matron said. "One of these soldiers—married, of course. Somewhere on the Continent now, I suppose, and never a thought for the poor girls, you may be sure." She sniffed and her uniform crackled indignantly.

"It's a lovely baby,



anyway," said Frances.

"They always are," said the matron, sniffing again, as though she would have preferred the wages of sin to be a little less blatantly plump, dimpled, and thriving.

FRANCES wrote back to Philip and told him that it was a great success. Margaret was a good cook and, in her satisfaction at being delivered out of the Samaritan bosom, she cleaned the place with a ferocity which echoed in Frances's ears as she bicycled off in the mornings. Margaret was a big, fat girl with a remarkably plain face; Frances could only suppose that the acute homesickness of one of the visiting warriors had been responsible for Margaret's baby, Raymond. None of the friends who had shared the cottage had had very young children, and it was extraordinary what a difference Raymond made in the household. Frances had always felt that the cottage had the shallow, rootless air of a temporary wartime home, but now it began to look as though the people living there didn't intend to move away. Washing billowed permanently from Margaret's line between the two old pear trees. Frances had managed to borrow a pram and a cot, which old Bostock had fixed up, and Raymond slept or philosophically examined the sky all day out on the little patch of lawn.

At the beginning, thinking of Bostock, of the milk girl, whose nose was an inquisitive red button as she clumped past the pram with the bottles, Frances had said to Margaret, "Would it be easier if we called you Mrs. Judd? It might sort of settle things, mightn't it?"

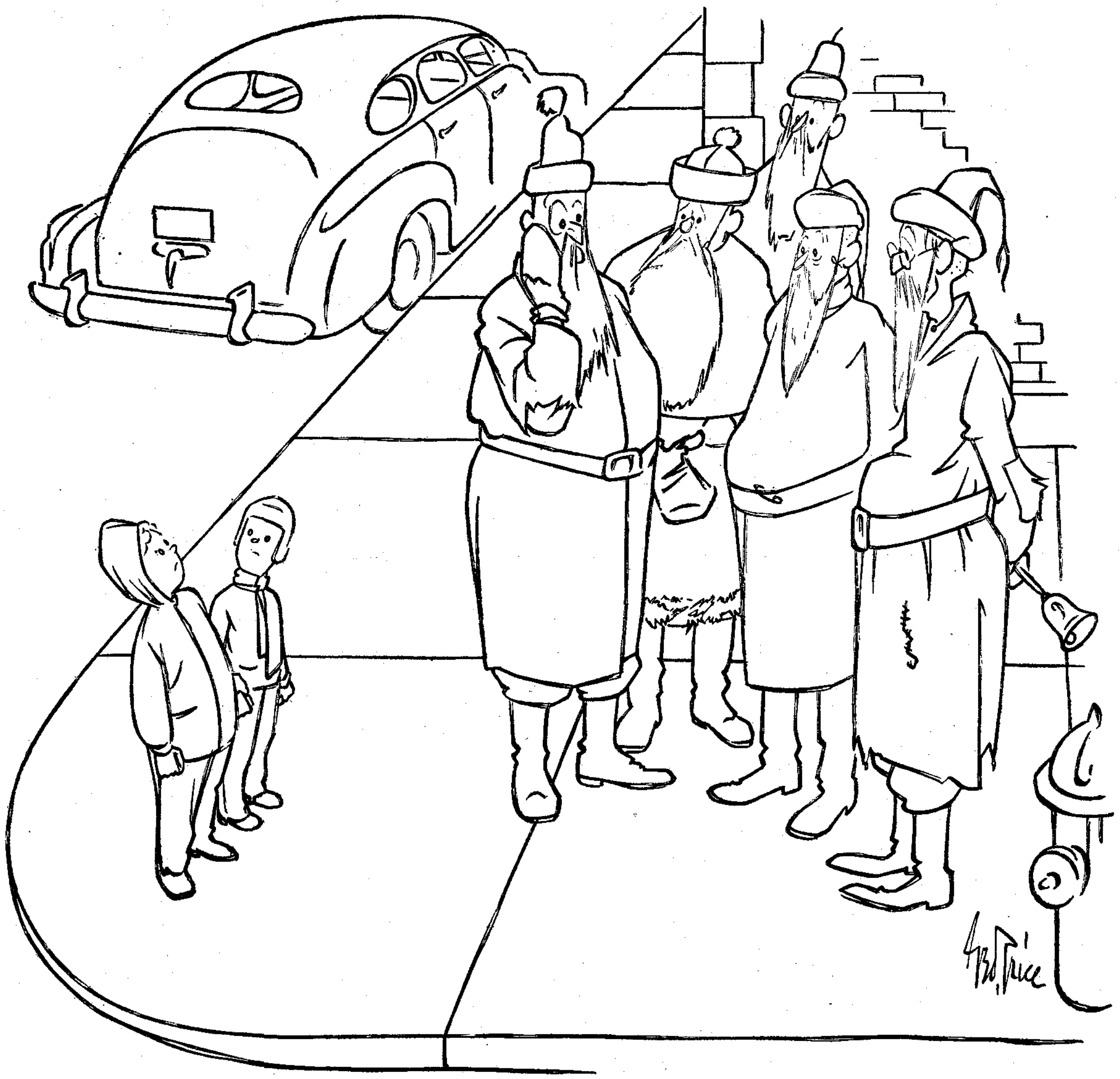
"I wouldn't feel natural as a missis," Margaret said comfortably. "Miss Judd I am and Miss Judd I'll probably stop, and Raymond will have to take it as he finds it. There'll be plenty like him, I daresay."

Frances had carried the baby out of the kitchen and was playing with him on the living-room sofa. "Why did you call him Raymond?" she asked. "Was it his father's name?"

"No, it wasn't," said Margaret. "His father's name was George—or he said it was, anyway." She laughed. "But I always thought if I got married and had a little boy, I'd call him Raymond. Well, the war happened and I didn't get married, but I got Raymond."

"It's a beautiful name," Frances said warmly.

She bought some wool and began knitting for the baby in the evenings. He had very few clothes or other possessions, and when she went to London for a couple of days' leave, she found that he kept coming into her thoughts, and she bought a little hairbrush with a pale-blue back, a rattle, and a blue sleeping bag. "If your baby is an active little fellow, this will keep him snug in all weathers," the saleswoman had said as she folded up the sleeping bag, and Frances, somehow enjoying the atmosphere of this shop, where every customer was automatically a mother, said seriously, "Well, yes, he *is* the active type of baby." She felt matronly and amused with herself, and wondered if the saleswoman's eyeglasses would flash less starrily if she knew that the sleeping bag was intended to wrap a nameless Baby Bunting, whose daddy had gone a-hunting and wasn't likely to come back. "Won't he love the ducky pink rabbit on it!" snuffled the saleswoman, with a damp blend of sentiment and catarrh. Here motherhood was strictly the legitimate article. Frances, conscientiously building up detail, stopped



"We better break this up. We're straining their credulity."

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and fingered some tiny nightdresses, assuming the correct brooding expression, on her way to the door. Once outside, she relaxed and began thinking what a funny description she would make out of her shopping in her next letter to Philip. But somehow, though she had been entertained while it was happening, it no longer seemed particularly amusing when she got home, and she put the idea out of her head rather abruptly.

Her homecoming was really very pleasant. There was a letter from Philip waiting for her, and Margaret had got splendid fires going and something good cooking for supper. About a month before, Frances had bought a puppy, because everyone said that a dog was such good company. He was a spaniel puppy, christened Bruce, and now, in a frenzy of welcome, he rushed round the room, fell on her shoes, and sprinkled her affectionately with water. Raymond was also brought in to see her, and though she had been away only two days, she insisted that he had grown. He was really beautiful—not in the least like Margaret, she thought. The unknown George must have been good-looking. Raymond's small face was an obvious duplicate of someone's strong family face which for generations had been transmitting bright-blue eyes, fresh color, and a straight nose. Frances thought what a sensation he would have caused if she had been able to take him along and show him off to that woman who had burbled about the ducky pink rabbit.

She produced the sleeping bag and other things and Margaret flushed with pleasure. "It's beautiful!" she said again and again.

"Well, we shan't have to worry now about keeping him warm in the garden," Frances said lightly.

She sat down to read Philip's letter, with Bruce cuddled beside her. The little fret of someone besides herself in the room was oddly companionable. There was no doubt, she thought, a dog did make a difference, and spaniels were always so devoted. She stroked his curly ears absently as she read. Philip wrote gloomingly, for he had thought that he was getting leave and it had fallen through. He had taken bets that the war would be over by Christmas, but now he was feeling less certain. "What I mind most is the waste of it all," he wrote. "Waste of time, waste of you, waste of the good things we could be doing together." Later on he made an obvious effort to sound more cheerful, and went into details of some plan for the garden, illustrated with one of his usual neat little maps. Although the time he had spent at the cottage could be counted in days, every inch of its terrain, every twig, every stone seemed to be printed photographically on his memory. It's really the only link we've got, Frances thought. The only place we've known together, the sticks and stones we share.

FRANCES put down Philip's letter and sat looking into the fire. She could hear Margaret and Raymond in the kitchen. He had his bath in the evenings and usually she enjoyed watching, but this evening she didn't feel in the mood. Margaret had put down the sleeping bag and other odds and ends when she drew the curtains and she had forgotten to take them to the kitchen with her.

ADMONITION

TO THE CHICAGO "DAILY TIMES," WHICH IS ADVOCATING A ONE-DAY SMOKERS' FAST TO RELIEVE THE CIGARETTE SHORTAGE

Oh *Times*, oh reckless journal,
Oh sheet unblest!
What is this mischief, this design infernal
That you suggest?
Let smokers for one dreary day and night
Absent themselves, you say, from all delight.
Then we might see the secret stores unlocked,
The Luckies back, the shelves with Camels stocked.
Perhaps. I merely tender this advice:
Consider the Price.

Consider a nation
Biting its nails and wrestling with temptation
For twenty-four desperate hours.
Think of the tempers poised on murder's brink,
Of men at morning fainting in their showers,
Or driven, at eve, to drink.

Think, think
Of the vast quarrels let loose, the evil forces,
The words across the tables, the divorces,
Tots scurrying from the path
Of strange parental wrath,
Bosses, for once unwary,
Firing the blond and guiltless secretary,
Collaborations coming to an end,
Friend bickering with friend,
The innocent delivered to the furies
Of untobaccoed juries,
Deals lost, wives beaten, relatives told off,
And all for lack of a carload and a cough.

Through the small haze which wreathes about me yet
(From what now passes for a cigarette),
I conjure up the horrors of that day,
And, gentlemen, I say,
Resign your scheme. Quick, take your project back.
Better the lack,
The scramble, the shortage, the barley-flavored brand
Than anarchy across this smiling land.
Better, I cry, a bottleneck met head on
Than Armageddon.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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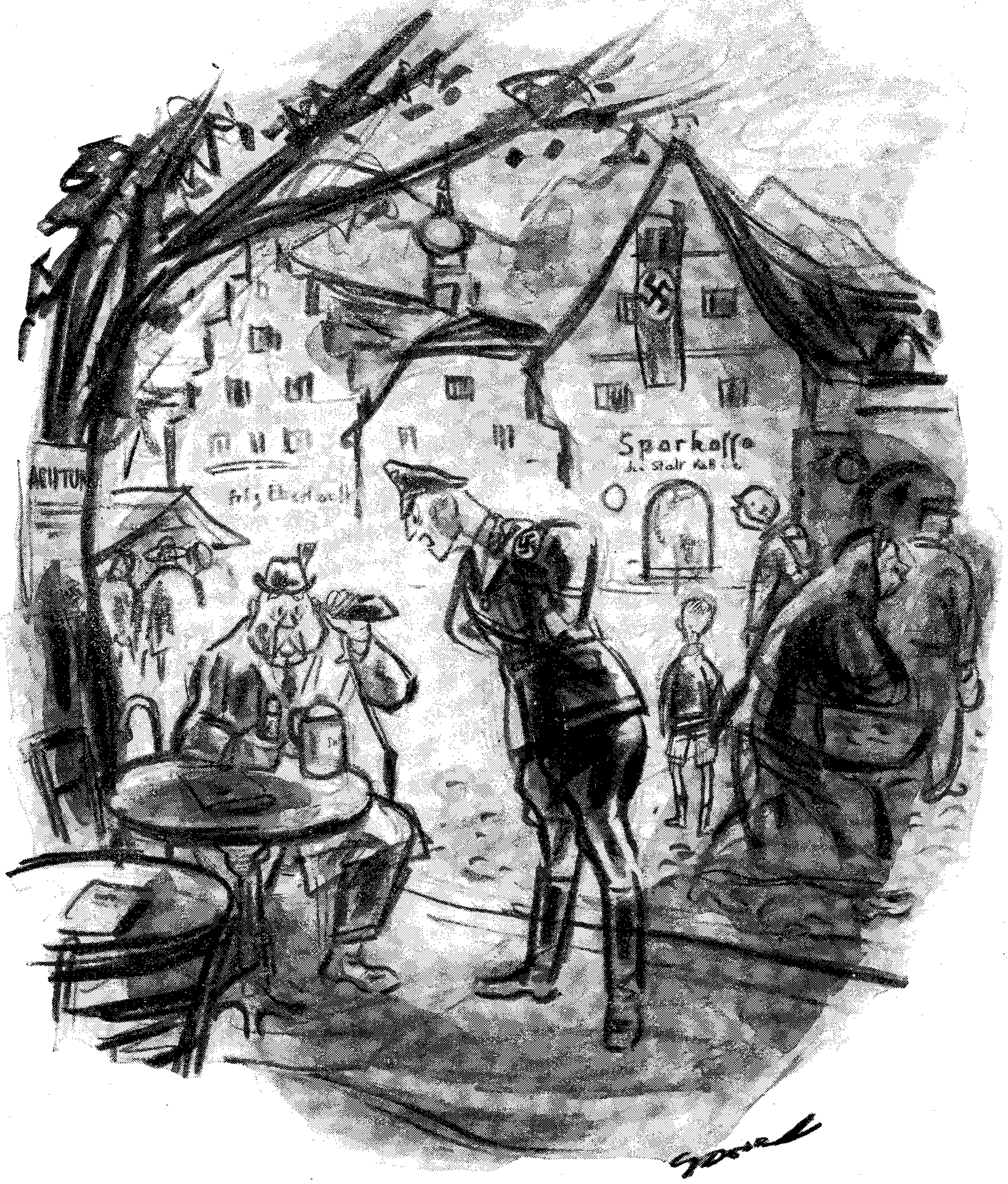

"I said, 'Why aren't you in uniform?'"

Frances picked up the little hairbrush and began turning it over in her hands. It had flowers hand-painted on its blue back, and it struck her that perhaps it had been idiotic to choose such frivolities for one whose path would possibly not be particularly flowery. Margaret might take him away at any time and, if she did, Frances hated to think what might happen to them. Maybe it was silly to spoil him like this, as though life could guarantee to wrap him permanently in softest blue wool, guarded by ducky pink rabbits, amused by a bauble of little bells tied up with corals. Frances could hear the splashing of water in the kitchen and a gurgle of enjoyment from Raymond, then Margaret's voice murmuring something. Unexpectedly Frances felt a pang of irritation against Margaret for having been so stupid or so wanton that Raymond must always be bathed in front of some stranger's fire. Now that she came to think of it, the girl's jolly, phlegmatic acceptance of her lot was also irritating. That business about being called Mrs. Judd, for instance. If she had thought at all of Raymond's future, she would have fallen in with that suggestion. Frances could have bought her a wedding ring, and they could have agreed on some tale of widowhood which would sound plausible in a village full of women whose men had died as far from home, as quietly, as Frances would have arranged for George to die. She couldn't help feeling indignant when she thought how casual Margaret had been about everything. She's really nothing but a stupid peasant, Frances thought angrily.

Somehow, somewhere, the pleasantness of getting home had escaped. Frances picked up Philip's letter to read it again, and then, for the first time, she noticed that Bruce had got down from the sofa. The little dog was standing beside the door that led into the kitchen; he was snuffling deeply under the crack and every now and then he scratched hopefully. He liked Margaret, who had a way with animals. Once or twice lately, Frances had searched for him and found him curled up on the kitchen chair, and, though she had laughed, she had always carried him out firmly and closed the door tightly behind her. Now he was scratching and whining to get in. Frances called to him sharply. He took no notice and a wave of quite ridiculous anger seized her. She got up, took the puppy by the scruff of his neck so roughly that he squeaked protestingly, and dumped him back on the sofa. "You stay where you are!" she told him, and as she hit him across his blunt baby nose, she could hardly see him for the tears in her eyes and the dreadful empty feeling in her heart.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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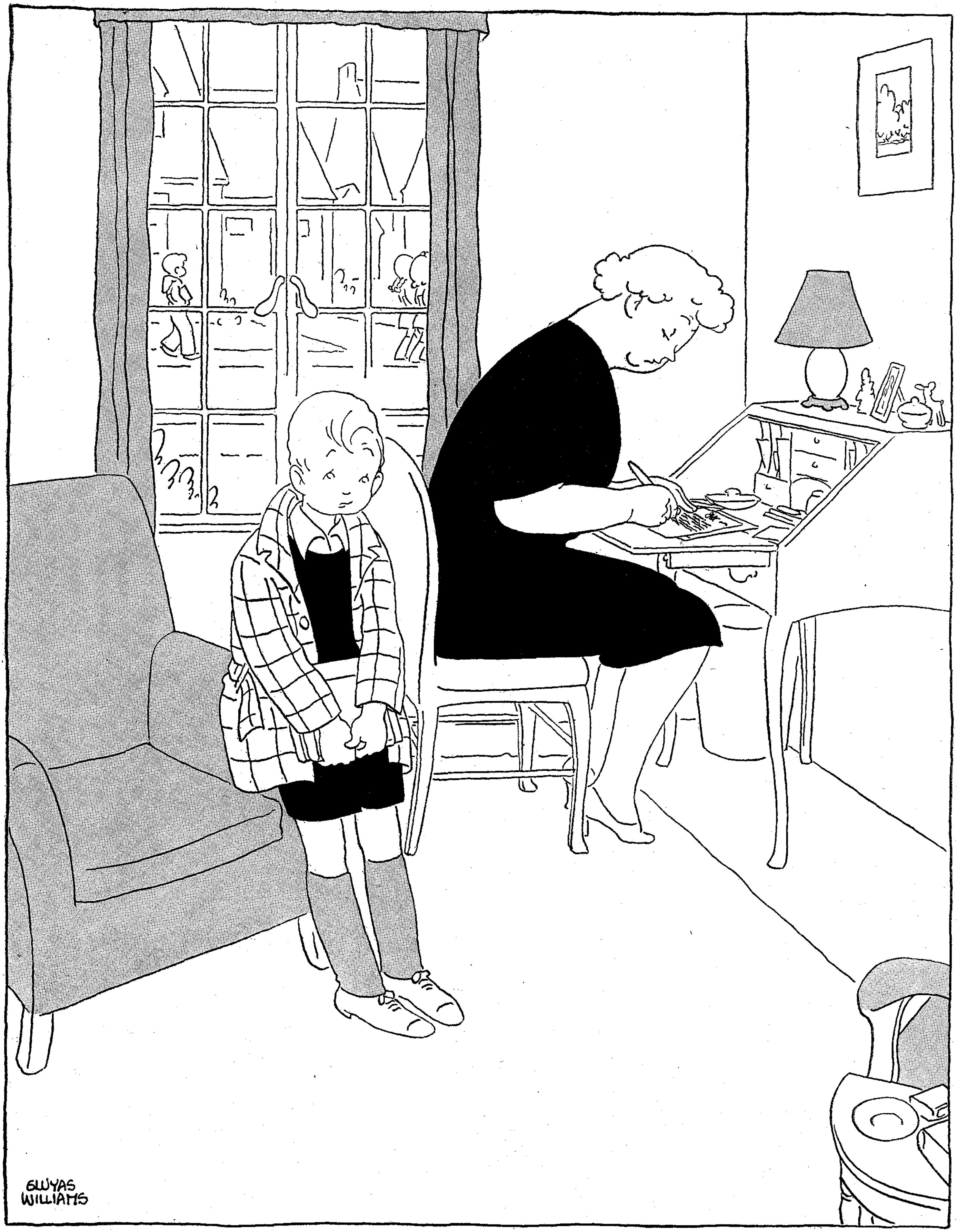
The rare discipline of the ensemble and its smooth, fluid sound added tonal beauty to the whole. An extraordinary rappaport between Mr. Koussevitsky and his men makes it possible to concentrate every atom of energy on getting at the core of the music.—*The Post.*

All right, Rappaport, come out from behind that podium!

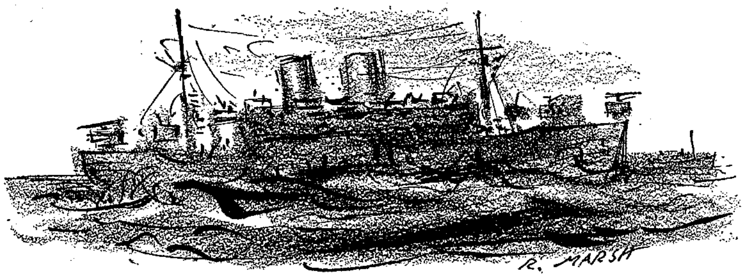


THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Miss Snell:—I am sure that Danny is very sorry that he put paste in the little girl's hair. It was just high spirits, of course, but he should be made to realize that it's naughty. I am sure that Danny has 'learned his lesson,' but if he ever does it again, I hope you will . . ."

❋ PROFILES ❋

DARK SHIP—I

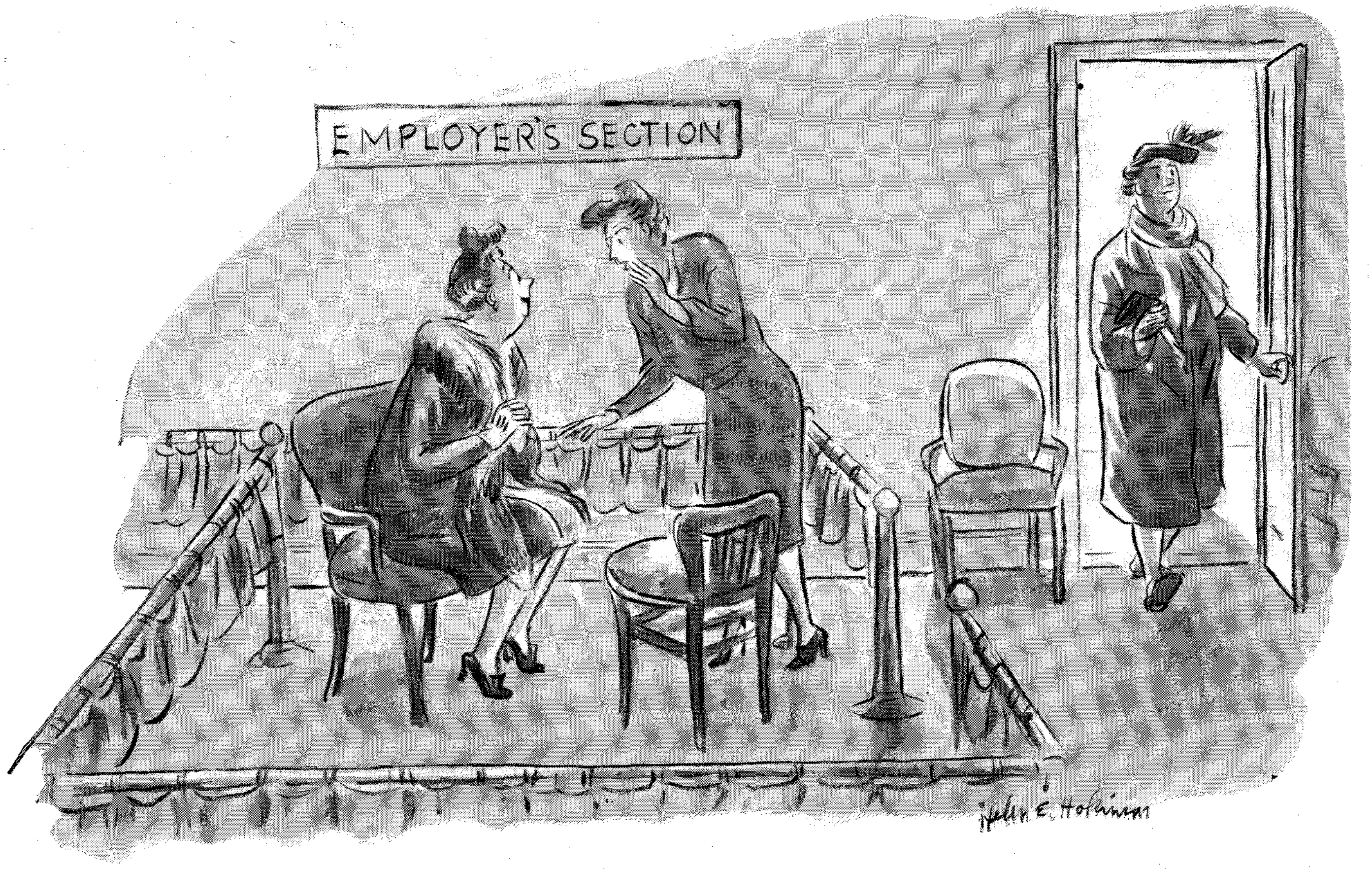


THE troop transport which will here be called the Marquette has carried American soldiers to battlefronts all over the world. Thousands of tons of rusty gray, she is a sturdy, broad-beamed converted passenger liner, whose gilt, potted palms, and dinner music were replaced by anti-aircraft guns and life rafts when she was bought, shortly after December 7, 1941, by the War Shipping Administration. Since her transformation into a troop carrier, the Marquette has frequently been wreathed in ice and her paint has frequently been blistered by the tropic sun, but whether her route is north to Greenland or south to a Pacific atoll, the beginning of her voyage is always the same. On a roofed-in pier at some port in this country, long lines of troops move slowly toward the gangplanks. Those in front get tantalizing glimpses, through the dock's sliding doors, of a sweep of massive hull and pass word back to those shuffling impatiently in the rear: "She's a big son of a bitch!" A military band on the pier alternates between Sousa and jazz. There are sudden silences in which the only sound is the cadenced, whispery shuffle of feet. For an instant each soldier on the gangplanks between pier and ship catches a full view of the Marquette—the life rafts hanging from the promenade deck, encircling the ship like a gigantic necklace; the squat stacks canted aft; the abnormal number of lifeboats strung out around the top deck; the guns, at bow and stern, protruding from behind waist-high cylindrical shields of gray-blue steel. Then he is inside the ship, and, together with his comrades, is following a member of the Marquette's permanent Army detail along shadowy companionways and over long pine decks to whatever tiny slot will be his quarters during the voyage.

It is commonly said that when a soldier clumps up the gangplank of a transport—and about five million Americans have done that since this war began—he experiences an emotion as strange and intense and sometimes as hard to identify as the one he feels when he first goes into battle. The men filing aboard the Marquette, packs on their backs, a white canvas duffel bag in one hand, a rifle in the other, try hard for the jaunty crack that will appropriately memorialize the occasion, but as the blare of the band on the dock recedes in the distance the soldiers usually become strangely silent and the only sound is the beat of their hobnailed boots against the deck. Perhaps the Marquette's atmosphere has something to do with their spirits. In peacetime she was, like almost every other liner, often described as a floating hotel, but now, stripped of her luxuries, she has the bleakness of a floating warehouse. The brightest sun never reaches gloomy areas in her interior, where the only light comes from bare electric light bulbs, hanging from the ceiling, swinging with the ship's motion and casting shadows that ceaselessly slide from deck to bulkhead and back again. There are times when a gust of wind gets inside through some opening and shrieks down a long expanse of corridor that first slopes upward and then, with stately deliberation, slowly drops downward. The Marquette is a stanch vessel, but her beams creak and screech like a stairway in a haunted house. There are men who have sailed on the Marquette ever since this country went into the war, but few have much affection for her. A mate once said glumly, "She's just a big piece of machinery," and a member of the crew complained not long ago that she was "a lonesome ship."

Whatever the feelings of the thousands of troops who pack the Marquette whenever she puts to sea from a home port, those of the Marquette's master, Captain James R. Henderson, are clear. He regards the soldiers as so much cargo. On his ship's records they are listed as so-and-so many tons of weight. Captain Henderson is a huge-headed man of forty-three with a sullen, discontented face and a close-clipped mustache flecked with gray, and he is so tall that he has to duck his head to get through the ordinary doorway. He frequently broods over the whimsicality of human cargo. Any other freight, he once complained, can be lashed down in a hold. He lives in fear that this disconcerting freight which feels and moves and becomes seasick and homesick may suddenly and unanimously decide to congregate at one side of the ship and cause her to list. The Captain has tried to make it a rule not to speak except to give an order. He has so determinedly maintained this silence that when, in a moment of weakness, he wants to establish human contact he finds it difficult. When he takes off his uniform and goes ashore, in his baggy blue serge business suit, he looks like a farmer in town for Saturday night, but standing on the bridge in his uniform, either his blues or khakis, he has a hard, trim correctness that makes him seem completely a part of his ship. At sea, he never leaves the bridge. He runs the ship from there and he has his quarters there. Many of the Marquette's crew have never seen him. To the pot boy in the galley, several decks beneath the bridge, or the wiper in the engine room, even further below, he seems as remote as the President in the White House. Recently, in an effort to brighten up his self-imposed isolation, the Captain bought two puppies—a spaniel he named Chatapeg (Hindustani for "little drink") and an Airedale he named Erich. Now, when he walks along the bridge, in a curiously stiff-legged stride which makes him look as if he were on stilts, he is followed by a conglomeration of snarls, whimperings, barks, growls, and skiddings of claws on the deck. Occasionally, Captain Henderson unbends and scratches the ears of his dogs. Then he glances covertly at his junior officers, who are standing a little apart from him, to see if they are watching; if they are, he says in an apologetic tone, "They're full of hell today, ain't they?"

Captain Henderson may be somewhat inarticulate, but his crew, all members of the National Maritime Union, are not. They know precisely what they think, and they say what they think, about a great variety of matters. As the transport moves across the sea, the crew hold meetings in which



"Do try to appear calm and matter-of-fact. First impressions are very important."

• •

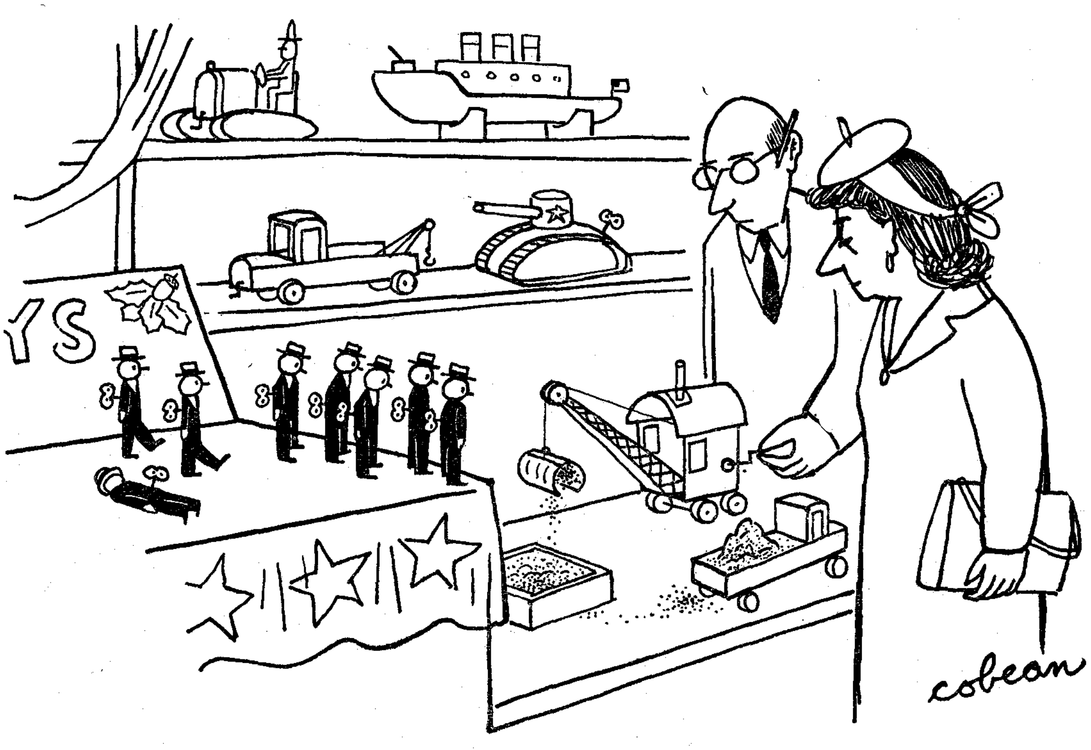
points of order and points of privilege, motions to amend and motions to table are brought up with a formality one would expect to find only on dry land, under stationary and predictable conditions. The Marquette's crew have passed resolutions in the Tasman Sea condemning Gandhi's pacifism, resolutions in the Mediterranean condemning Franco, and resolutions in the North Atlantic condemning Dewey. They have risen to points of order in harbors of the South Pacific, Africa, Australia, Sicily, Italy, France, and Greenland, and have moved to adjourn in the waters off Brazil, Iceland, England, Sierra Leone, Scotland, New Zealand, and New Caledonia. More than one meeting has been interrupted by an air raid. A bitter debate off the coast of Africa, over whether the union should discipline a member of the crew for not taking proper care of a boiler, was ended by the Luftwaffe, which sank three ships in the Marquette's convoy; and another meeting, in the Coral Sea, had to recess so that the crew could ferry assault troops ashore in the ship's lifeboats. Forty per cent of the men in the crew have been torpedoed and sunk on other ships. The men often point out that the Marquette offers an example of national unity that might well be emulated ashore. They are proud of the fact that there is no racial discrimination and little consciousness of racial differences aboard the Marquette, that some of the best men in the crew are Negroes, and that on the ship's muster roll there are Egyptians, Chinese, Swedes, Persians, Englishmen, Liberians, Welshmen, Hondurans, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Irishmen, Serbs, Mexicans, Ecuadorians, Puerto Ricans, South Africans, Spaniards, and Filipinos, and that these groups all work together amicably. They are proud, too, of the gigantic synchronization that meshes the efforts of seamen, engineers, pharmacists, plumbers, electricians, printers, doctors, mechanics, stewards, chefs, dishwashers, carpenters, butchers, bakers, stenographers, surgeons, dentists, and accountants into a single force that propels the Marquette about the world.

WHEN the Marquette puts to sea from a big East Coast port, she is accompanied for a while, as she moves toward hostile waters, by the cheery commerce of American radio. The soldiers swarming the decks, staring uneasily at the strange aquatic world of mine fields, submarine nets, fuel ships, airplane carriers, and battleships, are perhaps solaced by the familiar din that follows them. Above such new and dismal sounds as the reiterated bleat of a whistling buoy or the hoarse blasts of foghorns comes, magnified by the public-address system, the glad voice of home, as certain as ever that Coca-Cola will bring victory. Navy gunners, standing at general quarters beside their guns on the first evening out, hear the voice of Frank Sinatra singing, as the transport heads toward the second World War, "Love . . . love . . . you . . . you."

There are other sources of solace for the soldiers on their first day at sea. In the hands of each man is a murder mystery, distributed by the Red Cross. Before the day is over, many of the men have finished their books and the ship is littered with discarded copies of "Enter a Murderer," "Murder in the Calais Coach," "The Red Widow Murders," "The A.B.C. Murders," and "The Simple Way of Poison." A few hours after sailing, a number of soldiers, most of whom have never been to sea before, squeeze their way through the transport on a tour of inspection. The ship, carrying six times her peacetime load of passengers, is as crowded as a subway platform at the rush hour. The men try to get into the engine room and are told that it's against the rules. Some of them succeed, however, in getting a glimpse, deep in the ship, of the immense kitchen, where thousands of meals are prepared every day and where frantic cooks brace themselves against the ship's roll and labor in a fierce heat. They inspect the ring of lifeboats, each of which bears the legend "SIXTY-THREE PERSONS," on the top deck; look over the iron spools wound with yellow rope by which the boats can be lowered to the water, sixty feet below; swarm over the fat, tubular, blue-gray life rafts which not only ring the promenade deck but are also stacked everywhere on the other decks. They gaze with fascination at the signs, on the inner side of every door, which read "ESCAPE PANEL, KICK OUT," and listen attentively when told that the signs are there because doors often jam when a torpedo strikes. They are particularly impressed by the notices of the ship's alarm system proclaiming, "Four Rings: GO TO YOUR BATTLE STATION. Seven Rings: ABANDON SHIP." They push down the gray length of C deck, the port side of which is assigned to the crew, prowl the red mahogany length of B and A decks, and study the sickly green of the hospital ward aft on B. Lacking anything better to do, they read the crew's bulletin boards, bearing announcements of the union's nightly classes for the crew in Diesel engines, knots and splices, boilers, the Meaning of the War, the Political Action Committee, Labor and the Postwar World, and the History of the National Maritime Union. By late afternoon they have completed their inspection of the ship and begun the organization of jazz bands, ping-pong tournaments, shows, popularity contests, straw votes, and newspapers; they are ready to settle down to the routine of their life at sea.

The new members of the crew also like to look the ship over. They can get a much better idea of the Marquette than the soldiers can, especially if they are permitted to accompany a fire watchman named Pat O'Connell on his rounds. O'Connell, who is one of the best-liked men on the ship, is a tall, lanky Irishman of fifty with a lean, ascetic face and a tendency to fluctuate between puritanical and convivial moods. It is his job to make hourly circuits of the Marquette to watch for fire. His career includes attending Dublin University, taking part in the Easter Rebellion, serving in the Irish Guards in the first World War, and helping found the Maritime Union. There is no scorn to equal his when, in a convivial mood, he offers a friend a drink and is refused, unless it is his scorn when, in a puritanical mood, he rejects a drink himself. In the first instance he says witheringly, "Ah, you pantywaist," and trembles with disgust. In the second he says coldly, "Keep the poison yourself." Pat, who during his hours off duty occasionally teaches a small class in Gaelic literature, says he has been over the ship so often that he can visualize every inch of her several decks. These—the inside decks are designated alphabetically and the two completely open ones above them are called the promenade and the boat decks—remind him of a sequence of city streets, one on top of another. "There's everything here from Park Avenue to a street in Spanish Harlem," he says. Park Avenue, of course, is the bridge, where everyone is uniformed and formal, and Spanish Harlem is the part of the ship's living quarters known as The Jungle, thirty feet beneath the waterline. It is dark and airless, hot and crowded, and often in its gloom can be heard sad Spanish songs, sometimes accompanied by the clicking of maracas and the strumming of guitars. Its inhabitants are some fifty Puerto Ricans who work in the stewards' department.

Pat begins his fire-watching rounds in the engine room. There he is surrounded by as much noise as if he were at the center of a clap of thunder, but he knows how to pitch his voice beneath it. "Hast thou kept thine engine clean?" he usually asks one or another of the oilers. His antique speech is taken from a sign on a bulletin board near one of the two giant Diesels, which have a combined weight of six hundred and fifty tons and turn the ship's twin propellers. It is headed "TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR DIESEL MEN." The First Commandment is "Thou shalt keep thine ENGINE CLEAN and ADJUSTED that its LIFE shall be long and that the OWNER shall INCREASE thy PAY" and the second admonishes, "KNOW thine ENGINE as THYSELF." The sixth declares, "Only the VOICE of EXPERIENCE may tell thee WHY and HOW, but reading only of WHAT and WHEN shall plague thee with NON-STARTS." The oiler Pat generally speaks to is Harry Lubin, a small man with a bright, intelligent face who walks with a hobble and wears silver-rimmed spectacles. Lubin limps because of a wound suffered when he fought with the Loyalists in the Spanish War. Both men are active in the union, and their ensuing conversation often is about union matters, perhaps the effort to get new mechanical davits installed so that the lifeboats can be lowered more quickly. "It takes twelve minutes to get the

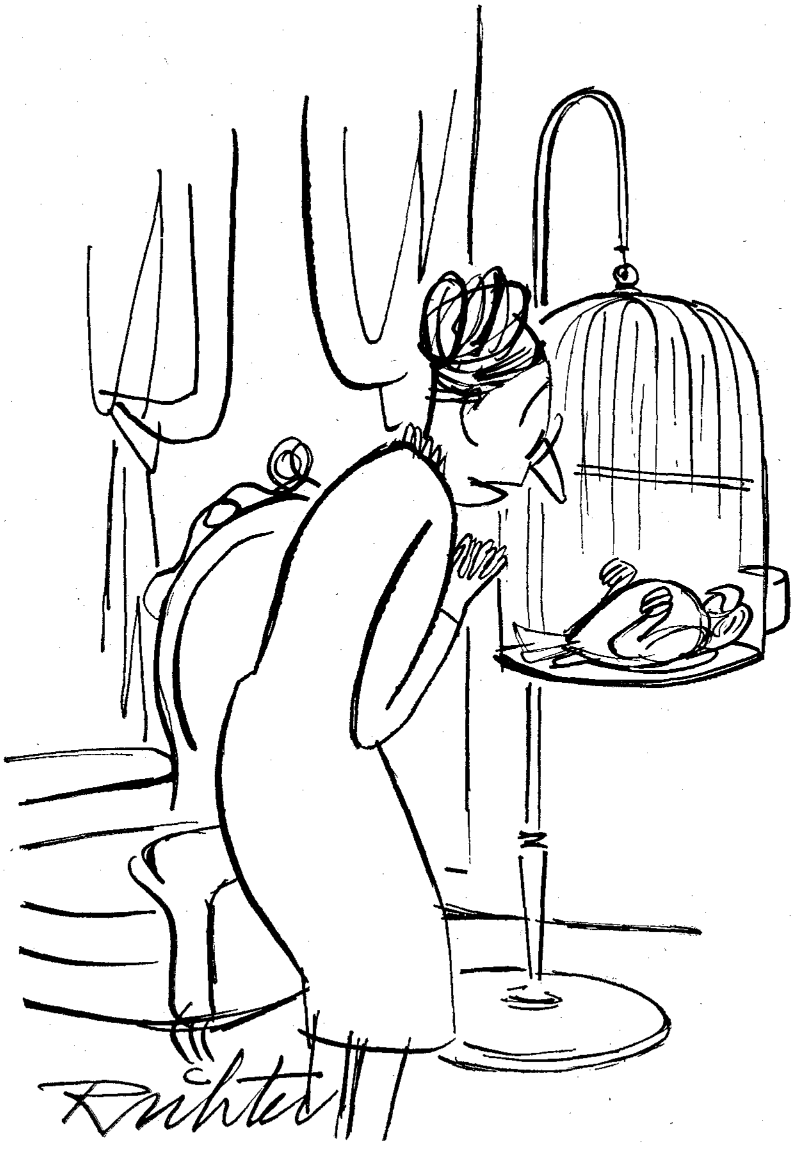


boats down now," Lubin explains, if some new crewman is along on the tour with Pat. "With any luck, though, the ship would stay up for an hour. Of course, if a torpedo hit the compressed air tank, blooey!" He grins and throws his hands in the air. "The whole ship would go up just like that!"

Pat, continuing his rounds, climbs three tall iron ladders through a maze of pistons and thumping air valves and presently comes out near the stern on the port side of C deck. He starts forward. Soldiers clutter the deck, some sitting with their backs against the partitions and their feet stretched out before them, some sitting on wooden grocery boxes, some reading, some playing cards. Pat walks carefully, stepping over the men's legs, and finally reaches the forward hatch. Three or four kittens are playing on the sheet of canvas that covers it. The canvas ripples in a current of air, as if a giant were breathing beneath it. Near the hatch a Negro with a bristly mustache, one of the cooks, is telling a little group of soldiers why unions are necessary. A few steps away a Puerto Rican is cutting the hair of a compatriot, in the uncertain light of a swinging bulb. Pat crosses the ship along a companionway to the starboard side of the deck, which has been converted into a huge troop compartment. There are similar compartments on other decks. These troop quarters are very dark even in daytime, because of the blackout curtains that have been hung over their portholes, and each one is almost entirely filled with a vast, three-layered structure of iron tubing—like the skeleton of a skyscraper—over which canvas is stretched to form bunks. The bunks are festooned with rifles, bayonets, shoes, duffel bags, and steel helmets. Pat slowly progresses upward, through the troop messrooms, past long lines of soldiers in single file, messkits in hands, edging toward meals which are served continuously from seven in the morning until ten at night, and past soldiers who are eating standing up in the passageways, until finally he emerges into the open air of the promenade deck.

By late afternoon of the first day of a voyage, the Marquette is usually in convoy and, if it's a dark day, lights will be flashing on and off—winking discs of gold in the grayness—as the ships talk back and forth with blinkers. Pat likes to stand on the promenade deck for a time, feeling the wind and savoring the spray and listening to the steady click-clack of ping-pong balls from inside the nearby officers' saloon. Sometimes, instead, an impromptu jam session is going on, and if the sea is wild and boisterous, Pat enjoys the grotesqueness of the combination. He continues upward to the boat deck, which one group of seamen is likely to be washing down while another chips and paints, and then climbs still higher to the flying bridge. The flying bridge, which is above the wheelhouse and the bridge, is the highest vantage point on the ship except for the crow's nest. Here his tour is ended, and he stops, as though on a mountain top, to survey the sea and the convoy, stretching the full length of the horizon.

Pat usually begins his rest from his labors with an hour of Beethoven. "I let it pour over me," he says. He does this in the cabin of Major John Hickman, the transport chaplain. Major Hickman, who is a member of the permanent Army detail aboard the Marquette, spends a certain amount of his day in his bunk, fully dressed, even to his fatigue cap, with the blankets drawn up to his chin. He says he enjoys lying that way, listening to the creaking of the ship and pondering the immortality of man. "If this ship were hit," he sometimes says, "thousands of souls would flash into life everlasting." Somehow or other he manages to discharge his duties as well lying down as most men do standing up. He is supplied by Army Special Services with phonograph records, which he plays either over the public-address system or just for the entertainment of himself and visitors to his cabin. He likes Pat or some other friend to drop in and play them, because then he doesn't have to get out of bed. If a visitor breaks a record, Hickman is very kind about it. "I believe they are expendable," he says. "I believe they are expendable." Whenever Pat arrives, there is a brief clash of wills. Pat proposes to play the "Emperor" Concerto, but the chaplain wants "The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood." Pat, who has the advantage of being on his feet, always gets his way. Sometimes the music depresses Pat. It makes him think of when he served in the Irish Republican Army. He looks at his long-fingered hands and broods, shaking his head and mumbling. "They're a killer's hands," he will say. Then he will raise his head with the resigned look of a man



"Speak to me, Roger! Speak to me!"

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with BARBARA O'NEIL
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Seats Now for New Year's Eve., Dec. 31

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who must be brave. "It is not pleasant to have been a killer, even in a war," he said once, when he was calling on the chaplain with a couple of other friends. For a moment he was silent. "They beg so. They clutch so at your knees. God!" He dropped his head, then raised it again and stretched out his hands. "Do you know what these hands were really made for?" he asked. The chaplain, who was gazing at the ceiling, did not answer. "To play divine music," Pat answered, and his lips trembled. Still the chaplain did not speak. He was apparently pondering the immortality of man.

THE time of day most of the crew like best, if the weather is pleasant, is sunset, after their evening meal. Then those off duty—the customary routine is four hours on, eight hours off, and four hours on again—come out on deck. Usually each man contrives to keep to himself, along the rail, despite the great number of soldiers about. They stare at the other ships of the convoy; at the water, forever curving up into foam at the bow and sliding along the side of the ship; at the wake, in which the blue of the parted sea is churned into a frosty green; at the long path of red the setting sun casts on the waves. Some of them squat against the outside cabin doors on an open section of B deck and stare at the rail, alternately ascending until it slashes the horizon and descending until there is a wall of water above it. It is on this deck that Vide Granlund, a blond Swedish baker, appears each evening to teach Erich, the Captain's Airedale, some tricks. Vide, who wears a blue turtleneck sweater, is quite handsome in spite of a sinister, droop-lidded left eye, and he always has a small, uncertain smile at one corner of his mouth. Almost every night, Vide is interrupted in his chore by some sailors who think it is funny to hear him tell why he failed in his bakery business in Sweden. Vide is puzzled by the perennial interest but nevertheless patiently explains, "It was because I was on a hill I failed. My truck could not make it. Always it broke down. It took all my money. It was because I was on a hill I failed." His audience laughs and Vide's smile widens into an obliging grin, then he turns his attention back to Erich. "Yump, Erich, yump," he says again and again. Later, tossing a ball along the deck, he keeps repeating, "Lookin' for the ball, Erich, lookin' for the ball."

Presently Emmanuel Smith, the Captain's Negro personal steward, appears on B deck. There is a hypnotic, purring quality in Emmanuel's voice, and his most banal words are listened to with pleasure by the rest of the crew. His favorite topic is Captain Henderson, and he speaks of him as of a possession. "For breakfast," he sometimes relates, "I feed him a whole grapefruit with just the very top off. Then I feed him toast, very crisp bacon, and two cups of coffee. I feed him this three hundred and sixty-five days a year. I feed him no lunch. Sometimes for supper I feed him chicken and rice and a little asparagus. He is very fond of sirloin steaks. Sometimes I give him a very carefully shredded combination salad." Emmanuel's audience seems entranced. "He is very fond of sweets," Emmanuel purrs on. "He likes ice cream and cake. Sometimes I make a peach Melba for him—ice cream, peaches, chocolate sauce, and two Nabiscos on the side of the plate. I stick them there nice for him."

A little apart from Emmanuel's group, Walter Strogge, a middle-aged cabin steward known as the Rat Man, is usually standing at the rail admiring the water in the changing light of evening. He is a tall, slim, gentle man with an air of melancholy civility. Some months ago Captain Henderson offered a bounty of twenty-five cents for every rat caught aboard the ship. Strogge caught fourteen before the offer was recently withdrawn. He still searches for rats, possibly in the hope that somehow he will be rewarded anyway. He chuckles with a kind of affection as he thinks of the rats. Sometimes, as he looks at the sunset, he says, "Jeez, that's pretty," and then, as his eyes grow misty at the memory of the rats, he may add, "They carried away my sock for their little ones last night." Such gentle thoughts often lead to thoughts of his own little ones, and he shows his snapshots of them. "Look at the boy," he says. "He's only nineteen months and he looks four years. He points at my picture while I'm at sea and says, 'Ship!' "

WHILE all this is going on, a union class in Diesel engineering is likely to be under way in one of the crew's messrooms on C deck. If there is, the messroom is crowded with crewmen, sitting on benches flanking two long tables on which there are salt, pepper, vinegar, olive oil, tabasco sauce, condensed milk, ketchup, and Worcestershire sauce. There are two open portholes, and through them the waves are now visible, now out of sight. The sun still tints the ocean and floods the messroom with a pink light. Pots and pans hang from the ceiling, swaying back and forth, and a stack of dishes near one of the portholes rattles with the ship's vibration. The members of the class—farm boys from Maine and Mexicans, Negroes and Mississippians, Puerto Ricans and Russians—look very serious as they face their instructor, who stands beside a portable blackboard. He is John Temple, the Marquette's staff chief engineer, a ruddy, red-haired man who has a strawberry-colored mustache and wears a trim khaki uniform with black-and-gold shoulder boards. "Now I'm going to talk about pumps," he began one night not long ago, jiggling a piece of chalk up and down in the palm of one hand. "There are two kinds of pumps—constant-volume pumps and variable-stroke pumps. You should know the difference between an air-injection pump and a solid-injection pump. An air-injection pump pumps just about twice as much as a solid-injection pump, and you've really got to pump to animate your fuel. If you try to pump without pressure, you'll carbonate your valves . . . "

Two decks up, the officers' saloon was filling with soldiers for the evening movie, and portholes and windows were being closed in preparation for the show. The picture was an old-timer, "Knute Rockne." The saloon was packed by the time the picture went on. Now and then the projector was stopped for a change of reels, and in the glare of white during the interruption the soldiers' faces could be seen most clearly. As the machine whirred on, the expressions became more intent, and finally the illusion seemed complete—the transport and the war were forgotten. Many of the men were on the verge of tears as George Gipp, the great Notre Dame football star, lay dying. The team surrounded Gipp and he struggled to raise himself on an elbow to give his teammates his dying words. Outside, from over the sea, there came a dull boom—a depth bomb—but evidently the soldiers heard only Gipp's words, and they did not move. "And . . . and . . . if there ever comes a time," Gipp said, "when the going's tough and it

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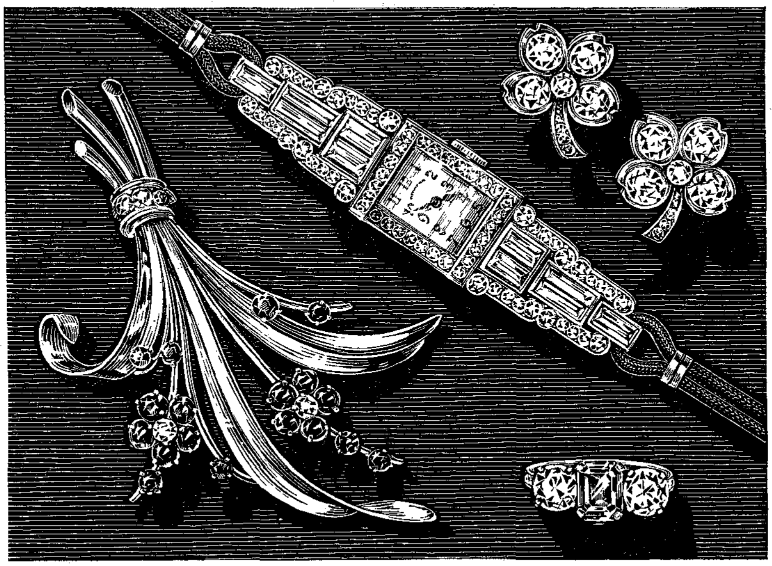

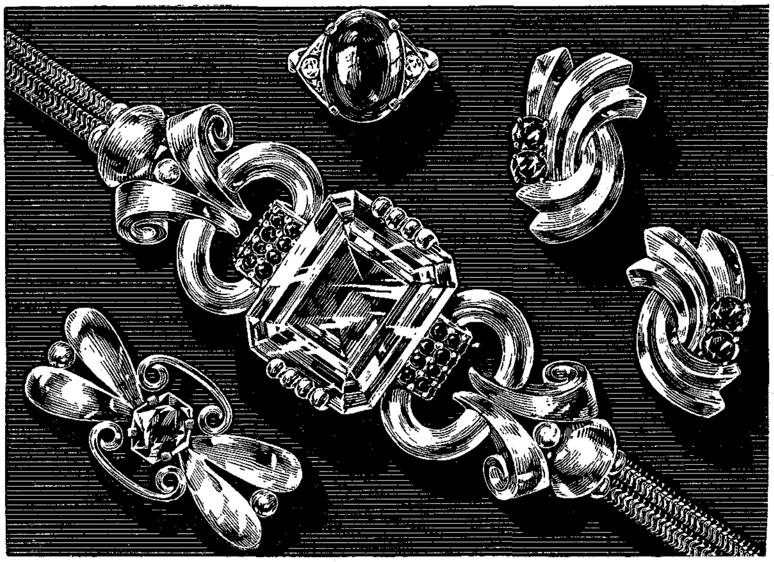

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Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

looks like the ol' team is going to lose . . . why . . . why . . . punch one over for the Gipper . . . will ya, fellows?" There was another dull boom, but still no one seemed disturbed. The only sounds in the room were the clickity whir of the projector and the sniffling of the audience.

Down below, in the messroom, Temple was still addressing his Diesel class when the depth bombs exploded. The pupils stiffened a bit, but they continued to give the staff chief engineer their attention. Temple turned to the blackboard and began to draw a valve of an air-injection pump. The class was very still. Temple's chalk squeaked against the board. The hint of a grin hovered about his mouth. There was another explosion, then another and another. The last was the nearest and there was a hollow, underwater thud against the hull of the Marquette, as if she had been tapped by a gigantic hammer. Temple's back was still to the class and he was murmuring as he drew, "Generally speakin', sumpin' like this. Sumpin' like this. Say this is the bottom of the damn thing." He turned to the class. "There's another difference between a solid-injection pump and an air-injection pump. The solid-injection pump delivers pressure at the beginning of a stroke and the air-injection delivers pressure at the last half of the stroke. Just why that should be I don't know."

In the messroom next door, others of the crew were sitting around, some playing chess or gin rummy, some talking politics or about depth charges and torpedoings. Most of them were wearing blue dungarees and white sweatshirts, and they looked very clean and scrubbed. "I remember a Baptist preacher on my last ship," one of the men said. "He used to call the Lord 'Slim.' Every time depth charges were dropped, he'd yell out, 'Slim! Don't forget me, Slim!'" Another man commented on the funny things men say when dying. "We had an argument on my ship about whether the hull needed scraping. We were torpedoed off Bermuda and we were in the water and the ship went down bow first. My buddy looked up at the hull and yelled, 'Look at her! She's clean as a whistle!,' and then he sank." "I remember," another man said, "standing on the deck of a ship with other ships going down all around us. There was a lot of tankers. The sea was blazing. We stood arguing about whether it hurt to be burned to death. Most of us said no and a young kid from Brooklyn said, 'Why do they shriek so if it doesn't hurt?'"

Nearby, Richard Owens, a day pantryman, was talking to a puppy-faced boy from Chicago about a strike. "It was a tough go," he said. "We pretty well starved. One of my buddies was killed. I felt pretty bad." Owens is a tall, hairy man whose grandfather was wounded with Pickett at Gettysburg, where, he sometimes says mildly, "they pretty well bloodied up the landscape." He was arguing that there need not be a depression after this war when the loudspeaker, as it does each night at dusk, announced the blackout. The public-address system, as pervasive as the voice of God, solemnly intoned, "Blackout is now in effect. All portholes will be securely dogged down. Any showing of lights or any smoking on deck will be severely punished." There were no more depth bombs that night.

EVERY night, within an hour after the blackout begins, the night pantry, amidships on D deck, begins to fill with sociable, and hungry, members of the crew. If depth charges have been dropped during the day, the men may talk about torpedoings as they drink cup after cup of hot coffee and black tea and eat sandwiches of ham, cheese, bologna, and cold roast beef. One night a shrewd-faced New York Italian wearing a baseball cap and as active as a monkey danced around as he shouted the story of how he had been torpedoed and had later gone to a newsreel in England which showed the survivors coming ashore. "I saw my own self in a blanket!" he shouted. "My own self!" A fire watchman by the name of Lacosta, a little over four feet in height and almost as broad, waddled in, grabbed a coffee cup, and held it under a shining chromium urn. "Don't forget my twenty-two days on a raft!" he boomed jovially, and hurried out. The man in charge of the night pantry, Joseph Trieco, an elderly fellow with a shaved, egg-shaped skull and a bony face, is scornful of the stories the men tell. As he went about his work, he sang derisively:

I'll tell you the story of how I became a bum.
I was born on Houston Street when I was young.

After their session in the pantry, the men leave one by one to turn in. Sometimes they go out on deck for a breath of air, walking through one of the zigzag blackout tunnels that shield every entrance to the ship's interior. They stand for a moment in the windy blackness, staring at the dim shadows of the other ships in the convoy. Then, if it's a night of average darkness, they hold their hands before them like blindfolded men and fumble back toward the blackout tunnels. The swift transition from the dark outside to the light inside makes them blink when they get in again. At ten o'clock the sad, silvery lament of taps is heard throughout the moving ship. A few minutes later, in the troop compartments, there is no sound except the rustle of hundreds of men breathing and stirring in their cots, nothing visible except the dim red glow marking the exits.

The upper decks and the corridors are empty and quiet. Inside, the creaking and the straining of the ship seem louder in the stillness. Far below, in the engine room, filled with the endless beat of metallic sound, men hustle about with flashlights and handfuls of waste in a wilderness of gauges, switches, quivering needles, iron ladders, balconies, pistons, valves, and pumps. On the bridge, Captain Henderson, with Erich chewing at a bone beside him, looks out over the dark sea, and, in the comparative brightness of their quarters, the men of the crew who are not on watch are turning in. There are those who for an instant debate with themselves whether to undress before climbing into their bunks. If anything were to happen, they'd be better off with their clothes on. The chances are that they decide to undress, and then they fall asleep wondering fuzzily what they would do if a torpedo struck.

—Richard O. Boyer

(This is the first of two articles about the Marquette.)

•

For Rent—If any one wants to rent a home, see me, Sadie Smith on Cedar street, Macon, Miss. But you cannot raise any chickens, for a colored neighbor will take every chicken that gets out your yard. A neighbor taken about eight friers and now got my hen and eight little chickens and swears they are his.—*Macon (Miss.) Beacon.*

Still, it would be a roof over our head.

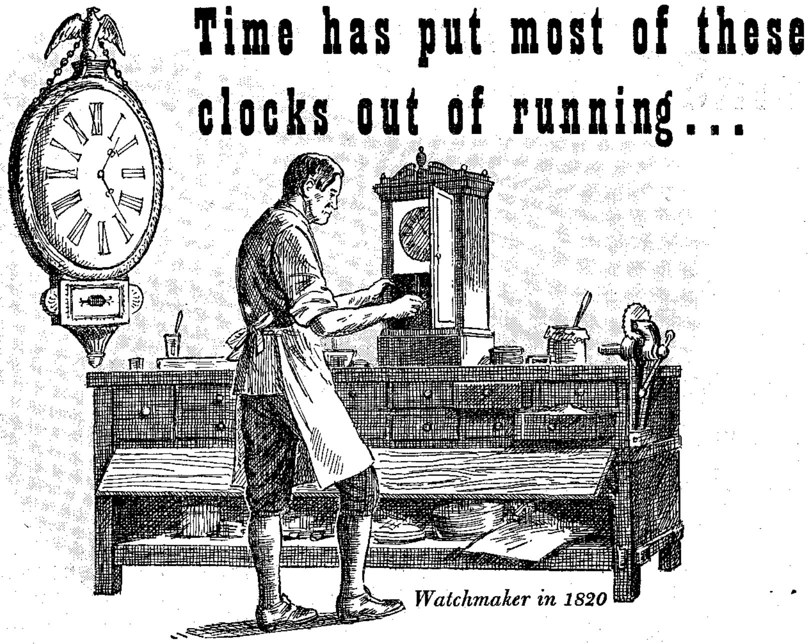
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the bulletin of the First Congregational Church, Painesville, Ohio*]

Fidelitas Note

The class meeting planned for Oct. 24th at the home of Mrs. W. A. Warren in Cleveland will not be held. Mrs. Warren has an opportunity to visit her daughter in New Hampshire at that time and the class is happy to see her go.



Time has put most of these clocks out of running...

But time has added to Johnnie Walker's popularity

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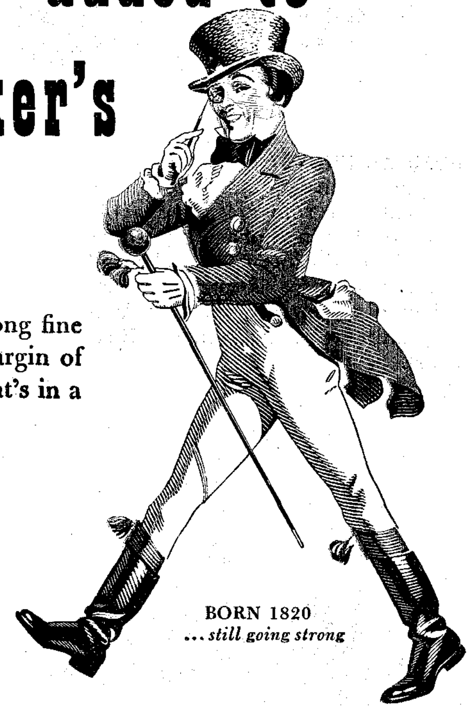

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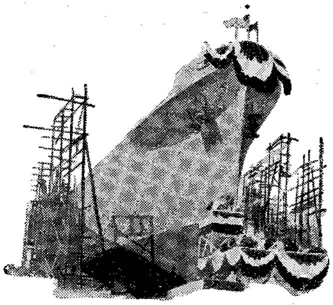
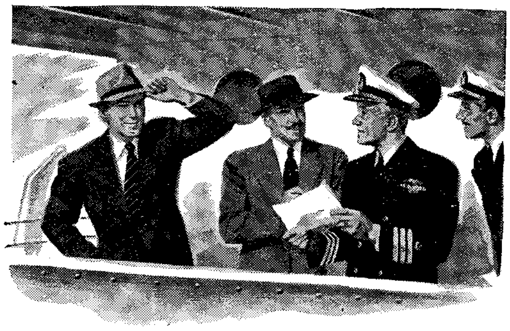


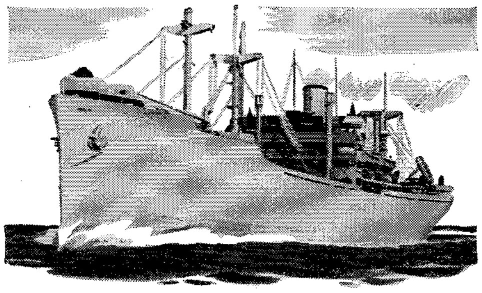
S. S. FREDERICK VICTORY, launched recently at Baltimore, is named for Frederick, Maryland

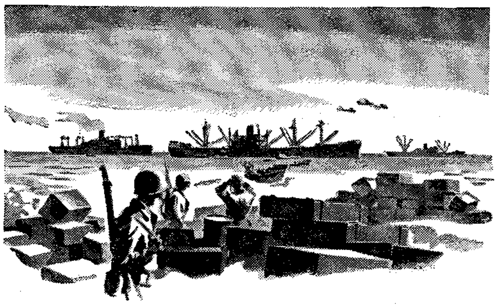
assigned to the United Fruit Company ... for war duty



HARD A-STARBOARD! Before a new ship is accepted by the U. S. Maritime Commission for war service, she must pass severe tests at sea. The S. S. Frederick Victory on her guarantee run responded smoothly in all maneuvers—a high tribute to her designers and builders.

OVER 16 KNOTS! "Victories" are greyhound freighters. They have a great war role *now,* and a big part to play in America's postwar Merchant Marine, too! The United Fruit Company is proud to be selected to operate the first Victory ship to be built on the East coast.





88 SHIPS are now operated on war duty by the United Fruit Company, under the direction of the War Shipping Administration, transporting troops, food, ammunition and supplies to battle fronts. 35 of these are the Company's own ships of the famous Great White Fleet; 53 are government-owned vessels.

V-E DAY WILL MEAN EVEN GREATER TASKS FOR OUR MERCHANT MARINE

Experts estimate that it will take from 2 to 3 times the merchant tonnage now supplying the war in Europe to bring the same weight of arms to bear against the Japs. Liberated areas, too, are urgently in need of food and supplies. Many more ships—thousands more seamen—will be needed to swing these immense tasks.

★ ★ ★

The rich agricultural storehouse of Middle America—normally served by the refrigerated ships of the Great White Fleet—stands ready to aid. Great cargoes of nutritious tropical foods can be sent wherever they are needed ... bananas, grapefruit, sugar, coffee, cocoa ... as soon as ships can be spared to carry them.

Great White Fleet
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

COLOMBIA ★ COSTA RICA ★ CUBA ★ DOMINICAN REPUBLIC ★ ECUADOR ★ EL SALVADOR
GUATEMALA ★ HONDURAS ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I. ★ NICARAGUA ★ PANAMA

Back the attack ... buy more War Bonds!

OF ALL THINGS

THE third anniversary of Pearl Harbor was observed in Japan with appropriate ceremonies. The highlights of the program were bad news from Leyte, a bomber raid on Tokio, an earthquake, and a tidal wave.

•

Allied military leaders have noticed a marked improvement in German generalship during recent weeks. There is every reason to fear that Hitler's amateur hour has been discontinued.

•

Now that the people of the liberated countries have recovered their freedom, they can't agree on how it should be preserved. They seem to be suffering from a bad attack of human nature.

•

A convicts' revolt in Atlanta Penitentiary was ended with the assistance of Morgan Blake, a newspaper columnist. In these times, it is heartening to know that even columnists can turn their hand to useful work.

•

After seven months, the sedition case in Washington has been declared a mistrial and possibly will not be reopened. It certainly does seem unfair to subject those twelve innocent jurors to any more punishment.

•

From China comes a hint that the Chungking Government and the Communist Army have agreed to unite against their common enemy and bury the hatchet. They will find plenty of Japs to bury it in.

•

J. Donald Adams, the literary critic, has joined the prophets of a brave new world. This optimist believes that our poets will eventually start writing things that somebody can understand.

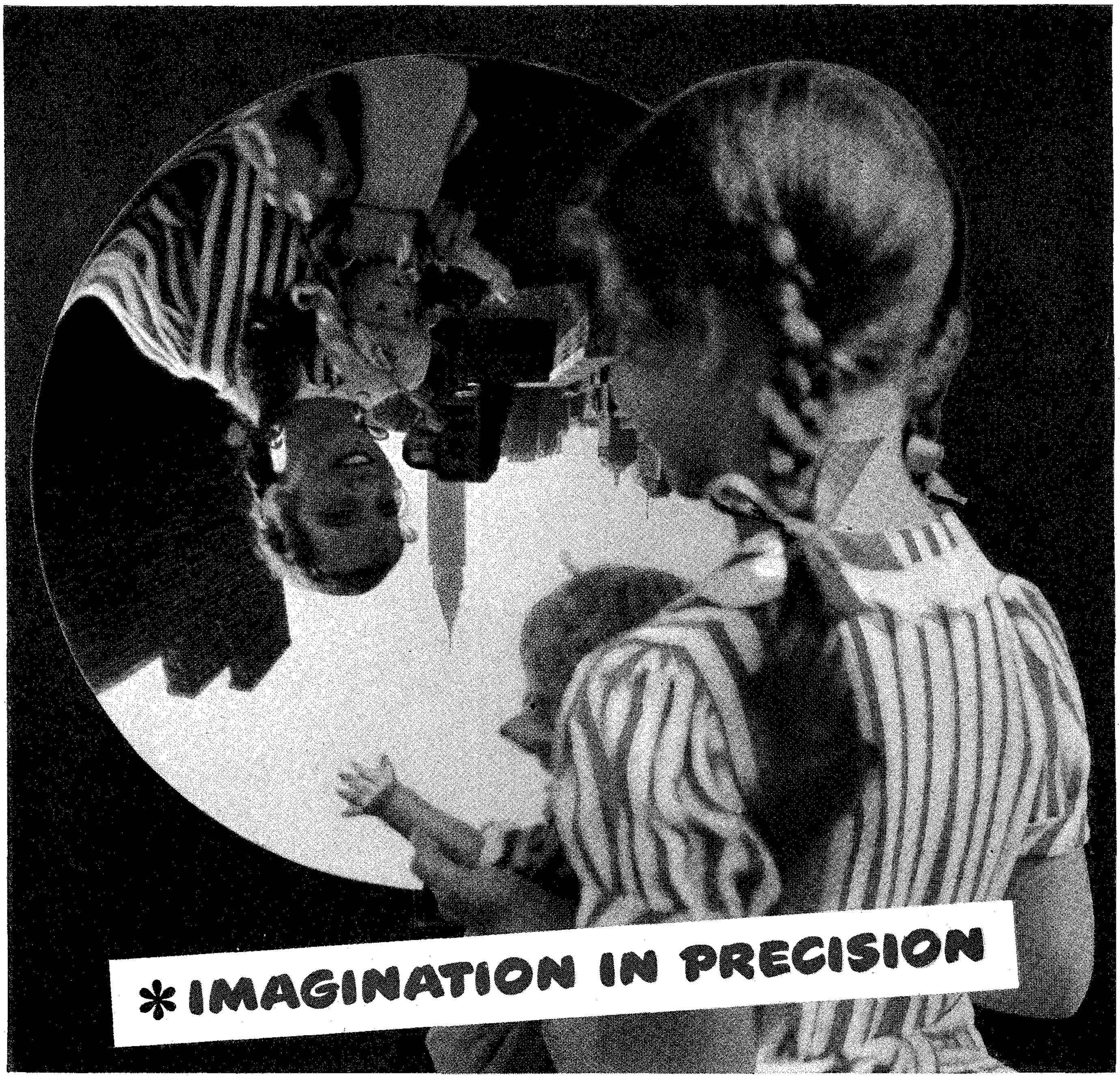
•

The Army says that Representatives Clare Luce and Matthew Merritt did not become combatants when they fired those howitzers. We are not so near the bottom of the barrel that we have to use congressmen.

•

Governor Dewey is back at his desk in Albany, but he refuses to talk politics. It is possible that he is waiting to see how the electoral vote turns out.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



Chrysler built and Superfinished this big Navy searchlight reflector

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Imagination looks in a mirror
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so shining smooth it outwits wear
and adds extra life to engines.

Imagination at Chrysler found a way
to mirror-finish moving parts
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used also on this searchlight reflector.

Imagination spurs Chrysler Corporation's constant search for precision methods that can build longer life and better performance into cars or trucks — or weapons of war.

Imagination made possible the long list of car improvements introduced by Chrysler Corporation: the combination of Floating Power and Fluid Drive that gives you such effortless, quiet performance, the long life that comes from Superfinished parts, and many others.

Here at Chrysler, imagination stimulates the search for new methods and improved products. And all the Corporation's divisions work together to share their experience and findings, strengthening *each* with the strength of *all*.

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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted —a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream...1pint milk...1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup...a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer and to the superb and matchless flavor of that truly magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

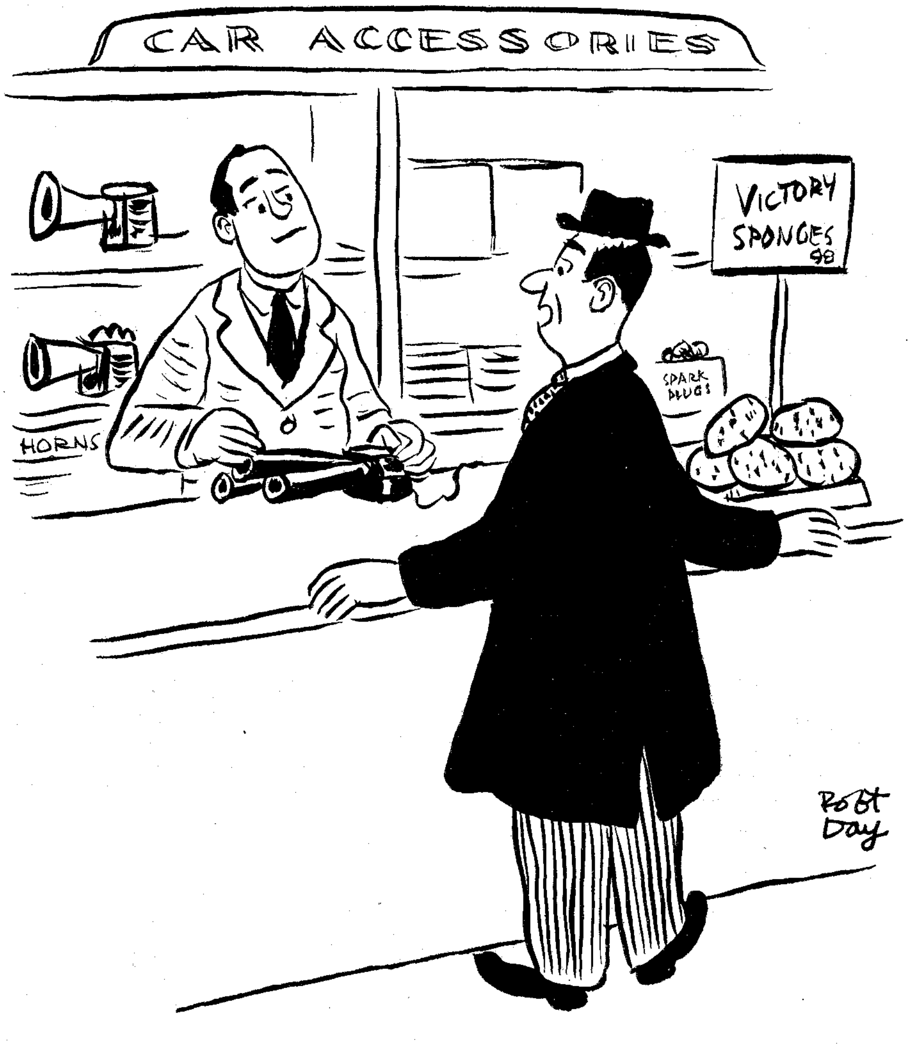
THE NICEST FELLOWS YOU EVER MET

AT Bougainville, where I was on duty with the Navy not long ago, nearly everybody felt that the best fighters in those parts were the Fijians, who do much of our jungle scouting in the Solomons. The Fijians are tall and black and bushy-haired, and most of their time at home is spent at water sports of one kind and another. Consequently, the majority of the men are built along the lines of Johnny Weissmuller, only more rugged. The wonderful enlarged photograph that hangs in the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel in Suva, the Fiji capital, called "Oliva, a Fisherman of Fiji," depicts perhaps the typical Fiji male—graceful and muscular but not overdeveloped like some of our bar-bell addicts. A funny thing about the Fijians is that they are thicker than first seems apparent; they weigh more than you would think. For example, a man whose erect carriage gives an impression of slimness often turns out to weigh something like two hundred and thirty pounds, which the Japs find runs a little high for hand-to-hand fighting.

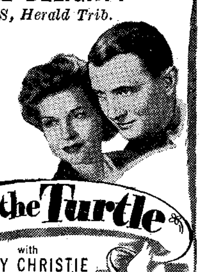
I have visited Fiji two or three times. In 1936 I was in Suva for a while and had a chance to watch the Fijians play rugby. They generally play rugby intramurally; that is, just among themselves. Their style of play is considered too vigorous for the English colonials there, or for anyone else, for that matter. A team from an Australian cruiser took them on one Sunday afternoon but played only the one game. Owing to a brisk run on the ship's doctor, who treated about fifteen crewmen for assorted abrasions and contusions, the cruiser was tied up in port an extra four days. The Fijians don't play rugby viciously; in fact, they play it happily and in the friendliest spirit. But they try very hard to win and they bowl over everything in their way.

The traffic policemen are one of the great sights of Suva. In the old days, tourists from the Matson ships would collect on the street corners and watch them, and nowadays the American troops who pass through find them a curiosity. Fiji policemen are chosen partly for their looks and physique. There is a mixture of races and some poverty in Fiji, but crime is no problem. The sunny, uninhibited policemen often have a dull time, so when an opportunity comes to nab a felon, they sometimes forget and imagine they are playing rugby. A half-caste, say, warmed up by native beer, may snatch a string of cat's-eye beads from a sidewalk merchant and go sprinting off down the street. With many a joyous leap and wild cry, the cops will string out in pursuit. When they catch up, as they always do, they will try to bring him down in various ways. The policeman in the lead may elect to smack him from the side with a body block. If this happens, the others may dive or jump on the pair, landing head downward or in a sitting position. Again, the leading officer may just swing his bolo, or native billy. In this case, the delinquency authorities seldom find a regeneration program necessary. The offender has learned his lesson; if he ever gets out of the hospital, he goes straight.

All the Fiji police wear a blue serge skirt, a bright red sash, and a white blouse, and go barefoot, and the traffic cops usually provide themselves with an extra fillip, such as gold earrings or gardenias in their hair. Standing on a little podium and under a huge umbrella, they go through amazing contortions. No symphony conductor fired by the genius of Beethoven has ever risen to greater muscular heights. At the approach of a two-wheeled cart pulled by a sick donkey, a Fiji traffic cop is likely to raise his left hand slowly, palm inward, then swing his right hand up in a beautiful arc and lay his head straight back, nose pointed to the sky. The gesture presumably means "Come ahead, if your donkey can make it," but an onlooker from the Western world is apt to find himself listening for the opening strains of the "Pastoral" or "Till Eulenspiegel." The Fiji traffic cops love their work. They get equal pleasure from a Chinese rickshaw and the limousine of the governor general,



"I'd like to have my car pool listen to it first."



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FROM birth, the Fijians are in and out of the jungle. They understand the tangled greenery that covers the South Pacific islands the way a New Yorker understands Times Square. Their senses are sharper than the white man's and their strength and endurance are greater. There is very little left for them to learn about the jungle. Certainly the news, a year or so ago, that they were to be "trained for jungle fighting" by the Allies must have struck them as comical, though none of them ever said so. In fact, I was recently told by a New Zealand captain stationed at the Fiji camp on Bougainville that the men there had been unfailingly deferential and kind to their white tutors. They are a people with an extraordinary sense of humor, but they have an almost pathological aversion to hurting the feelings of a friend. However, at the end of their training, which took place in the Fijis, they allowed their sense of humor a fairly free hand. The company of white soldiers who had trained them arranged to fight a mock battle with them in the bush. After dark, each side was to try to penetrate as far as possible into the other's lines. The main idea was to see how well the new Fiji scouts had learned their lessons. It turned out that they had learned them pretty well. During the night some of the white scouts worked thirty or forty feet into the Fiji lines, and figured they had the battle won, since they hadn't caught any Fijians behind *their* lines. When they came to check up at daylight, it developed that most of the Fijians had apparently spent the night in the white headquarters. They had chalked large crosses on the tents and the furniture and had left one of the most distinct crosses on the seat of the commanding officer's trousers, which he had thrown over a chair around 4 A.M.

After the mock battle it was felt that the Fijians were ready for the jungle. They were shipped up to Bougainville, several hundred strong, and introduced to the Japanese. At that time, as now, the Americans and New Zealanders held only a pinpoint of land on the big island. In this area we had several airstrips and from them we bombed Rabaul every day. The Japs occupied the rest of Bougainville; all around the perimeter of our small territory they were thick in the jungle, fanatically fighting to throw us out. There were times when it was touch and go with the Allied troops, who were generally outnumbered and frequently unskilled in bush warfare. The fighting on the perimeter went on continuously. In the daytime it was often limited to guerrilla-like skirmishes and sniper activity, but before dawn every morning there was always a lively exchange of artillery. For a while the booming of the big guns woke up all the aviation people, but eventually they got used to the racket and slept right through it. "Quite a morning out on the perimeter" was a common breakfast observation back during the early artillery duels. The situation, though not desperate, called for experts in jungle reconnaissance, who could sift through the enemy's lines and keep us posted on what he was up to. The Fiji scouts rose hilariously to the occasion. It seemed that they were homesick for the wildwood after their dreary ocean voyage and, besides, they had never liked Japs.

The jungle on Bougainville, and throughout the South Pacific, is a dark, unwholesome, hostile thing. Great, stifling webs of vegetation spread over the ground and crawl up the giant banyan and eucalyptus trees, forming big cones that look like green circus tents. Men unfamiliar with the jungle have burrowed fifty yards into it and been lost for a week. When airplanes crash in the jungle, even within sight of the ground units, a party of natives usually takes two or three days to find them. The planes penetrate the top layer of foliage and are swallowed up. Into this colorful natural hell the Fijians plunged with fine high spirits. Primarily they were after information, but they never neglected any stray Japs that were handy. In a very short time the enemy on Bougainville came to know the Fiji scouts and to regard them with terror. American and New Zealand troops emphatically verified this on several occasions.

Once, during my stay on Bougainville, a report came in from the perimeter that a pocket of two hundred American soldiers had been cut off. Gloom was heavy throughout the Allied camps; the men had many friends. That evening word got around that the Fijians were going out to have a look at the trouble. I walked along the road past their camp and stared through the high wire fence that surrounded it. There was no use going in, since at that time the New Zealanders in charge of the Fijians were a little reluctant to discuss them. The huge black men appeared to be in a rollicking mood, jok-

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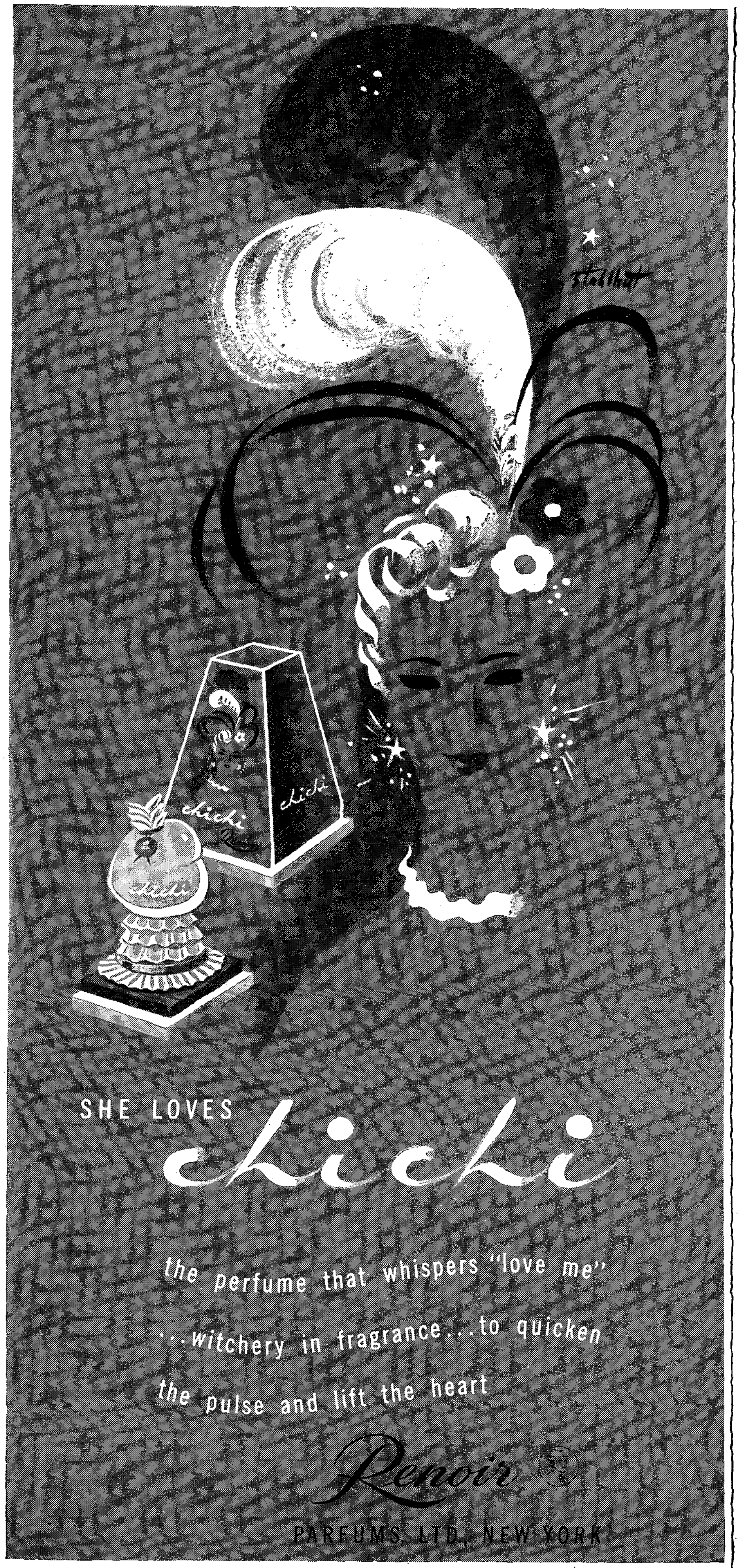

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ing and laughing as they strapped on knives and made other preparations for the bush. Their assignment seemed to me particularly dismal—facing a heavily armed and numerous enemy in a cheerless jungle on a night as black as ebony—and I wondered how they could be looking forward to it so gaily. The next morning, however, when the news came in about the night's outing, their good humor seemed perfectly justified. The Americans, it appeared, had been rescued, all two hundred of them, and the Fijians were back in camp and sleeping soundly. Just how this miracle was accomplished was never announced, but later in the day I stopped the New Zealand captain I knew and asked him if there had been much trouble. "Why, yes," he replied, "the boys said they had to rough up the little bastards a bit." That was all the information I ever got out of him.

SOME time after that I was quartered in a Quonset hut with an American Army photographer who had just had a singular and nerveracking experience. He had been out in the bush for two weeks with a party of Fijians, having put in a request to take some motion pictures behind the enemy lines. Someone, he said almost bitterly, had taken him up on it. He had lost about twenty-five pounds and figured that he had aged somewhere between ten and fifteen years. It was not that the Fijians had treated him badly. On the contrary, they had been most solicitous, in their own way. But the photographer had nevertheless found the pace quite trying. His escorts carried all his photographic gear, but most of the time he had to run to stay with them. And he was always getting tangled in creepers and vines and tripping up. "They didn't seem to use any paths," he told me. "They kept disappearing into walls of stuff that a snake couldn't have got through with a bush knife." The disappearing was, in fact, one of the worst aspects of the trip, and the photographer couldn't explain it. "They must have been pulling my leg," he said over and over to me. "And yet, why would they? They were the nicest fellows you ever met. I don't understand it. We would be going along, me hardly daring to breathe—we'd run across two Jap patrols the first hour out—and all of a sudden I'd look around and I'd be alone, completely damned horribly alone, not a sign of them anywhere, no leaf stirring, no sound, nothing. I'd just stand there, thinking, 'O.K., sniper, let's have it,

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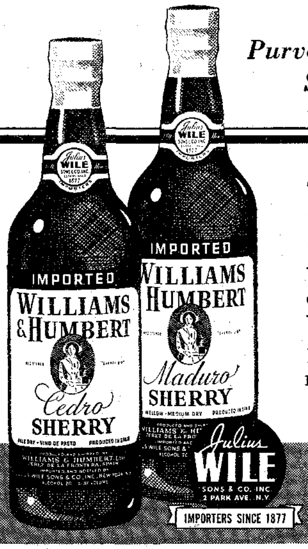
I'm right out in front of you and no place to go. Let's have it.' And then in a minute, all of those big black guys would be around again, and pretty soon my heart would start back up and things were all right. I don't know where they went and I don't know where they came from, but most of all I don't know why they did it. They *must* have been pulling my leg." He really seemed very concerned about it.

On the second day, the photographer said, the Fijians spotted a group of Japs in a clearing in a valley below them. He explained to them in some excitement that he wanted to take pictures, and started fitting a telescopic lens to his camera. The Fiji corporal in charge of the group gave an amiable nod; then he and his men disappeared again. It was ten minutes before the photographer was ready to shoot. When he got set up and had a look at the clearing, there were no Japs in sight. The Fijians reappeared shortly. "Where'd they go, fellows?" the photographer kept asking. "What about the patrol?" His questions seemed to amuse the scouts. "They laughed and laughed," he said to me. "Some of them slapped their knees. I began to get the general idea. There had been some misunderstanding. The Jap patrol had quit patrolling—for good."

The Fijians, the photographer told me, carried no food. They ate herbs and roots and wild fruits and vegetables. Sometimes they cooked their meal, squatting over a quick, small fire, and sometimes they didn't. The photographer lived on some field rations he had started out with, and when they gave out he tried the Fiji diet, but it disagreed with him. Their sleeping habits distressed him, too. Several times they made camp in what seemed to the photographer the middle of the most populous Jap territory. He would roll up in a blanket, feeling exposed and uneasy, and perhaps a couple of hours later he would wake up and look around. The Fijians would be missing. "Not one left," he told me. "All gone—God knows where and God knows why. And me surrounded by the Japanese South Pacific Army. It was great." On none of these occasions did he see any of them return. They were always on hand early in the morning, though, always fresh and ready to move. In camp the Fiji scouts wear khaki clothing similar to that of other jungle troops, but they cached it soon after they left on this trip and proceeded almost naked. They had their own methods of camouflage, the photogra-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Richter
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pher said a little ruefully, adding, "Not that they had been getting in my way as it was." By a skillful use of berry juices and miscellaneous greenery, they were able to surpass their customary efforts to become one with the jungle. They usually did this, I gathered, when they were going to be operating within a few feet of the enemy.

The photographer took a lot of pictures of Japs in action during the two weeks. The Fijians wove back and forth behind the Jap front, counting the troops, noting what kind of equipment they had and how it was brought in, and in general taking inventory. It was the photographer's impression that his colleagues were spending their mysterious nights visiting the Jap camps. In view of what we learned from various sources later, the visits must have been lively. The Fijians had side arms, but the photographer never saw any of them fire one. The scouts apparently depended on the knives and small hardwood bludgeons they carried. Also, he thought, they must frequently have used only their hands at close quarters. "You know," he told me, "I think everybody down here feels grateful to the Fijis. Soldiers watching them come in from a mission seem to be saying to themselves, 'Fine. Nice work, boys. We wouldn't be down here if it weren't for those nasty little Japs, and a lot more of us would be alive today. We don't know what you've been up to, and we're not especially bloodthirsty, but we hope there's quite a little group of ex-supermen lying around somewhere nearby. They got better than they deserved. A nice clean death in the dark is too damn good for them.' "

BEFORE I left Bougainville, I dropped into the Fijians' camp. The secrecy about them had been relaxed by then. Most of the scouts were sitting on the front steps of their huts, quietly talking and laughing. As soon as I got near enough for them to see that I was a lieutenant, they sprang to their feet and froze to attention. "Freeze" seems to be the only word that describes the stance they take in the presence of an officer. There is nothing in our services like it as a symbol of discipline; a Marine guard saluting a Marine general comes close. At the headquarters shack I asked the Fiji guard on duty if the commanding officer was in. He saluted and answered promptly. He said, "Him fella go get lawnmower belong'm head." I thanked him, returned his salute, and struck out briskly down the path, headed for no place in

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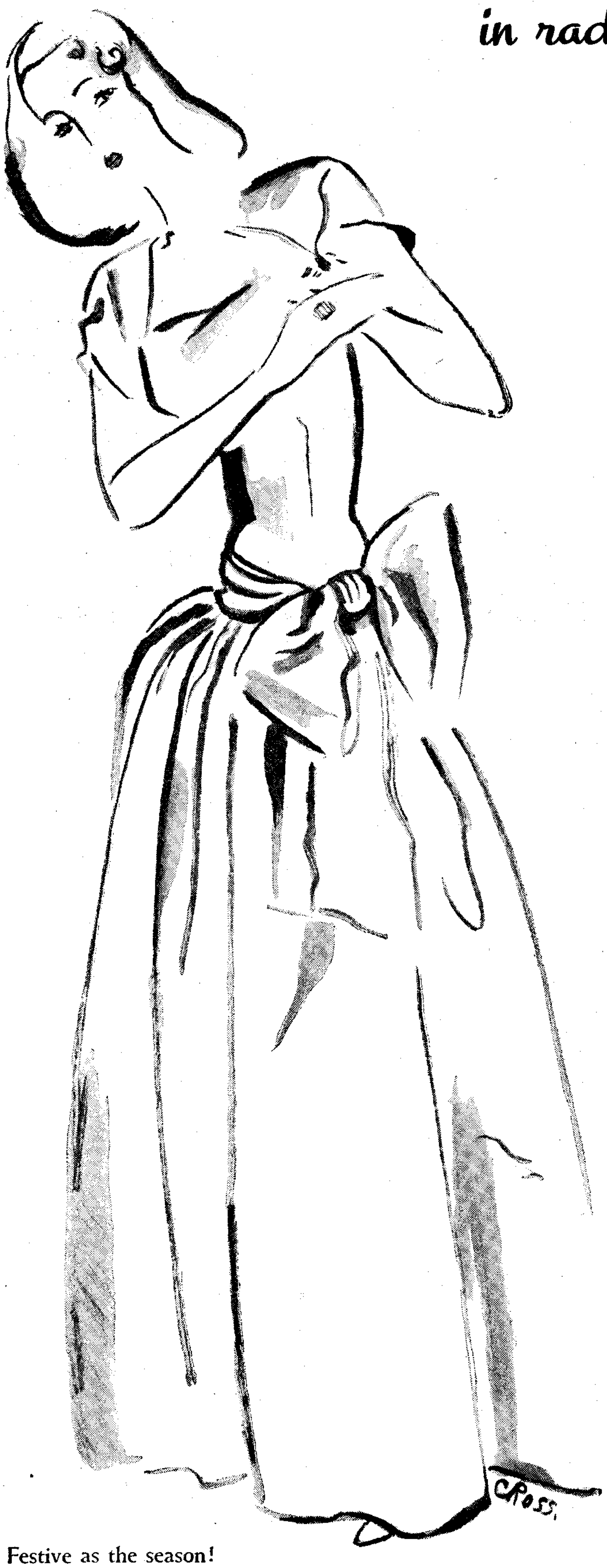

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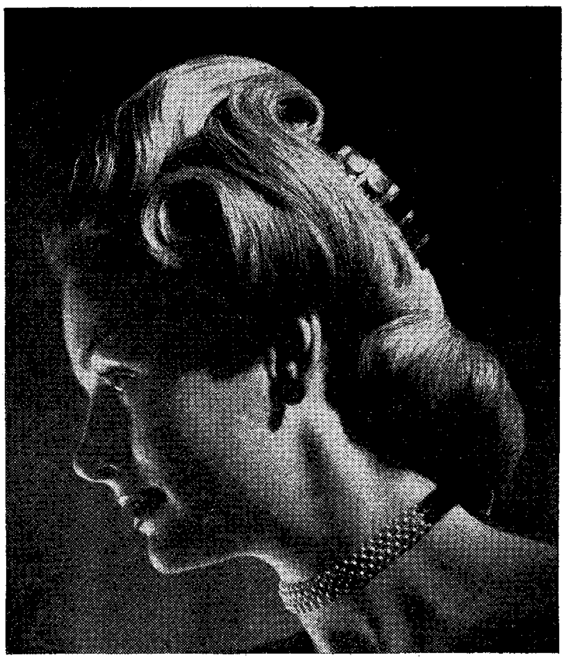

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particular. Some of the Fijians speak good English, some can't speak any, and most of them speak pidgin. I worked on the guard's reply for a while, then finally went over to the barbershop and asked for the commanding officer. He had already got a haircut and left for the perimeter.

On the way out of the camp I stopped to talk to a Fiji sergeant. He was at least six feet five, he was wearing a skin-tight blouse and a pair of khaki shorts, and he had what appeared to be an orchid behind his left ear. I looked again; it was an orchid. "How have things been out in the bush lately?" I asked, not much impressed with my opening.

"It has been quiet of late, sir," he said, in a cultured voice.

"Not much doing, hey?" I asked.

"By and large, I should say quiet, sir," the sergeant answered.

I had a question in mind and I decided to come out with it. "I suppose you fellows have a lot of casualties out there, don't you?" I asked.

It seemed to be an ill-advised question. His attitude changed abruptly. His posture stiffened and his face took on an unmistakable look of pain.

"I'm sorry," I said. "They must be terribly high, of course."

"Sir," said the sergeant, "we have no casualties."

I muttered something polite and waited.

"We have no casualties," he repeated. "Sir, we are not seen by the enemy. It is a point of pride."

His feelings were plainly hurt. I felt very bad about it, and I have ever since.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Springfield (Mo.) News*]

THE ELECTION OF 1944

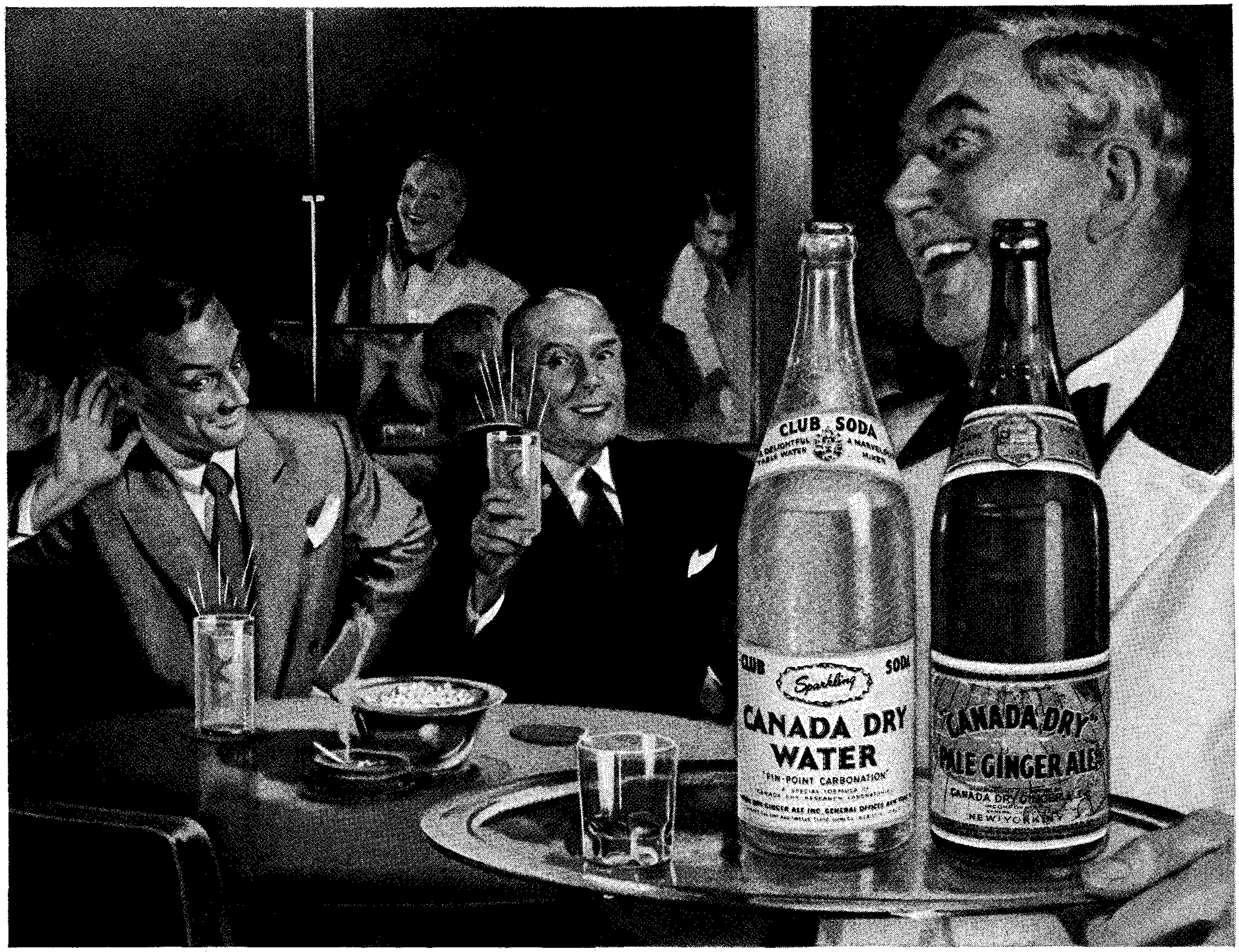
The battle cries are over,
  And Roosevelt sure has won;
Oh, let us all be true and loyal,
  And sweetly do dear Roosevelt's will.

I sure did vote for Dewey,
  And for good old Bricker, too.
I feel quite sorry for those fellows,
  Because they missed that lovely White
    House job.

But the voice of America has plainly
    spoken,
  And said that F. D. R. should rule.
We stood it fully twelve years,
  We sure can stand a full sixteen.

So let us all be true and loyal,
  We sure can stand it four more years.
For the voice of America has plainly told
    us:
  "You'll have to stand it four more
  years!"

—FRED WILLIAMS



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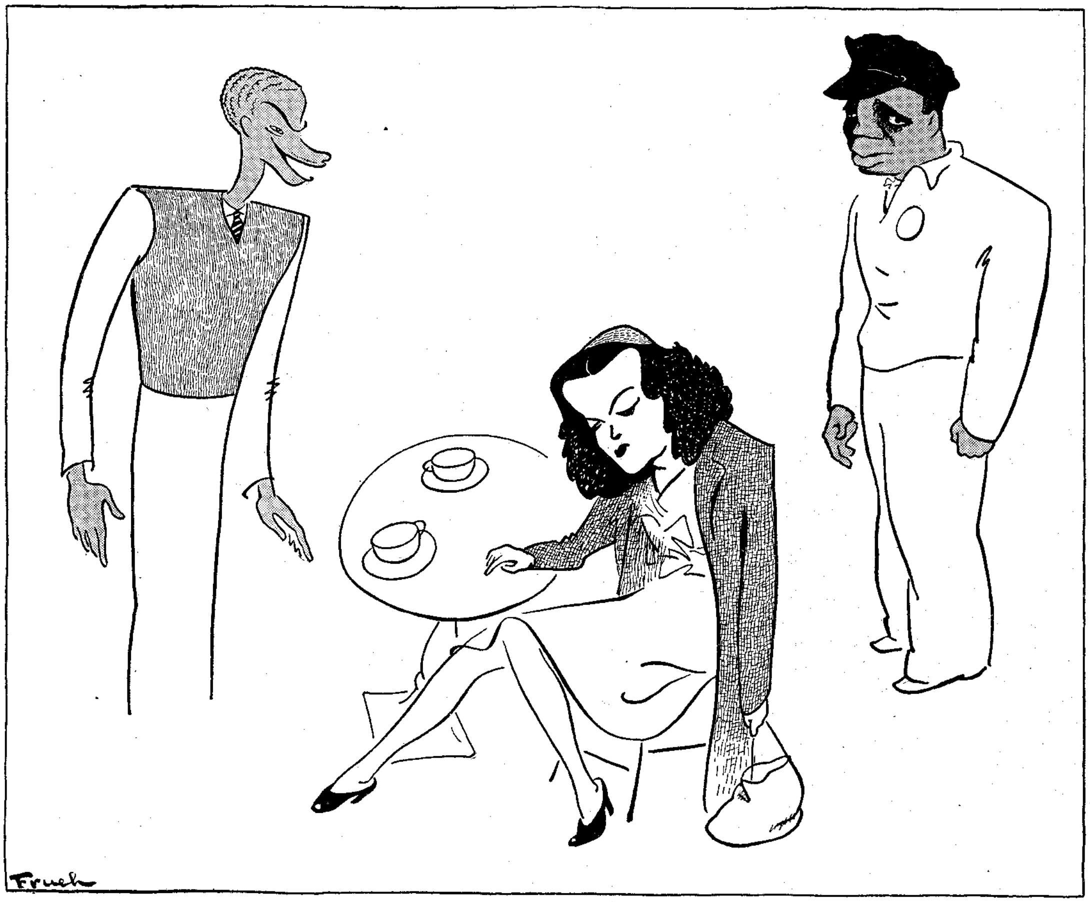
THE THEATRE

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

THE only serious objection I have to "A Bell for Adano," Paul Osborn's adaptation of John Hersey's novel, is that indirectly it seems to perpetuate the master-race theory, which some say we are fighting to demolish. The American soldiers at the Cort, good or bad, are drawn straight, with the full stature of human beings; the Italian peasants are the broadest possible caricatures, without dignity or very much human stature at all. This note of patronage was present in Mr. Hersey's book, but it has been heavily emphasized on the stage, by the use of humorous costumes and a dialect both crude and mysterious. Apparently, practically everybody in Adano speaks broken English, even when the indications are that people are talking to one another in Italian. I imagine that this device is effective theatrically, or so many playwrights wouldn't use it, but I suspect its value as either art or good propaganda, since you are hardly likely to endear yourself to a nation by portraying its citizens as comic or childish, or both. Probably Mr. Osborn and Mr. Hersey would reply to this kind of criticism by saying that the natives of a very small Italian village, long subjected to Fascism, are apt to compare unfavorably, both mentally and physically, with the soldiers of a free nation and that they weren't drawing grotesques but just a bunch of picturesque old characters. I still say that somebody seems to have adopted a superior attitude.

Considered simply in terms of dramatic action, "A Bell for Adano" is probably the best thing to come out of this war. In view of the considerable success of Mr. Hersey's novel and the detailed notices already given his play, it seems hardly necessary to tell you much about the story. Major Joppolo, who grew up in an Italian family in the Bronx, is assigned to Adano as a representative of the Allied Military Government. When he gets there, the people are in a bad way for food and water, and, more important, their morale is suffering because of the loss of their seven-hundred-year-old bell, commandeered by the retreating Germans to melt down for metal. The Major feeds Adano (with the assistance of my favorite humorous character, a naval lieutenant who got his passion for the sea while rowing for Yale) and in the end he gets the town a fine bell, and the grateful natives, in return, present him with a remarkably flattering portrait of himself. The bell rings triumphantly at the final curtain, when the Major is leaving Adano, having been broken for countermanding a brutal (or Fascistic) order issued by one General Marvin, whose derivation is more or less obvious. This, and some other things throughout the play, are too neatly ironical to carry absolute conviction, but there are enough honest and eloquent scenes to more than compensate for it. Joppolo's speech to four soldiers, guilty of drunkenly destroying property, about the responsibilities of an occupying army is written with feeling and simplicity, when it could very easily have been florid, and so is his farewell to Adano, which must have offered a considerable temptation to write another Gettysburg Address.

This effect of suggesting real emotion through restraint, while naturally largely to the credit of the authors, owes a tremendous debt to Fredric March, who makes Joppolo a living man, desperately tired, fallible, but always passionately devoted to the interests of the people he has been sent to serve. It is the best performance he has given and as such rather obscures the work of the rest of the cast. There are, however, attractive and sensible portrayals by Everett Sloane, Bruce MacFarlane, and Phil Arthur, to



"ANNA LUCASTA"

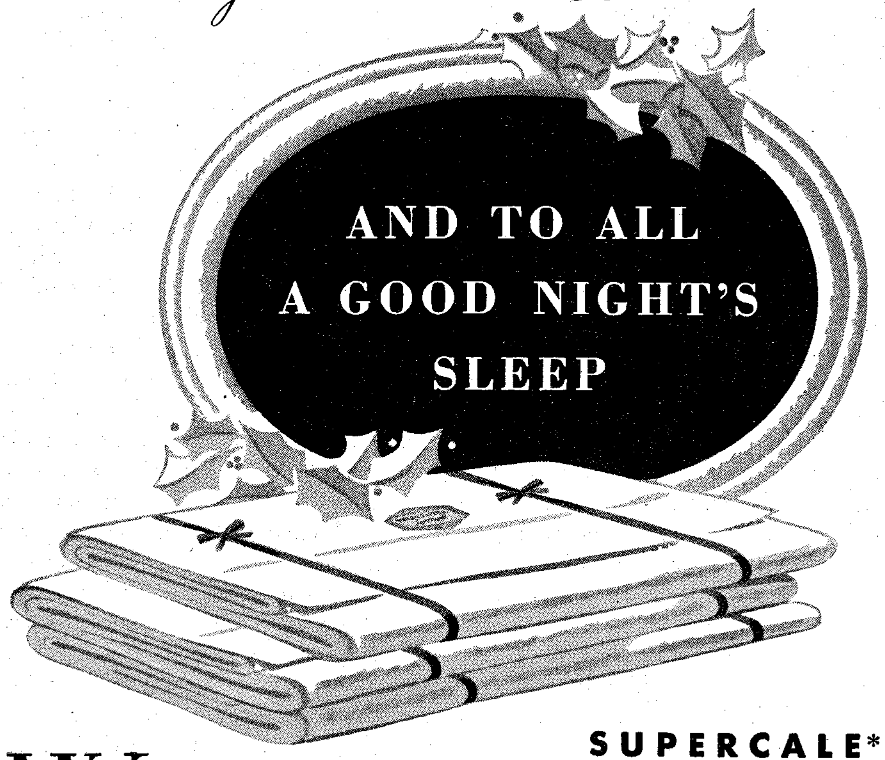
In this picture, Hilda Simms is torn between sacred and profane love. Sacred, on the left, is Earle Hyman; Profane, Canada Lee. Philip Yordan's all-Negro play is at the Mansfield.

mention a few of very many. I was a little baffled by Margo (in a yellow wig), since her part, organic in the novel, seems almost completely extraneous now. She is a good actress, of course, but this time she looked lost to me.

GIVEN a good deal of cutting, which oughtn't to be hard, Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts" will probably be a very satisfactory show, though not quite warranting all the fuss that was made about its advent (admission, twenty-four dollars; champagne served in the intermission; the audience will please dress). The important news about it, of course, is that it brings Beatrice Lillie back to the New York stage after five years, or much too long. Among other things, Miss Lillie impersonates an English woman trying to make American soldiers feel at home with the help of a little glossary containing samples of their native slang, not all printable here; a customer who isn't quite sure about the name of the ballet she wants to see and is obliged to act out several dances, never mind why; a South Seas dancer getting on into the rheumatic years; and the tormented Mrs. Manningham in a combination parody of "Angel Street," "Tobacco Road," and "Life with Father," which is a tender valentine from Moss Hart to the drama critics. In all these rôles, it seems to me that Miss Lillie is superb. Nothing on the stage is harder to define than a comedy technique. I would say that hers is based on great elegance continually beset by tiny humiliations—the prop that is never exactly where it ought to be, the ambitious high note that just eludes the singer, the tangled and exasperating draperies—but these are all ancient devices and there is much more to Miss Lillie than that. She is, for instance, the only actress I can think of to whom it would occur to yawn in the middle of a ballad or to wear a corkscrew as part of a very fashionable costume. She is certainly the only actress who can change her expression instantaneously from pure graciousness to utter malignance. On the whole, however, there is no use trying to explain Miss Lillie; she just happens to be the greatest comedienne living in our time.

The rest of the show at the Ziegfeld is beautiful, enormous, and really not terribly interesting. Bert Lahr shows up in several sketches, both with and without Miss Lillie, and seems to be a rather more restrained comedian than he once was, which is all right with me. Benny Goodman plays his clarinet, both with

A Merry Christmas to All—



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and without his band, and I guess he is a hell of a man with a clarinet. Doc Rockwell delivers a running commentary, written for him by Ben Hecht, which could possibly be a mistake. Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin open the second act with a ballet which struck me as long and pretentious, Stravinsky or no Stravinsky. Cole Porter's music is pleasant enough, though not likely to haunt your dreams, and his lyrics are ingenious if occasionally a little labored. There are no end of beautiful girls around, stunningly dressed by Mary Grant and Valentina and inadequately lighted by the management, and there are acres of scenery by Norman Bel Geddes, of which something of the same might be said. There are, finally, quite a few other people who ought to be mentioned in connection with this production but can't be, on the ground that neither you nor I have got all night. Altogether, Miss Lillie made me very happy, and I was more or less soothed by the rest.

THE principal character in "Hand in Glove," at the Playhouse, is impotent and compensates for it by mutilating young women, and only slightly subordinate to him is a congenital imbecile who collects fragments of china and glass for the purpose of manufacturing a crucifix for his godmother. Compared with these two, the other people on the stage are practically normal, though, with the exception of a detective from Scotland Yard, by no means intelligent. The idea is that the pervert attempts to saddle his murders on the idiot and fails only because of a staggering set of coincidences, or else perhaps just because of the exigencies of the theatre. Given some dignity of treatment and a rudimentary sense of dramatic form, such a theme might have been worked into something that would rank with the psychological melodramas at which the British are usually so adept. As adapted by Charles K. Freeman from a novel by Gerald Savory, it is, I'm afraid, just dull and unpleasant. Isobel Elsom and Aubrey Mather are quite good in rational rôles; George Lloyd and Skelton Knaggs, as the killer and the lunatic, have a tendency to make the audience laugh in the wrong places.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

OUR ENTIRE SUPPLY OF VITALIS HAIR RESTORER IS GOING TO THE ARMED FORCES.
—*Sign in a Miami drugstore.*

Well, the armed forces are not getting any younger.

LISTEN: DECEMBER 6, 1944

Back from a year and a half of broadcasting from bombers over Berlin and points west, Edward R. Murrow, CBS European News Director, spoke with a little irony of the "pleasure" of seeing one's friends so well-fed, "the luxury and the lights...the opportunity to go into a store and buy things without coupons and without very much question." Then he said:

"Up forward (on the front line) you will find one reaction which perhaps should be noted by those of us at home, and that is the tremendous resentment on the part of the troops as a result of various stories that have appeared here regarding the celebrations that are planned for V-Day. They do not regard the event as exactly imminent, and they are inclined to feel that the preparations and the celebrations might be postponed just a bit."

Stories from home about over-crowded blood-banks and over-subscribed bond quotas might be more to the point.

★

At least three times each week CBS and its affiliated stations devote 15 minutes of their air-time to the specific problem of crystallizing public opinion. It does so by airing the opinions of competent public leaders on topics of national concern. If the issue is controversial, both sides get a hearing. The listener makes up his mind, and his mind, multiplied by millions, is public opinion.

Recent speakers on CBS' special broadcasts, *Public Affairs* programs (Sundays, 1:30 to 1:45 p.m., Saturdays, 10:45 to 11 p.m. EWT) and on *Congress Speaks* (Tuesdays, 10:30-10:45 p.m. EWT) have included:

Edward R. Stettinius
Lord Halifax
Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg
Ely Culbertson
Herbert H. Lehman
Charles P. Taft
Charles E. Wilson
Gov. John W. Bricker

Thus CBS speeds the understanding by the whole people of most vital issues which affect them.

★

Now open your map of the Pacific.

A small Signal Corps ship stood 200 yards offshore in Leyte Gulf during a "red alert". The area was blacked out. On the beach were a group of Signal Corps technicians and William J. Dunn, CBS Far Eastern correspondent. They had an important query to send to the ship, but they were equipped with voice transmitters. The ship had only a code transmitter and receiver. In the blackout the blinker lights couldn't be used.

A technician had an idea. He called San Francisco on the voice circuit. San Francisco relayed his query to Sydney, Australia. Sydney relayed it to Hollandia, New Guinea. Hollandia sent it by code to the ship. The ship answered the query by code via Hollandia, Sydney and San Francisco. San Francisco called the men on the beach, straightened everything out.

The messages crossed the Pacific four times, travelled 19,000 miles to cover 400 yards, took five minutes to complete.

★

You probably don't hear the word *probably* on the air much because even in the mouth of the most careful announcer it tends to become *probalee, probly* or *prolly*. Lots of words give trouble and CBS script writers always try to avoid using them.

Like *inimitable*. Nothing wrong with it, except that it sounds like a mouthful of peanut butter. Too many syllables in too little time. That's why it's hard to say. *Candidate* is a word like *probably*. Prof. W. Cabell Greet, CBS' speech consultant, says people usually syncopate it, call it *cannydate*.

"We try to avoid 'un-naturalizing' an announcer's pronunciation" says Prof. Greet. "The moment you make a person distrust anything so native and fundamental as his speech, you're apt to take away his props. You also increase his liability to mis-speak. The more you make him conscious of form, the more you distract him from ideas, and push him toward artificiality."

An announcer's chief problem on the air is to be in-tel-li-gi-ble, or clear.

★

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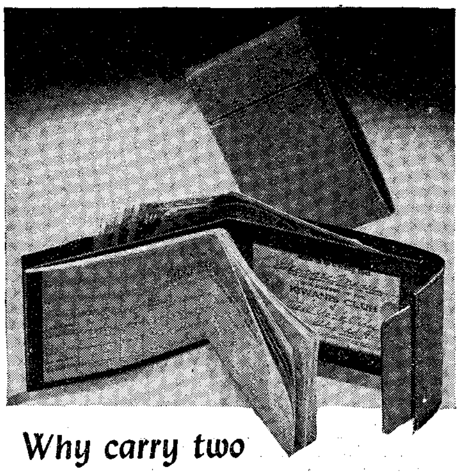
the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



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162ND STREET AND AMSTERDAM

I WAS driving a weapons carrier toward Bari and passed a tall young buck sergeant wearing gunner's wings. He put his thumb up for a ride, so I stopped and he ran up and climbed in, asking, "Going as far as Trani?"

"Sure."

He smiled. "Don't know what's the matter with the traffic this morning. Took me damn near two hours to come this far from Foggia."

I said something about traffic being light in the morning. I noticed he wore the Air Medal ribbon, with three clusters, and the red, white, and blue Silver Star ribbon. I said, "Silver Star—what did you get that for?"

He didn't seem pleased that I had asked. He said, "You come from New York City?"

"Yes. Why? Do I look it?"

"What's 162nd Street like?" he asked, watching me, his voice serious.

I kept my eyes on the road. "162nd Street and where? Riverside Drive? Broadway?"

"I think it was Amsterdam Street. You got a street named like that?"

I said we had an avenue, but I couldn't remember anything special about 162nd Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

He said, "They gave me the Silver Star for trying to save a kid. But I really got it for leaving him on 162nd Street."

I looked at him and said, "They did what?"

For a moment he sat in thoughtful silence, his head bouncing with the motion of the car. Then he started in, and after that I didn't have to ask him to talk. He wanted to.

"We were bombing some railroad bridges up in northern Italy," he said. "Flak wasn't too bad, when all of a sudden we get a direct hit in the left wing. Knocked out two motors and ate a hell of a chunk out of the Liberator's wing. Shook the plane like a pair of dice, but we were still flying. Funny thing—nobody was hurt but the tail gunner. Don't know how he got it way back there. He was a short, stocky kid named Mac, quiet kind. Got it bad—back all cut, kidneys showing. Co-pilot went back and did what he could—gave him morphine, bandaged him. Of course, we lost formation. In fact, we'd already dropped about ten thousand feet. The pilot told us to throw everything overboard, even the guns. I guess if it hadn't been for the kid, we'd have bailed out. The pilot called me over the interphone and said, 'Jimmy, if we have to hit the silk, take care of Mac. You'll have to carry him with you, only don't take no chances.'

"'Think it's that bad?' I asked him.

"The pilot said, 'Hell, yes. There's mountains ahead and we're below them now.' It was a fact. There was this goddam range sticking up about eight thousand feet and we weren't above six then. I went over to Mac. We were off oxygen and he was very pale, but his eyes were open. We didn't have much time. I took off his heated shoes and put on the regular G.I.s, then I stood him up and strapped on his chute. I told him, 'I'm going to jump with you. We have a chance.'

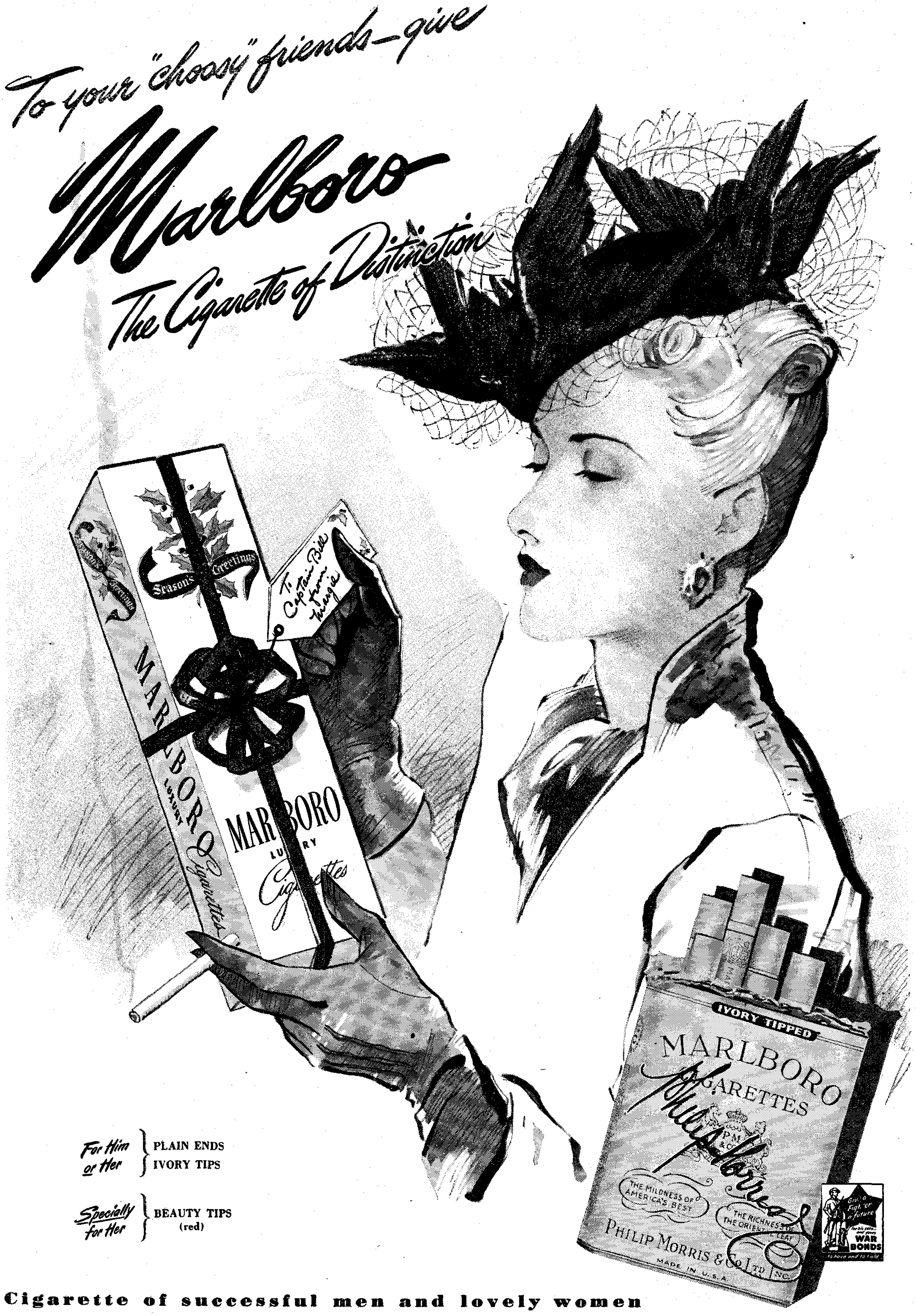
"He didn't seem to recognize me. I said, 'This is Jimmy. You hear me?'

"'Listen, listen,' he said very slowly, 'can you get me back to 162nd Street? I want to see my wife. Just get me back to 162nd Street and Amsterdam and I'll be O.K.'

"I looked down the fuselage. The pilot hadn't given the order to jump yet. The waist gunners were still there, chutes on. I said to the kid, 'Sure I'll get you there. That where you live, Mac?'

"'No. I live a block down, toward Edgecombe. That's where I last saw her. Saw her as we went from the draft board down into the subway. I'd like to see her again—just the way she stood and waved goodbye. That's what I want.'

"Well, I saw one of the gunners nod to me. 'Got to get out now, Jimmy!' he yelled. I said, 'O.K.,' and picked up the kid. It's a good thing all tail gunners are small. I didn't have any trouble carrying him over to the camera hatch. Not much space to get out—about three by four feet. I grabbed the kid's harness with both hands and pulled him close to me. I said, 'Holy Mother,' and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jumped. We cleared the hatch and began to fall. I waited till I couldn't hear the sound of the motors, to be clear of the plane. Then I pushed him away with my left hand and yanked his rip cord with my right. His chute opened and jerked him out of my hands. I fell a couple of hundred feet and pulled my own rip cord. I figured I'd beat him to the ground and be ready for him when he landed.

"You can never tell about air currents. I saw the kid land while I was floating over a corn field. Soon as I hit, I buried my chute the best I could, took my first-aid kit and automatic, and started back for the kid. Walked for an hour before I reached him. He was in the middle of a field with a lot of Italian peasants standing looking at him. They seemed glad to see me, so I guessed I was in friendly territory. The kid was a mess. His back was open again and he was bleeding from the stomach, too. I asked the Eyeties where I could get a doctor, but they just wagged their shoulders and shook their heads. I couldn't do a damn thing but give the kid more morphine. As I bent over him, he whispered, 'Just a little while and I'll be back. You go home, baby, and I'll phone you as soon as I can—maybe tonight. Some place to say goodbye—Saint Nicholas going one way, old Amsterdam the other.'

"I knew he was dying. I was going to give him the dope. Then I thought, he isn't in pain. He must be home, happy. Why spoil it? Of course, I had to make sure he was home. I asked him, 'Mac, where are you?' He didn't answer, so I bent low and said in his ear, 'Hey, bud, which way to the draft board?'

"A grin came over his sick face. 'You're standing in front of it. You get your greetings, too? Look, I'll see you later. I want to say goodbye to my wife now.'

"He kept mumbling. I walked over to a tree and sat down and smoked. One of the Eyeties came over and asked, '*Amico morte? Dottore—medico*—six *ore* walk.'

"I gave the Eyetie a cigarette and said, 'Six hours won't do him no good. Leave him alone. Leave him on 162nd Street.' About five minutes later, the kid died."

THE gunner shrugged. "When I came back to our base, they gave me the Silver Star for parachuting out with him." He talked in a slow, even voice, as though he had practiced what he was saying.

"That took a lot of guts," I said, not knowing what to say.

The gunner didn't answer, didn't say a word till we pulled into Trani and I asked where he wanted off.

"Anyplace. Right here is O.K."

I pulled over to the curb. Some kids ran over to ask for candy as he got out. We said so long. As he turned to go, he said quickly, "You know that leaving the kid on 162nd Street—that was the smartest damn thing I ever did in my life. I mean . . . well . . ."

For a second he hesitated, as if he wanted to keep talking. Then he said, "So long, Buster," and walked away.

—LEN ZINBERG

• •

INEXPLICABLE EXPLANATIONS

A Charting of Some Singular Excuses Recently Offered in Our Law Courts for the Commission of Various Offenses

LOCALE	OFFENDER	OFFENSE	EXCUSE
New York	Anthony Gebbia	Turning in false fire alarms	He couldn't think of anything else to do.
New York	C. J. Leckey	Paying for a used car with a bad check	He wanted to take an auto ride but didn't like the idea of stealing a car.
New York	William Keditch	Breaking into a lunchroom and stealing two bottles of ketchup.	The cash register was empty, and he felt entitled to something for all the trouble he'd gone to in entering the place.
Santa Fe, New Mexico	Bill Rowse	Bank robbery	He found it dull being broke.
Wilkes-Barre	Emil Doglio	Robbing church poor boxes	He wanted money to educate his son for the ministry.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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[*From "On Being a Real Person," by Harry Emerson Fosdick*]

As Professor Josiah Royce said...	—*Page 10.*
As one literary critic sums it up...	—*Page 11.*
As one enthusiast for this theory put it...	—*Page 19.*
As Doctor Henry C. Link says...	—*Page 19.*
As Rank rightly says...	—*Page 54.*
As the psychologists put it...	—*Page 65.*
As Walter Rathenau puts it...	—*Page 69.*
As Emerson put it...	—*Page 71.*
As Dr. Sadler puts it...	—*Page 71.*
As Thornton Wilder puts it in one of his dramas...	—*Page 73.*
As Jesus said...	—*Page 81.*
As Robert Southwell put it long ago...	—*Page 90.*
As Mrs. Browning phrased it...	—*Page 92.*
As Michelangelo said...	—*Page 93.*
As Professor Gordon Allport puts it...	—*Page 94.*
As one young woman wrote to explain her suicide...	—*Page 95.*
As Robert Louis Stevenson said...	—*Page 101.*
As Professor Hocking says...	—*Page 102.*
As one victim of this unhappy estate put it...	—*Page 108.*
As another put it...	—*Page 118.*
As the old legend of Eden puts it...	—*Page 123.*
As Mark Twain said...	—*Page 127.*
As Huckleberry Finn said...	—*Page 136.*
As Emerson said...	—*Page 138.*
As Wordsworth said...	—*Page 143.*
As Coleridge puts it...	—*Page 146.*
As Victor Hugo said...	—*Page 148.*
As Paul said...	—*Page 150.*
As Lincoln said...	—*Page 161.*
As one of Sir Walter Scott's characters says...	—*Page 162.*
As Goethe said...	—*Page 167.*
As the Negro folk song has it...	—*Page 189.*
As D. H. Lawrence wrote concerning one of his characters...	—*Page 196.*
As Emerson said...	—*Page 202.*
As Shakespeare said...	—*Page 204.*
As William James put it...	—*Page 214.*
As Ruskin said...	—*Page 218.*
As Anthony Trollope said...	—*Page 219.*
As Thomas Mann puts it...	—*Page 225.*
As William James said...	—*Page 226.*
As Paul said...	—*Page 233.*
As Oliver Wendell Holmes said...	—*Page 242.*
As President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology used to say...	—*Page 242.*
As one physician put it...	—*Page 246.*
As Thackeray said...	—*Page 248.*
As one physician says...	—*Page 255.*
As one materialist says...	—*Page 260.*
As Joseph Wood Krutch, one of our most honest and logical atheists, says...	—*Page 260.*
As William James said...	—*Page 263.*

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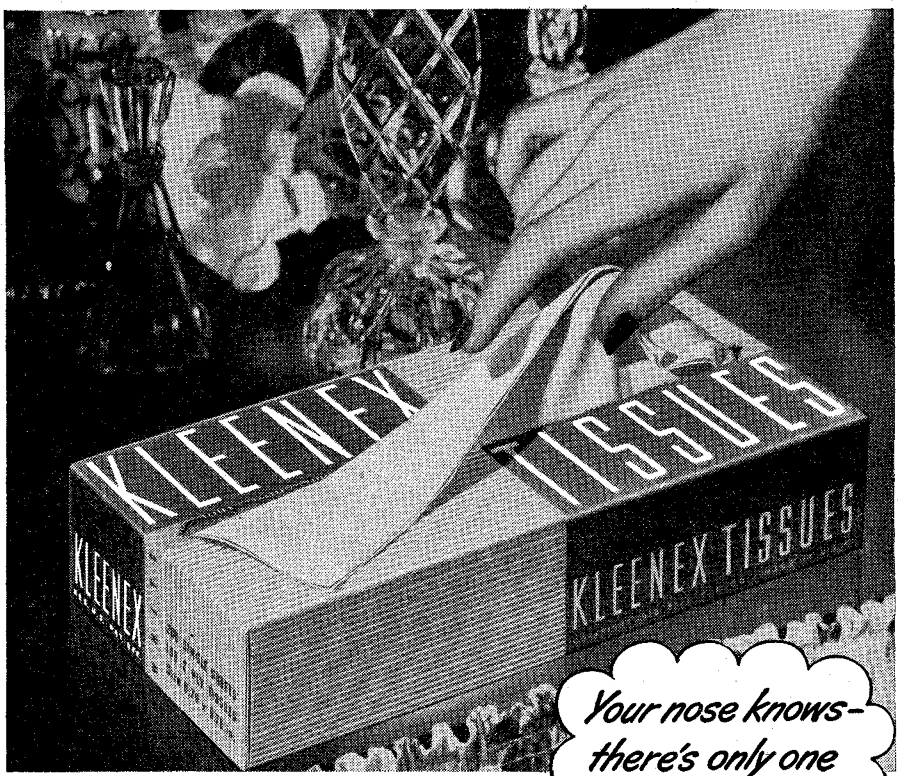

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS

WE wind up our annual lists of ideas for Christmas presents this week with our annual hope that we have helped you through the labyrinthine ways of the market place. We hope that you have your shopping well in hand by this time and have avoided that last-minute panic. During the past few weeks we have supplied you with all we know about the following topics:

September 16.... Gifts for men and women in the services, here and abroad.
November 4.... Christmas cards.
November 18.... Lingerie and accessories for women, and luggage.
November 25.... Gifts for the house.
December 2.... Food for service men and women in this country, jewelry, and presents for male civilians.
December 9.... Toys, games for adults, and perfumes and the like.

Every year there are shops and items of one sort or another which won't fit into our regular classifications or which we have just plain overlooked. This week, in accordance with our ancient custom, we have gathered up all our omissions into one big, and presumably jolly, grab bag. Remember, before we go further, that there is a twenty-percent federal tax on jewelry, leather goods, pocketbooks, furs, and silver and gold; the prices we list do not include the tax. And, before we get down to business, we ought to tell you that our annual listing of books for children begins on page 72 in this issue. Now for the last lap:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: For the lady who shops for the whole family, a big leather wallet with folding-money, change, and ration-book sections and a loose-leaf pad; $5. Three pairs of chromium-plated scissors in a leather case; $10. Blue leather collar boxes for naval officers' precious white shirt collars; $8. An outdoor window thermometer; $2.

AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Glittery tree ornaments, made from gilt and silvered clam and conch shells, burrs, and pine cones; from $1.20 a dozen. Small and charming wooden-headed Christmas angels with halos and swooping wings; $1 and $1.25. For very small fry: mitten cords, tipped with little-boy or girl figures, at $1, and hand-knit socks at $1.25.

AMERICAN FRIENDS OF NORWAY, 41 East 47th Street: Smörgåsbord platters for $9; big serving trays for $14.50; rope-handled tubs to hold kindling, magazines, or a child's toys for $6.50; covers for boxes of kitchen matches for $1.25—all of wood and gaily painted with Norse decorations. Christmas cards for the tardy; a bride and groom and a Norse greeting is fifteen cents. Hand-knit and embroidered vests, from sizes fourteen to eighteen; $18. Nice bright-red hand-knit sweaters for skating; $35. Homespun yarn tree trimmings: snowmen, Santas, and angels; fifty cents each.

HENRI BENDEL: A cotton-flannel-lined napkin for hot dishes and a linen table crumber; $2.95 for the set. A good compartmented cosmetic case to go in a handbag or to double as a handbag for the evening, in satin, faille, or leather, with a big pull-out mirror mounted on a flap; $7.50. Men's ties here, very convenient for lady shoppers; from $3.50. Thorens onyx table lighters ($15) and snakeskin pocket lighters with matching full-pack cigarette cases (the set, $15.95).

THE BERMUDA SHOP, 554 Madison Avenue (55th): Mostly for women. Hand-knit string gloves in wonderful colors or black; $2.95. A scarf collection of great variety and good looks: squares, Ascots, everything, in sheer wools, clan plaids, or rough silk for $7.95. Imported Shetland pull-over sweaters are from $10.95 and matching cardigans are from $12.95, some in sizes up to forty-two.

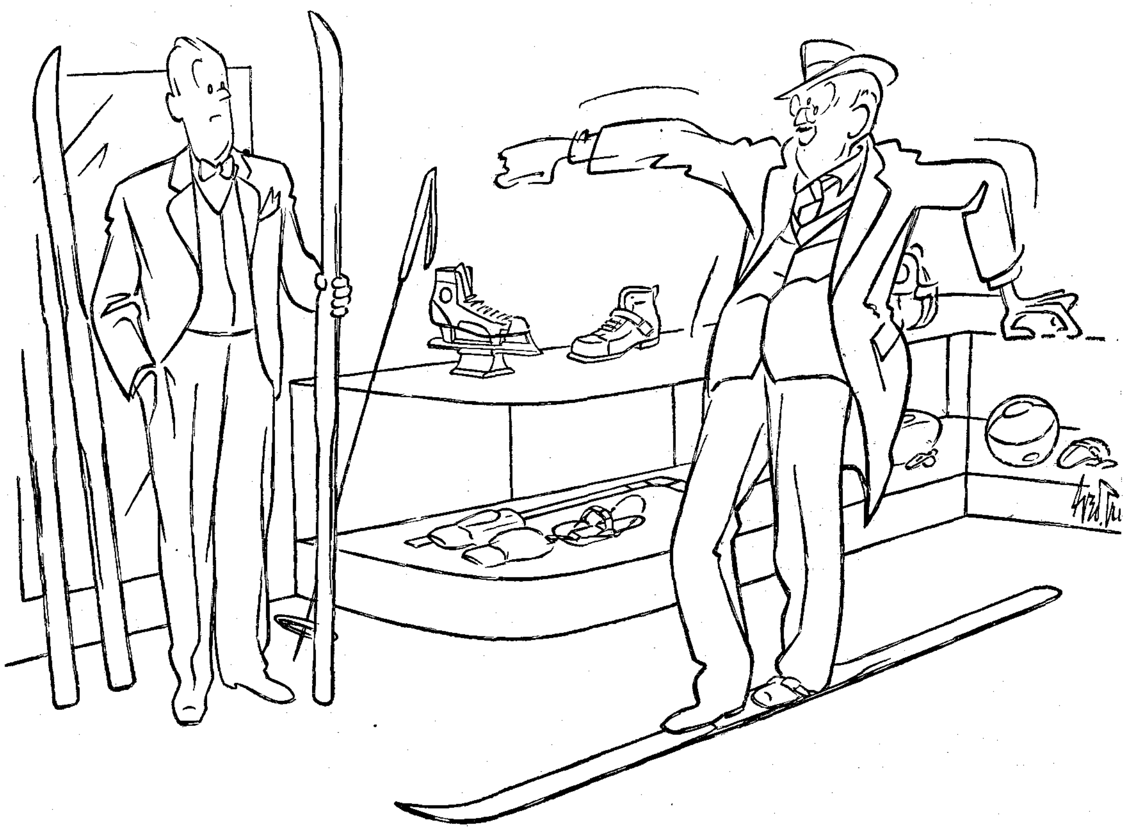
BLOOMINGDALE: Reading-glasses cases in gilt- and mirror-embroidered felt; $2.95 and $3.95. Tall, square-column pottery lamps (crackle glaze, white or solid colors) with square white shades and indirect lighting; $34.95 complete. And look—a box of fifty matchbooks, twenty-five standard-size and twenty-five large; $1.

BONWIT TELLER: The 721 Club (second floor) is for men only. Samples of everything in the shop, including salesgirls, to help solve masculine problems about Christmas presents. *Ici on parle* six languages, they tell us, which may be handy for Allied service men.

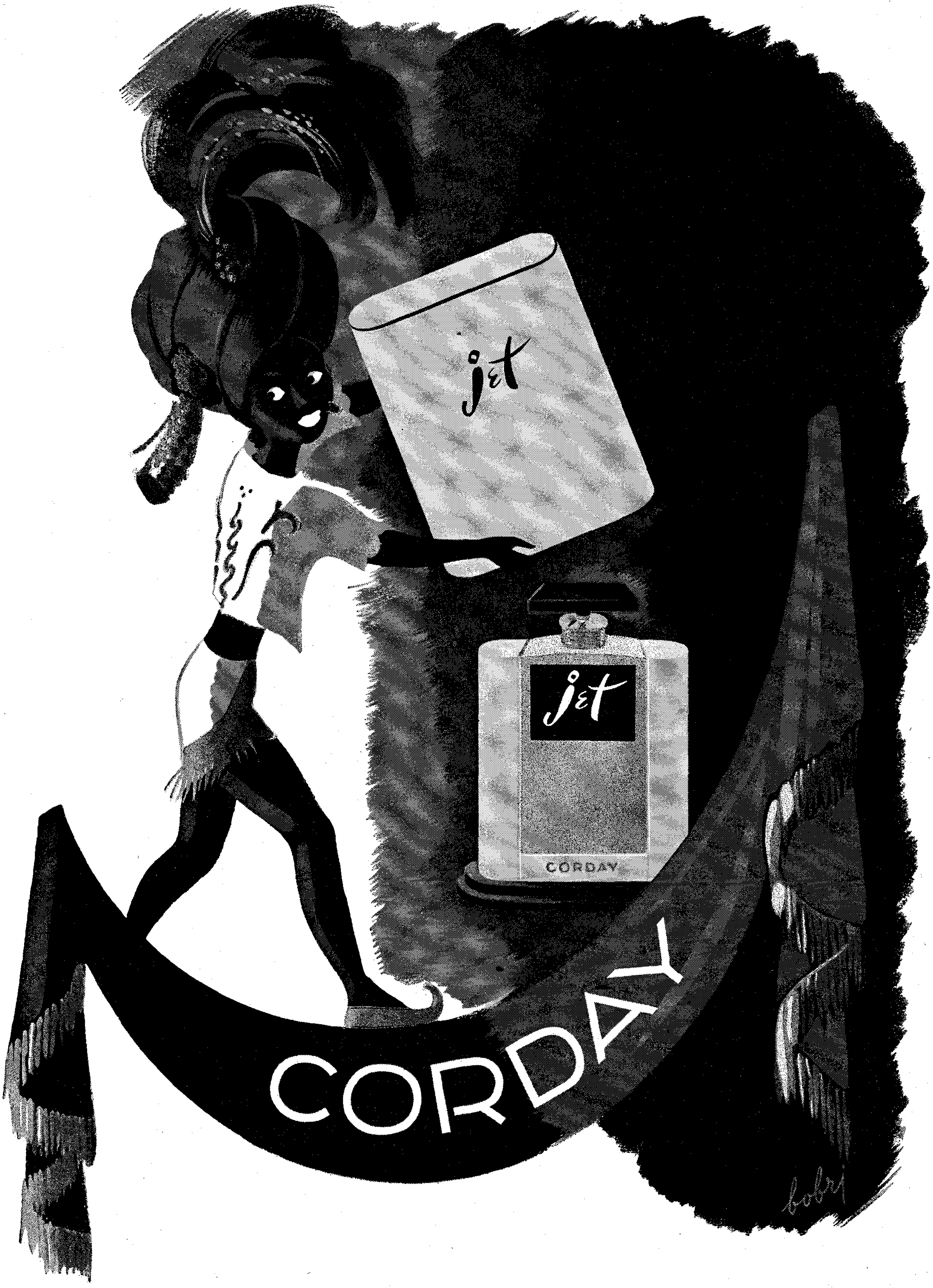
A. L. BRANDON, 852 Lexington Avenue (60th): To decorate Christmas packages or just for fun, boxes of embossed scrapbook pictures from the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, for $2, or sheets of eight or ten old-time Sunday-school cards with flower-wreathed texts, at twenty cents.

CHELTON, 106 East 57th Street: Mahogany copies of old letter racks; $5. Fluted glass bookends, hollow and filled with flourishing Chinese evergreen; $6.50 a pair. A good small lucite-and-mirror bathroom shelf; $15.

CHINESE TREASURE CENTER, 441 Madi-



"I almost think I could get by with one."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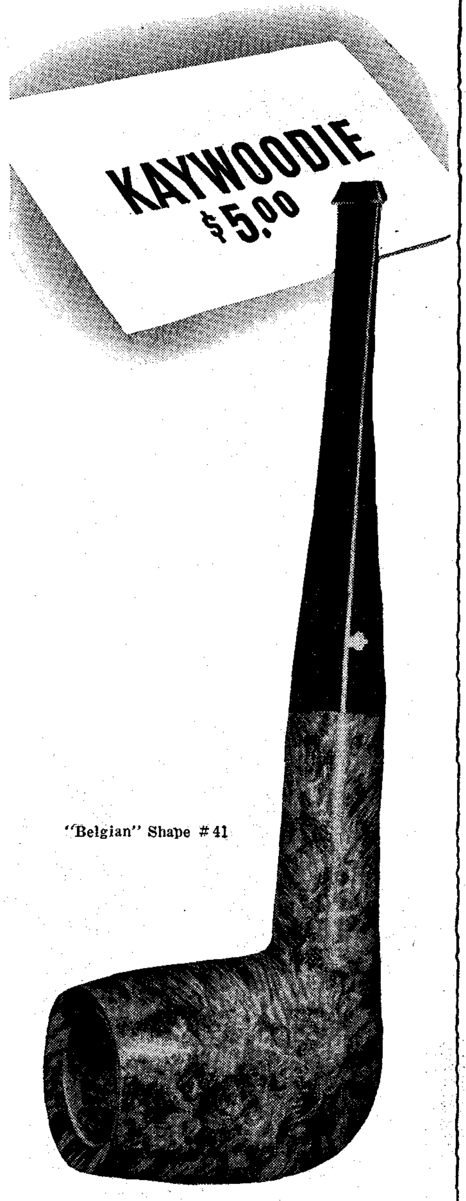


The Flavor of Home

The symbol of Peace—and what brings more contentment and peace of mind, than one of these fine Kaywoodies, known 'round the world—The secret of the distinctive Kaywoodie flavor lies in the Briar, and its seasoning and curing with fine tempering agents, which do not interfere with the flavor of your smoke. Cut from a burl (see picture below) which forms at the bottom of the stout, tough briar brush in regions around the Mediterranean Sea. It grows slowly. Can't be hurried. Can't be mass-produced. It is tobacco's best friend.—If you've been unable to find Kaywoodies lately, it's because of great demand by the Armed Forces. We're sure you'll agree that we must serve our fighters, first! Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. *630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*

War Bonds come first

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

son Avenue (50th): Fine antiques, including many small things. White jade earrings set in silver; $15. Buttons from Mandarin coats are made of jade, chalcedony, or crystal; $3 to $5, and perfect for modern frocks. Pillow vases (rectangular) of jade green glazed pottery; $5. Bamboo boxes, light and nicely carved; $4.75.

M. Collart, 581 Madison Avenue, (56th): Silk cases for boudoir pillows in a clear pink, with wide, double-hemstitched borders; $10.50. Fine, very thin white linen handkerchiefs with narrow, hemstitched hems for $2.25; shell pink or white ones in the same sheer linen with ruffled edges of footing for $2.95. Thin but warm white wool dressing gowns with ruffles of thread lace or bias-cut hand-rolled chiffon are $48; a tailored model with contrasting piping is $45.

Mark Cross, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Some excellent compacts, among them oblong ones of brocade for $10, gold-tooled calf numbers in pastel, bright, or dark colors for $6.75 (including three gold-stamped initials), and gold or silver snakeskin ones for $10. A leather-lined cigarette case to match the brocade compacts or a wood-lined case to match those in snakeskin; $10. Short, hand-stitched doeskin slip-on gloves in white or chamois; $5. Four-button-length hand-stitched pigskin gloves in black, brown, hazel, oatmeal, or white; also $5. Handbags: dappled pigskin pouches, leather-lined, with roll tops, are $18.50 and $25. In morocco; $15 up. Morocco envelope bags, leather-lined, start at $12.75. Tooled-leather work organizers for the desk of a laggard letter answerer; tan, red, maroon, or black; $12.75, and no tax.

Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison Avenue (55th): A practical plastic V-mail magnifier; $1.25. Mondex, a pocket address book with twelve engagement-pad refills; $3.75.

De Pinna: Children's clothes in the Doll House. A brother-and-sister set in pink or blue corduroy, consisting of a princesse dress with a white lawn collar and a sash in back for the girl and a one-piece suit for the boy; $5.95 each, in sizes one to three. Aprons (great clothes protectors) in navy-blue denim come in a pinafore style for the girl, cook's style for the boy; $3.50 in sizes one to four. Children's double-breasted raincoats in Copenhagen blue, red, yellow, or white Byrd cloth; $11.95, in sizes three to six. Mother can have one to match for $25.

Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Those rare British box-shaped handbags in black, brown, red, green, or light-blue morocco for $7.95 and in natural pigskin for $8.95. English washable gloves include four-button-length hand-stitched capeskin slip-ons in black or reddish-brown for $7.50 and four-button-length hand-stitched doeskins in white or chamois for $6.50. Domestic eggshell-colored hog-skin hand-sewn slip-on gloves are $6.50. Surprise: twenty-five Havana cigars in an airtight leather-handled glass jar; $18.75.

Jane Engel, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th): Children's bedroom slippers (hard to find these days); open-toed, printed rayon jersey affairs, with bunny fur across the instep, for girls, are $2.75; tan leather slippers (but no open toes) for boys are $1.95. Mother-and-daughter bibbed apron sets made of checked waterproof cotton in red-, blue-, or green-and-white with contrasting rickrack; $2.95 a set.

Eugenia Linen Shop, 544 Madison Avenue (55th): For the orderly male, stud and cuff-link boxes in chamois-lined leather; $2.50. Tooled-leather snapshot cases for a dozen pictures are $4.25, and assorted picture frames, ranging in size up to easel types, in pastel, gold, or silver wood, are $4.75 to $10.

Good Neighbor Imports, 16 East 50th Street: Warm lambskin slippers with matching lining and alpaca-fur cuffs; $5.95. Natural vicuña scarves for men or women; $12.50. Hand-knit vicuña gloves are warm but not in the least bulky; $3.75.

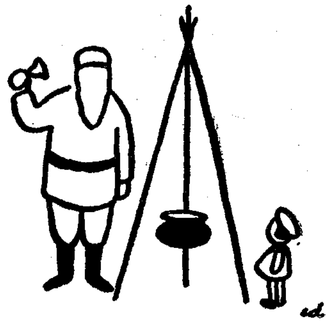
Guildery Gifts, 162 East 33rd Street: Packages of food combined with something permanent—for example, Mexican baskets (useful later for needlework) packed with candy, cookies, and little jars of jam; $4.50. A wallpaper-covered hatbox filled with exotic sweetmeats (preserved coconut and raspberry honey among them); $7.50.

Gunn & Latchford, 323 Fifth Avenue (32nd): Camel rugs from Persia, hand-woven of soft, heavy cotton in varicolored stripes and with hand-knotted fringe ends, stunning as couch throws or boy's-room bedspreads, and hand-woven cotton throws from India, bed-size and splendid in plain colors and brilliant plaids; $12.50 each.

Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th): A florist who believes in branching out. A wood cigarette box with tortoiseshell-glass lid scrolled in gilt; $12. Gail Gordon bath perfumes with such flower scents as Gardenia and Jungle Lily; $4 or $7.50. Big, puffy sachets scented with Gordon's Garden Path; $6.50 for a set of three. And, to show Hayes' versatility, little cotton wash dolls (not scented with *any*thing) for $3.25. Her corsages or Christmas greens add a nice fillip to a gift, by the way.

Henry à la Pensée, 9 East 55th Street: Accessories that are so French you'd never believe they were made in this country. Large silk scarves, for example, printed with tender sentiments in French; $9.75 and up.

House of Hellas, 37 East 47th St.: Carole Janeway's blue-on-white dinner china celebrating the Europa legend: a salad or dessert bowl at $9, salad servers at $10, platters at $14 and $18.50. Colorful china ashtrays: one with the legendary Greek all-seeing Eye peering up at you is $4; others, bearing old



Minoan designs, begin at $1.75. Lovely scarves and mufflers; one of hand-rolled sheer batiste with a bold Greek-warrior design and border is $5.

Hunt & Winterbotham, 702 Fifth Avenue (55th): For the choosy male, lengths of newly imported district-check Shetlands (enough for a jacket for about $25) or of Bermuda doeskin (slacks yardage is about $17).

India Arts & Crafts, 14 East 56th Street: Jolli scarves made of handwoven silk gauze with a satin stripe, beautifully printed, or hand-blocked satin ones, some with designs like stained-glass windows; $8.75. Evening saris in hand-woven silk gauze with silver-thread stars, checks, or stripes, in black or colors; $17.50. One-of-a-kind jewelry items, such as sterling-silver bangles at $16.50 and up. For doll collectors, India dolls wearing native jewelry; $5.50 up. Cocktail picks topped with animal carvings are often used, they tell us, as hatpins too; $1.50.

Jay-Thorpe: Large, simple address and engagement pads with covers of a leather called saffian; a lot of practical pad for $5.95, and no tax. Scratch pads, bound in brocade or velvet; $1.50. Good silk neckties for men; in woven patterns and foulards, and from $3.50.

Georg Jensen: Handsome wool wraparound bathrobes in gray plaid touched with blue or coral are excellent for boys from eight to fourteen; $15.95. Christmas candles, including the classic Bethlehem Stars and bayberry columns as well as fancier business (snowmen, snowballs, pine trees, and such). Table lighters in pale onyx; $14.40.

Kargère, 714 Fifth Avenue (56th): Beautiful large square silk scarves for women. Some, at $15.50, have the seals of various French cities; others, at $12.50, bear the seals of American states.

Lanz, 668 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Young things' Santa Claus boots of red cotton gabardine with lambskin lining are $8.95, and not for slushy weather; other boots, in brown-and-white pony skin, are $18.95. Jodhpurs, in the same pony skin, are $12.95. Sizes are four to nine. Long-sleeved tailored cotton shirts in fairy-tale character prints and fastened with silver-metal buttons; $4.50, in sizes ten to eighteen.

Lenthéric, 761 Fifth Avenue (58th): A tailored black-and-white-striped wool wraparound house coat with loose sleeves and a red suède belt; $30. Hand-crocheted open-weave triangular bed capes in delicate pastel colors and tying at the throat; $5.95.

Lord & Taylor: Gay fur accessories for young girls; for example—nutria-dyed mouton Ascots, at $18.75, and barrel-shaped muffs to match, at $22.50. In the lingerie department, a quilted red-and-white-checked cotton bed jacket with a standing collar that crosses and buttons at the throat; they call it a Victorian smoking jacket, or something; $8.95. Double-breasted, seven-eighths lounging coats are $16.95 and quilted trousers to match are $10.95. A double-breasted full-length fitted coat is $19.95; a peignoir is $19.95. White printed cotton spreads for youngsters' beds are $3.95 for crib size and $4.95 for bed

This Christmas make a woman happy

More than ever before, this Christmas, that ancient greeting of peace on earth and good-will to men has significance... holds hope for a brave and better world. It is a Christmas when gentle thoughts and kindly gestures are more than ever precious... when high courage earns solace and faith, its rewards. It is a Christmas when women need to be assured of love and of loveliness. On such a Christmas no gift has more significance than that designed BY a woman FOR a woman.

Elizabeth Arden

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Ladies!
for *his* Christmas!
Robes
tailored from our own
woolens
$27.50

Made from our own *all-wool* woolens, these $27.50 Robes are not only exceptional value, but they also have a heft to them that says "solid comfort".

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The label that adds distinction to your Gift.

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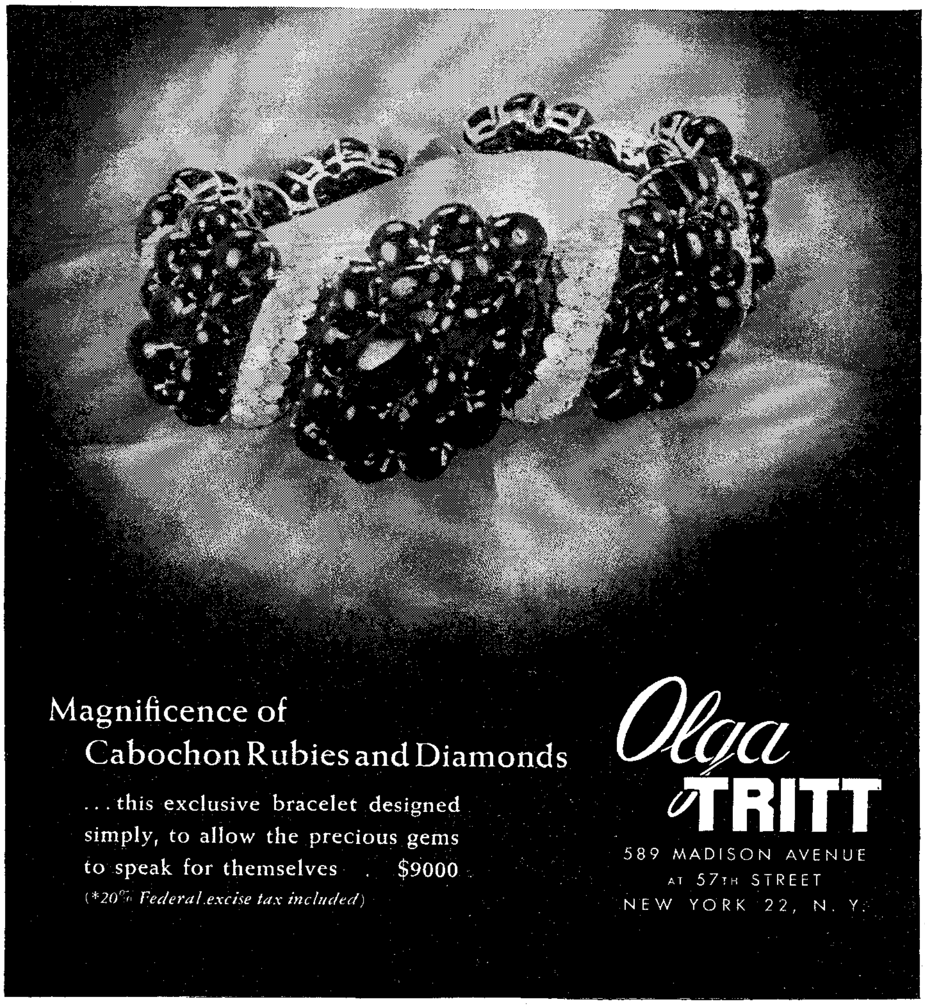

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. . . this exclusive bracelet designed simply, to allow the precious gems to speak for themselves . $9000
(*20% Federal excise tax included)

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size; the first is sprinkled with a sleepy cherub and sleepy animals (hypnotic idea), the second has one huge red giraffe bolt upright—a nice touch of humor. A big collection of English and American nineteenth-century copper-lustre pitchers; $10 to $35.

LUXENBERG, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Wave officers' gold- and silver-bullion-embroidered cap insignia (the girls like them because they're lighter and dressier than metal ones); on cap bands, $7.50. Army officers' battle jackets of eighteen-ounce elastique, serge-lined; $39.50 and $49.50.

MCCUTCHEON: Beautifully handmade and hand-quilted one-of-a-kind quilts from Kentucky in the old pioneer patterns: the brilliant Mohawk Trail ($39.50), the elaborate Fan ($65), and others. Lovable Suzanne, an infant's doll, soft, stuffed, and cuddly, for $1.85; perky lamb-fleece pups, the right size for small hands, at $2.50.

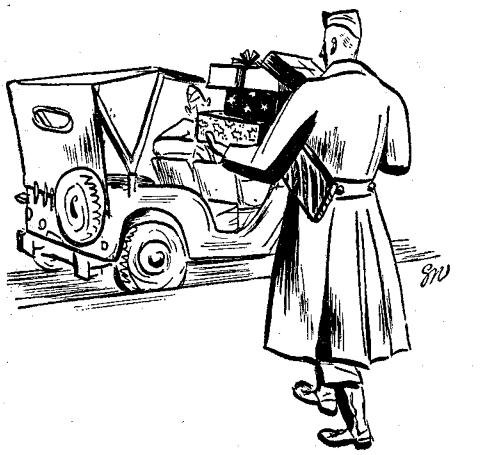
EMMA MALOOF, 444 Madison Avenue (50th): Round, zippered jewel cases of quilted satin, lined with velvet; for travelling or the bureau drawer; $7.50. Sergelike twilled rayon bed jackets, cut short so they won't bunch in back, with Peter Pan collars and satin appliqué borders; in blue or tearose, and $35. Dressing gowns in the same material, with shirred, fitted backs, dirndl fronts, and wide rayon-satin-lined sashes; $45.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd Street: A woven palm tray with a wicker toast rack and two set-in glazed pottery compartments for marmalade (and, with luck, butter); $4.50. A nice set of tooled-leather cigarette server and matching matchbox cover; be mighty useful someday; $4. Toast or hot-dish covers of glass painted with moss roses, lilies of the valley, and other pretties; $9.50.

ALICE MAYNARD, 558 Madison Avenue (56th): A haven for knitters. Her handsome brocade folding case containing needles in assorted colors and sizes and other implements is $8.95.

MUSEUM SILVER SHOP, 104 East 57th Street: Silver ashtrays whose bases are old silver-plated bronze medals; $15. Old silver bottle rings which collar the bottle; a set of four, labelled for port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, is $48, and modern copies (for almost any liquor) are $3 each.

NEW YORK STATE COMMISSION FOR THE BLIND, 608 Fifth Avenue (49th): The handwork of blind craftsmen, in a



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FINE CLUB

DISTILLED DRY GIN

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

4/5 Quart 90 Proof

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Established 1830
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DISTILLED DRY GIN
Carefully distilled according to our own formula!
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BELLOWS & COMPANY, INC.
New York City
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Pleasing the discriminating tastes once more, "the same-as-always" Bellows Fine Club Gin offers a "just right" degree of velvety smooth bland dryness and balanced strength of flavor.

Remember, Bellows Fine Club Gin makes long drinks of quality perfection and Dry Martini cocktails that connoisseurs appreciate. It's worthwhile to specify Bellows Gin for your drinking pleasure.

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Corsage Pin	12.00
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WATCHES FROM $54.40 TO $468.00

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Walnut Table Cigarette Lighter	11.00

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Wastebasket	15.00	Wallet	9.75
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Humidor	27.50	Nailhead Cigarette Case	12.00
Compact	8.25	Frame	18.50

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...the memory lingers on...

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The Miracle Pipe—It Stays Dry

Remember when you could buy a new Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipe? Remember how sweet, cool and dry it tasted? The memory of those pre-war days lingers on with thousands of men who know and want Hollycourt pipes with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl.* We are sorry your requests can't be filled today... but Hollycourt will be back. That's a promise.

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Christmas shop open only through December 16th. Stunning woven scatter rugs in designs from old homespun bedspreads; $1.50 to $4.50. Army and Navy wristlets, knit good and long; $2. Wooden toys: a doll's table and two chairs with hand-rubbed finish for $15, doll beds for $1, and cradles for $4; also other furniture in miniature. Children's ladderback chairs; $2.50 and $4.50.

PRINCESS OBOLENSKY, 417 Park Avenue (55th): Rayon satin bed bootees, hand-quilted in a heart-shaped design; $7.50. Peach or pale-blue rayon crêpe bed jackets appliquéd with satin bowknots are $22.50. If you don't know when to stop, there are peach blanket covers at $15.50. Tailored robes, also trimmed with satin bowknot appliqué and in delicate boudoir colors, are $45. Lightweight coats, for home or going out to a party; in broadtail plush or in something stencilled to look like leopard. Jackets are $59.50; street-length coats are $75.

PAN-AMERICAN SHOP, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd St.): Brightly colored lunch baskets that a kindergartener or even an adult would love; $2. Small lacquer cigarette boxes, beautifully and intricately painted; $5. Madonnas from Mexico, reverently executed by a talented woodcarver, Cortes, with lavish fifteenth-century costuming and coloring; $7.50 for the Virgin Salud or the Virgin Soledad. Guatemalan crèches, with minutely detailed Mother and Child and worshipping figures in the traditional stable; $7.50 complete.

W. H. PLUMMER, 7 East 35th Street and 695 Fifth Avenue (54th): Squat water tumblers (for Old Fashioneds) of elaborately hand-cut lead crystal; $18 a dozen. Pitchers in the same sparkling cut; $12 and $15.

Q, 413 Madison Avenue (48th): Designed for men who are buying presents for women, so the accent is on what is known as frou-frou and frippery. A little muff of satin trimmed with a brilliant shower of feathers in such combinations as pink, salmon, and lime; $25, and makes a nice dress-up bag. Beautiful hand-blocked and hand-rolled thirty-inch silk squares in four colors, with the hand-of-Fatima motif (you know, with the star in the palm); $18. Jaunty wide bow ties of faille have ends embroidered with rhinestones and gold-and-silver appliqué; $15. Gold-plated silver ashtrays (shaped like wine tasters) with the hand of Fatima as the thumb piece; $18.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 71 East 57th Street: Mitzi Otten's superb enamels, in her imaginative designs and her typical shimmering glaze; ashtrays run from $7.50 and cigarette boxes from $16. Still a good supply of those flexible, translucent plastic bowls ($2), big flower vases ($6), and jardinières ($1 and $2), in pale, misty colors. Enchanting wood or ceramic Christmas angels and Madonnas; the carolling angels are $2.50 up, the grave and graceful Madonna figures are $14. Terra-cotta animal and bird figurines; a cat heavy enough to use as a paperweight or to settle an argument is $5.

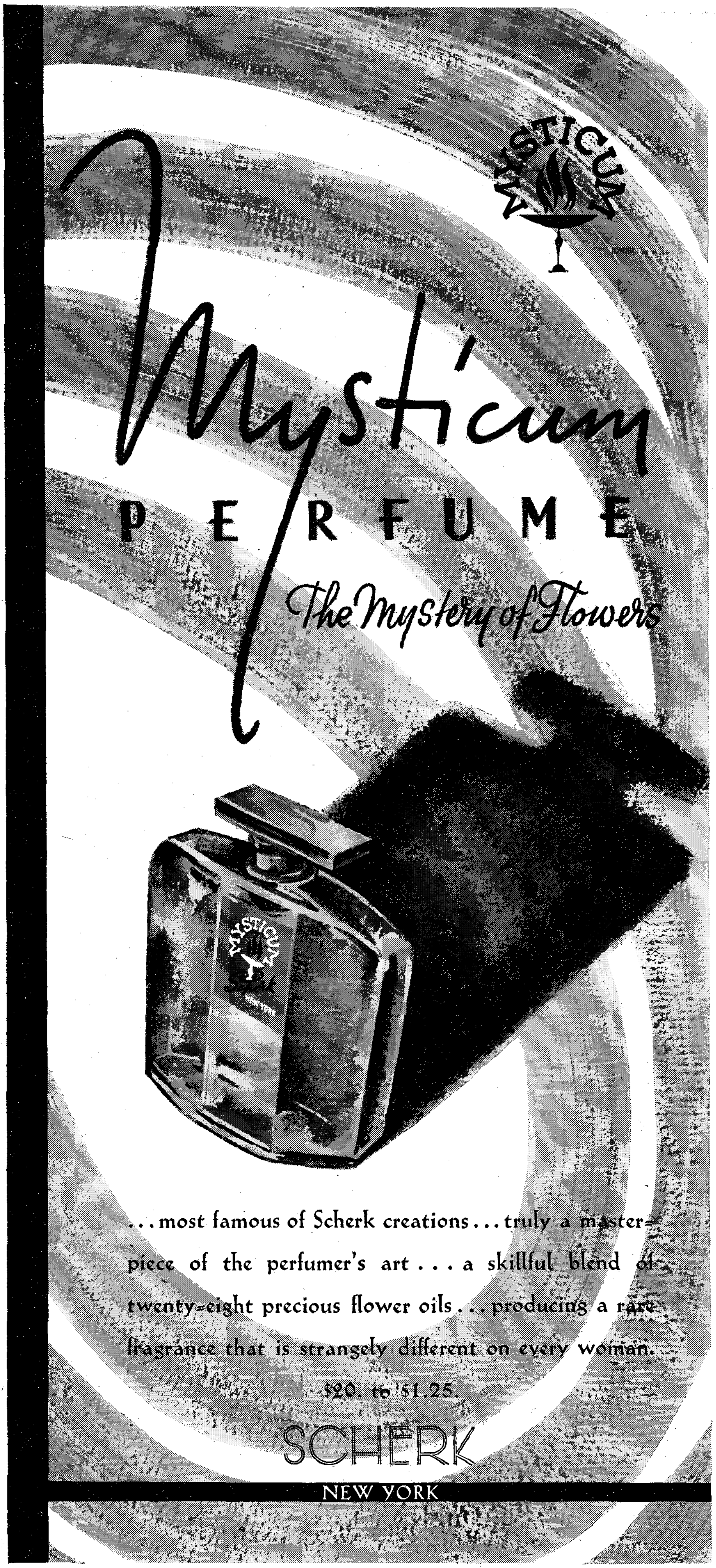
SARIN, 42 University Place (9th): One of the more accomplished small accessory shops. Prewar French silk veils and veiling. Berets in velours, rayon satin, or rayon velvet, decorated with paillettes, braid, or whatever; $5 up. Multicolored hatpins of sequins and beading; $1 up. Coins of the United Nations, gold-plated and fashioned into earrings or pins with clusters of smaller coins for lapel or belt decorations; $3.50 to $6. Painted miniatures on wood, resembling French porcelain, are also worked into earrings, at $5; matching pins, which can also be worn as lockets, are $10.

Max Schling, Seedsmen, 618 Madison Avenue (59th): The Festive Board (for birds) has twelve filled food compartments; $2.50, and $1.25 more buys two dozen refills. Other urban window-sill bird feeders; $4 to $8. Nesting material (town birds have a terrible time finding any) in a dispenser approved by the Audubon Society; $1.25. A handsome big wicker hamper, which can double as a family picnic basket, is elaborately fitted for the rooftop gardener with such things as stainless-steel shears, washable leather gloves, a sprayer, plasticene for flower arranging, plant food, and a book on house-plant care; $20.

Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street: Everything in this place seems to contain a music box. Drinking mugs play "John Peel," "Auld Lang Syne," and other song hits; $6.95 to $22.50. Jewel boxes in brocade are velvet-lined and play cheerful tunes when opened; $17.50. Animals that tinkle out tunes: black or white Scotties at $7.95, elephants of various hues at $9.50 up, bears at $9.95 up. Children's music boxes that actually *look* like music boxes; $5.95 up. Beautiful crèches (*not* wired for sound), for from $16.50 to $22.50.

Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th): Kentucky wool cravats, tweedy or in plaids or stripes; $1.50. Rubbed-cherry or walnut trays, large and with wide, scalloped galleries; $11.75. Christmas stockings of red flannel decked with appliqué designs; fifty cents to $2.

White Christmas, 714 Madison Avenue (66th): They're crammed to the doors with holiday glitter trimmings. There are dried, dyed, and decorated milkweed, fern, and baby's-breath; sprays of lacy tinsel-paper flowers or of metal discs and stars; fringed and silver-edged crêpe-paper streamers to garland a tree in the manner of the vanished tinsel; and more. Clear glass balls in red, green, or blue look lovely on a tree; sixty and seventy-five cents a dozen. Table and mantel arrangements of sparkling baby's-breath and lacy flowers are $7.50 up; glitter-sprayed real Christmas trees, table size, are $7.50 up; and sprays of silvered long-



...most famous of Scherk creations...truly a masterpiece of the perfumer's art . . . a skillful blend of twenty-eight precious flower oils...producing a rare fragrance that is strangely different on every woman.

$20. to $1.25.

SCHERK
NEW YORK

needle pine, with cones, are $4.50 to $6.50.

Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th): More trimmings: a small, folding Christmas tree of wood, set in a ring which holds eighteen candles; $2, candles and all. A tiny angel at an organ whose pipes are five white candles; $1.50.

Potpourri (made from our own secret recipe): Men's and women's tie-silk scarves, with hand-rolled edges and in small or splashing designs, for $4.95 at Bernath, 571 Madison Avenue (56th). . . . Hattie Carnegie's unique prune candies, soaked in rum and coated with slightly bitter chocolate, in a two-pound beribboned box for $5. . . . Frivolous lace earrings with rhinestone or simulated-pearl flower-cluster centers are $2.50 and $3.50, and lace-and-gilt-braid earrings, bracelets, and necklaces are (respectively) $3.50, $4.50, and $7.50 at Nilmelior, 15 East 52nd Street. . . . Gourielli's plaster heart-shaped earrings ($2.50 a pair), pins ($2.50 each), and party-frock buttons ($2.50 for a set of three), in blue sprinkled with rosebuds, for ladies in their early teens. At his shop. . . . For the house-that-has-everything problem, mirrored plaques to protect the paint on much-used pantry or dining-room doors; really beautiful, and $16 a pair, at Mrs. Johnston Livingston, 850 Lexington Avenue (65th). . . . Magnificent wide leather belts to dress up skirt-and-sweater combinations, with bold appliqués and metal eyelets, are $35 at Knize, 20 East 56th Street. . . . Cauman, at 14 East 50th Street, has homespun linen-and-cotton feeding bibs with pink or blue borders for $1.50, and gay quilted cotton mules for boys and girls up to six for $2.50. . . . Piccadilly Arcade (run for British War Relief) has moved to 870 Madison Avenue (70th). Its stuff runs largely now to antiques, including old Sheffield silver. . . . United China War Relief Shop, at 444 Madison Avenue (49th), has Chinese rice-paper air-mail stationery at $1 a package and a China black tea at $1 a quarter pound. . . . Lena Richards, who used to enrapture New Orleans with her fruit cakes, now makes them to order at 357 West 118th Street, Apartment 24 (University 4-5414).

•

> Sullivan, to Richard and Marjorie Sullivan, 12 Elinor pl., on Nov. 16, a son, Richard Walter. It matters not what be thy lot
>
> —*Birth notice in the Freeport* (N.Y.) *Leader.*

It *seems* to matter, though, eh, Richard?

D-D-DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, MA! I SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO MEN AND FOUR BOYS—THEY WERE JUST GOING ON THE ICE WHEN I FELL THROUGH.

DRAWN BY THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CARTOONIST, L. B. MARTIN, FOR THE MAKERS OF ALLEN'S TOFFEE

Allen's Toffee *Famous in England since 1860* • *A favorite in America*
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Be prepared for Christmas cheer by sending for a copy of the Professional Mixing Guide—an authentic collection of 254 standard recipes used by professional barmen.

It makes available what years of experience have proved important in preparing fine drinks: Exact ingredients, accurate measurements, the proper way to mix each drink. It includes punches and cups, swizzles, hot drinks for cold weather, and non-alcoholic beverages.

It shows, too, how the proper use of Angostura Bitters can help make better drinks—assuring you of the utmost in satisfaction.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nothing Doing

"Hollywood Canteen," while clearly virtuous in purpose, is certainly one of the most majestic bores ever imposed on the American people. It has to do with a corporal, called Slim (I think I'd better refrain from comment about that), who has been wounded in the Pacific and suddenly finds himself in Hollywood, meeting famous people who, amazingly, turn out to be as democratic as a bunch of old shoes. Among those he meets are the Andrews Sisters, Bette Davis, John Garfield, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Eddie Cantor, Kitty Carlisle, Joan Crawford, Paul Henreid, Peter Lorre, Ida Lupino, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan McCracken, and a cowboy actor called Roy Rogers and his horse, Trigger, a team heretofore unfamiliar to me. The corporal is also thrown together with Joan Leslie, with whom he conducts a species of love affair. "Let's pretend we've been going together for a long time," Miss Leslie remarks at one point. Actually, they went together for some two hours and ten minutes, but from where I sat it looked like eternity. As you might expect, nothing came of it.

The canteen, where most of the action is laid, turns out to be queer but monotonous. "Did anyone ever tell you you look like Joan Crawford?" the corporal inquires in the middle of a dance to the music of Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra. "Don't look now, but I *am* Joan Crawford," she replies archly. The picture is largely made up of variations of this thought. I was, I have to confess, mildly startled by the appearance of a big, trained white horse (Trigger) on the floor of a night club and somewhat impressed by the number of angles from which it is possible to photograph a man playing a grand piano, but on the whole everything worked out just about the way you'd think it would. The stars exhibited, briefly, the mannerisms for which they are celebrated, the love affair was strictly antiseptic and vague, and everything was just a little larger and prettier than life, though not, by the grace of God, in Technicolor. The only other notes I made about this picture are that the hero has a buddy, one Sergeant Nolan, who comes from Brooklyn and parallels or parodies the central romance; that an abrupt switch from a lot of girls dancing to a close-up of the controls of an automobile is apt to confuse anybody not closely in touch with the shorthand of the cinema; and that there is no place like Hollywood for patting itself on the back for its admiration of the common man.

The job called "Carolina Blues," with Kay Kyser and His Band, is also patriotic, being mainly about Kay Kyser and His Band on a bond-selling tour. It is also mainly rubbish, in spite of the presence of Victor Moore, who appears in six different rôles. My very young son and a not very much older sailor sitting nearby were apparently amused by a comedian called Ish Kabbibble, who tried to put a tennis racket into a small hand bag and finally solved everything by breaking it in half. Other jokes that delighted them were: "The mayor wants to speak to you." "Well, lift him up to the phone." . . . "Is he dying of anything serious?" . . . and, lifted without credit from various biographies of the late Justice Holmes, "I'm sixty-eight, but when I see all these pretty girls, I wish I were sixty-five again."

There is a rather odd song called "Mr. Beebe's the Man Who Knows," in which Mr. Beebe turns out to be colored, and a sequence involving Mr. Moore in his underwear and a coldly competent troupe of acrobats called the Cristianis. A colleague of mine has written that it is impossible to dislike a moving picture featuring Kay Kyser. I dissent.

—W. G.

•

"I may have said something in my book about Brooklyn boys crying," Coward was quoted as saying. "Probably they cried because they were homesick. I cried myself when I fell off my bicycle and broke my collarbone."

At one time, North Carolina owners of high hats paid an annual tax of $4 to the State for the privilege.—*Washington Post.*

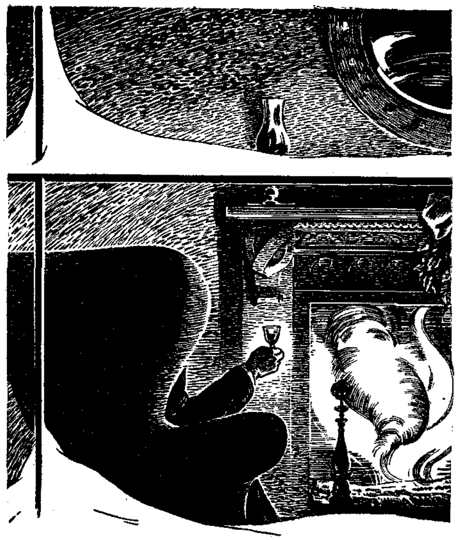
Let's keep the South out of this.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal and Courier*]

Camp Carson, Colo. (AP)—Major Byron N. Butler sent his blouse to the tailor shop for minor repairs.



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TRIAL BY COMBAT

WHEN Emily Johnson came home one evening to her furnished room and found three of her best handkerchiefs missing from the dresser drawer, she was sure who had taken them and what to do. She had lived in the furnished room for about six weeks and for the past two weeks she had been missing small things occasionally. There had been several handkerchiefs gone, and a service pin which Emily wore sometimes and which had come from the five-and-ten. And once she had missed a small bottle of perfume and one of a set of china dogs. Emily had known for some time who was taking the things, but it was only tonight that she had decided what to do. She had hesitated about complaining to the landlady because her losses were trivial and because she had felt certain that sooner or later she would know how to deal with the situation herself. It had seemed logical to her from the beginning that the one person in the rooming house who was home all day was the most likely suspect, and then, one Sunday morning, coming downstairs from the roof, where she had been sitting in the sun, Emily had seen someone come out of her room and go down the stairs, and had recognized the visitor. Tonight, she felt, she knew just what to do. She took off her coat and hat, put her packages down, and, while a can of tamales was heating on her electric plate, she went over what she intended to say.

After her dinner, she closed and locked her door and went downstairs. She tapped softly on the door of the room directly below her own, and when she thought she heard someone say "Come in," she said "Mrs. Archer?," then opened the door carefully and stepped inside.

The room, Emily noticed immediately, was almost like her own—the same narrow bed with the tan cover, the same maple dresser and armchair; the closet was on the opposite side of the room, but the window was in the same relative position. Mrs. Archer was sitting in the armchair. She was about sixty. More than twice as old as I am, Emily thought, while she stood in the doorway, and a lady still. She hesitated for a few seconds, looking at Mrs. Archer's clean white hair and her neat, dark-blue house coat, before speaking. "Mrs. Archer," she said, "I'm Emily Johnson."

Mrs. Archer put down the *Woman's Home Companion* she had been reading and stood up slowly. "I'm very happy to meet you," she said graciously. "I've seen you, of course, several times, and thought how pleasant you looked. It's so seldom one meets anyone really"—Mrs. Archer hesitated—"really nice," she went on, "in a place like this."

"I've wanted to meet you, too," Emily said.

Mrs. Archer indicated the chair she had been sitting in. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," Emily said. "You stay there. I'll sit on the bed." She smiled. "I feel as if I know the furniture so well. Mine's just the same."

"It's a shame," Mrs. Archer said, sitting down in her chair again. "I've told the landlady over and over, you can't make people feel at home if you put all the same furniture in the rooms. But she maintains that this maple furniture is clean-looking and cheap."

"It's better than most," Emily said. "You've made yours look much nicer than mine."

"I've been here for three years," Mrs. Archer said. "You've only been here a month or so, haven't you?"

"Six weeks," Emily said.

"The landlady's told me about you. Your husband's in the Army."

"Yes. I have a job here in New York."

"My husband was in the Army," Mrs. Archer said. She gestured at a group of pictures on her maple dresser. "That was a long time ago, of course. He's been dead for nearly five years."

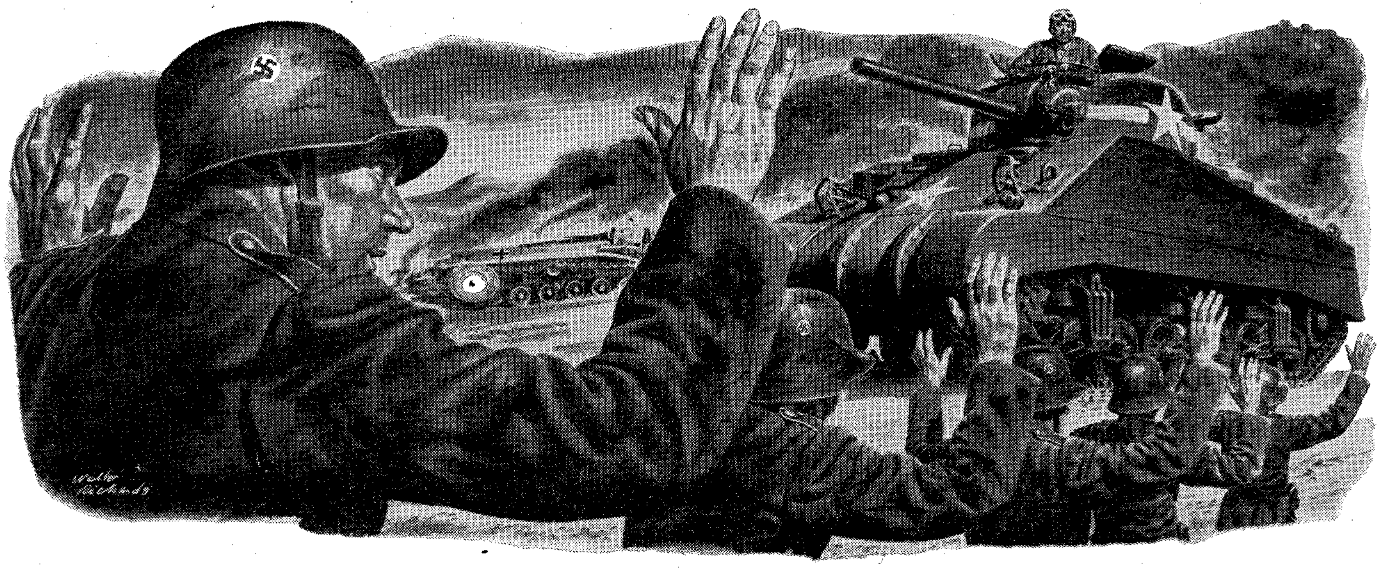
Emily got up and went over to the pictures. One of them was of a tall, dignified-looking man in Army uniform. Several were of children.

"He was a very distinguished-looking man," Emily said. "Are those your children?"

"I had no children, to my sorrow," the old lady said. "Those are nephews and nieces of my husband's."

Emily stood in front of the dresser, looking around the room. "I see you have flowers, too," she said. She walked to the window and looked at the row of potted plants. "I love flowers," she said. "I bought myself a big bunch of asters tonight to brighten up my room. But they fade so quickly."

"I prefer plants just for that reason," Mrs. Archer said. "But why don't you



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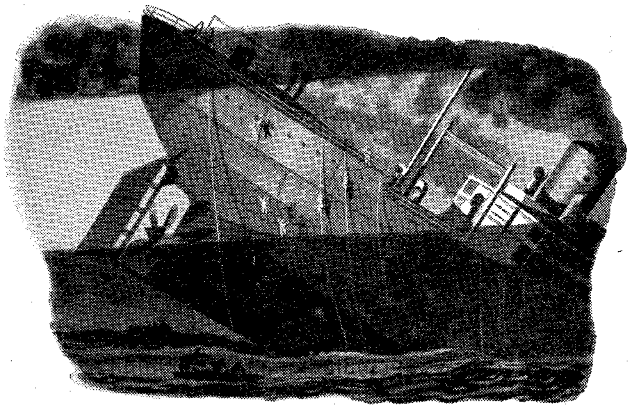

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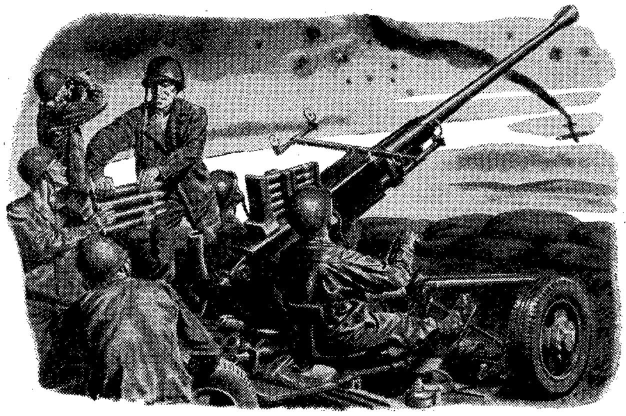

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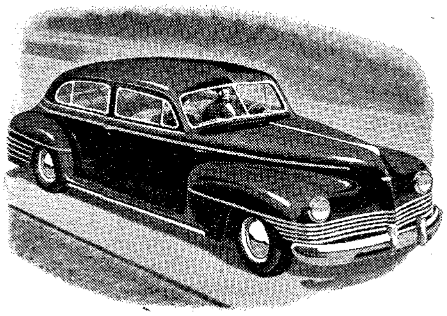

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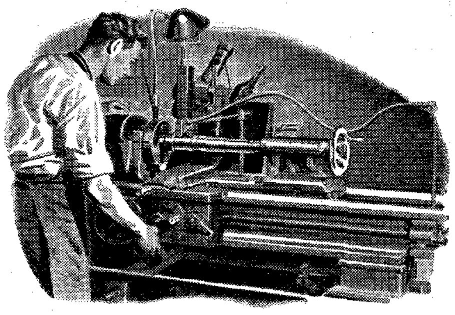

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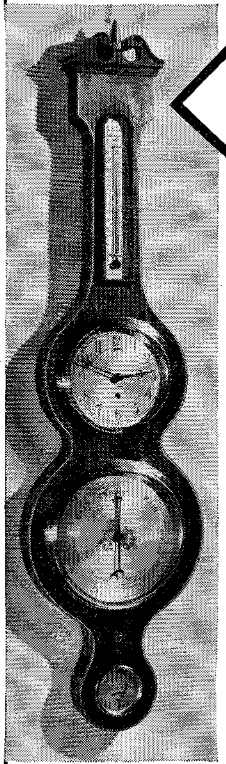

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At your FOOD STORE

put an aspirin in the water with your flowers? They'll last much longer."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about flowers," Emily said. "I didn't know about putting an aspirin in the water, for instance."

"I always do, with cut flowers," Mrs. Archer said. "I think flowers make a room look so friendly."

Emily stood by the window for a minute, looking out on Mrs. Archer's daily view: the fire escape opposite, an oblique slice of the street below. Then she took a deep breath and turned around. "Actually, Mrs. Archer," she said, "I had a reason for dropping in."

"Other than to make my acquaintance?" Mrs. Archer said, smiling.

"I don't know quite what to do," Emily said. "I don't like to say anything to the landlady."

"The landlady isn't much help in an emergency," Mrs. Archer said.

Emily came back and sat on the bed, looking earnestly at Mrs. Archer, seeing a nice old lady. "It's so slight," she said, "but someone has been coming into my room."

Mrs. Archer looked up.

"I've been missing things," Emily went on, "like handkerchiefs and little inexpensive jewelry. Nothing important. But someone's been coming into my room and helping themselves."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Mrs. Archer said.

"You see, I don't like to make trouble," Emily said. "It's just that someone's coming into my room. I haven't missed anything of value."

"I see," Mrs. Archer said.

"I just noticed it a few days ago. And then last Sunday I was coming down from the roof and I saw someone coming out of my room."

"Do you have any idea who it was?" Mrs. Archer asked.

"I believe I do," Emily said.

Mrs. Archer was quiet for a minute. "I can see where you wouldn't like to speak to the landlady," she said finally.

"Of course not," Emily said. "I just want it to stop."

"I don't blame you," Mrs. Archer said.

"You see, it means someone has a key to my door," Emily said pleadingly.

"All the keys in this house open all the doors," Mrs. Archer said. "They're all old-fashioned locks."

"It *has* to stop," Emily said. "If it doesn't, I'll have to do something about it."

"I can see that," Mrs. Archer said. "The whole thing is very unfortunate." She rose. "You'll have to excuse me," she went on. "I tire very easily and I must be in bed early. I'm so happy you came down to see me."

"I'm so glad to have met you at last," Emily said. She went to the door. "I hope I won't be bothered again," she said. "Good night."

"Good night," Mrs. Archer said.

THE following evening, when Emily came home from work, a pair of cheap earrings was gone, along with two packages of cigarettes which had been in her dresser drawer. That evening she sat alone in her room for a long time, thinking. Then she wrote a letter to her husband and went to bed. The next morning she got up and dressed and went to the corner drugstore, where she called her office from a phone booth and said that she was sick and would not be in that day. Then she went back to her room. She sat for almost an hour with the door slightly ajar before she heard Mrs. Archer's door open and Mrs. Archer come out and go slowly down the stairs. When Mrs. Archer had had time to get out onto the street, Emily locked her door and, carrying her key in her hand, went down to Mrs. Archer's room.

She was thinking, I just want to pretend it's my own room, so that if anyone comes I can say I was mistaken about the floor. For a minute, after she had opened the door, it seemed as though she *were* in her own room. The bed was neatly made and the shade drawn down over the window. Emily left the door unlocked and went over and pulled up the shade. Now that the room was light, she looked around. She had a sudden sense of unbearable intimacy with Mrs. Archer, and thought, This is the way she must feel in my room. Everything was neat and plain. She looked in the closet first, but there was nothing in there but Mrs. Archer's blue house coat and one or two plain dresses. Emily went to the dresser. She looked for a moment at the picture of Mrs. Archer's husband, and then opened the top drawer and looked in. Her handkerchiefs were there, in a neat, small pile, and next to them the cigarettes and the earrings. In one corner the little china dog was sitting. Everything is here, Emily thought, all put away and very orderly. She closed the drawer and opened the next two. Both were empty. She opened the top one again. Besides her things, the drawer held a pair of black cotton gloves, and under the little pile of her handkerchiefs were two plain white ones. There was a box of Kleenex and a small tin of

Frank Beaven

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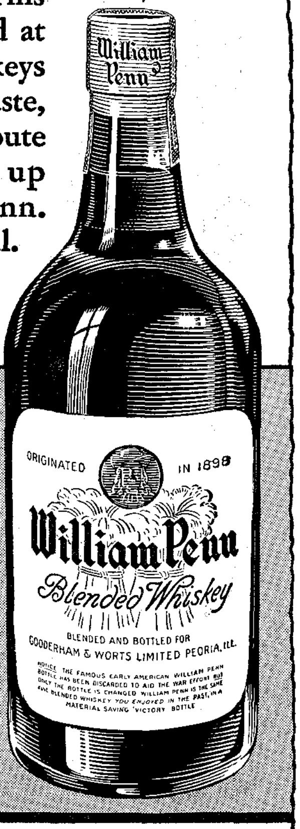

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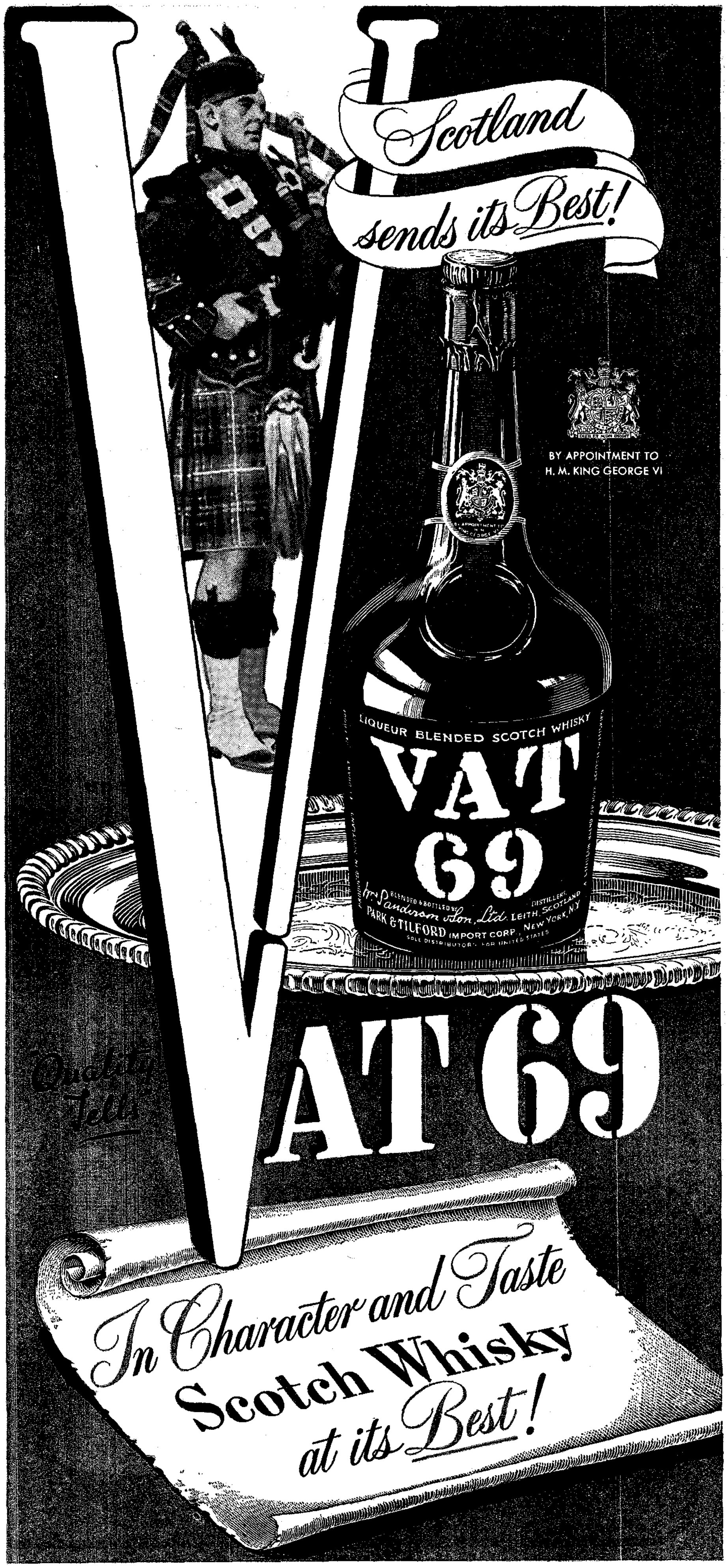

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aspirin. For her plants, Emily thought.

Emily was counting the handkerchiefs when a noise behind her made her turn around. Mrs. Archer was standing in the doorway watching her quietly. Emily dropped the handkerchiefs she was holding and stepped back. She felt herself blushing and knew her hands were trembling. Now, she was thinking, now turn around and tell her. "Listen, Mrs. Archer," she began, and stopped.

"Yes?" Mrs. Archer said gently.

Emily found that she was staring at the picture of Mrs. Archer's husband; such a thoughtful-looking man, she was thinking. They must have had such a pleasant life together, and now she has a room like mine, with only two handkerchiefs of her own in the drawer.

"Yes?" Mrs. Archer said again.

What does she want me to say, Emily thought. What could she be waiting for with such a ladylike manner? "I came down," Emily said, and hesitated. My voice is almost ladylike, too, she thought. "I had a terrible headache and I came down to borrow some aspirin," she said quickly. "I had this awful headache and when I found you were out I thought surely you wouldn't mind if I just borrowed some aspirin."

"I'm so sorry," Mrs. Archer said. "But I'm glad you felt you knew me well enough."

"I never would have dreamed of coming in," Emily said, "except for such a bad headache."

"Of course," Mrs. Archer said. "Let's not say any more about it." She went over to the dresser and opened the drawer. Emily, standing next to her, watched her hand pass over the handkerchiefs and pick up the aspirin. "You just take two of these and go to bed for an hour," Mrs. Archer said.

"Thank you." Emily began to move toward the door. "You've been very kind."

"Let me know if there's anything more I can do."

"Thank you," Emily said again, opening the door. She waited for a minute and then turned toward the stairs to her room.

"I'll run up later today," Mrs. Archer said, "just to see how you feel."

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

CHUNGKING, Oct. 24 — (AP) — China, following the lead of the
to many automobiles and trucks.
gated flowers with bead centers—
tus rattus rattus, or ratratrat).
—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

Be still, feet!

MUSICAL EVENTS

All Kinds of Success

WAGNER is doing well at the Metropolitan this season. Last week, the first "Tristan und Isolde" of the operatic year was given a convincing, unified performance, one in which Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Norman Cordon surprised no one by distinguishing themselves. The occasion also was a welcome home for the conductor, Erich Leinsdorf, who has returned to the Metropolitan after a spell in the Army. Mr. Leinsdorf's direction was animated, sensitive, and constantly at the service of the emotional values of the score. Another Wagnerian staple, "Götterdämmerung," appeared a few days later and brought additional honors to Miss Traubel and Mr. Melchior, its stars. The conductor was George Szell, who, as usual, took masterful charge of things. It seemed to me that the acting in both "Tristan und Isolde" and "Götterdämmerung" was unusually restrained. There was comparatively little of the waving and weaving that often pass for characterization and expression in exhibitions of Wagner's works, or, for that matter, in opera in general. You could listen without worrying about mimetic calisthenics, which was as it should be, because most of the time Wagner's music is more eloquent than anything else on the stage.

Halfway through last Wednesday evening, it was noised about Carnegie Hall, where the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra was giving a concert, that a young lady named Regina Resnik had stepped, on short notice, into the soprano lead of "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan that night and was making a considerable hit. I galloped from Carnegie to Fortieth Street and arrived in time to hear Miss Resnik in the late scenes of the opera. The grapevine reports, I discovered, were quite accurate. It seemed, furthermore, that Miss Resnik had never sung the rôle in public before, had had only hurried and sketchy rehearsals for it, and hadn't even seen a presentation of "Il Trovatore" until she became a Metropolitan principal in it. However, no allowances need be made for this very impromptu Metropolitan début, because Miss Resnik sang and acted with ample skill and assurance. The only symptom of uncertainty I noticed was an occasional surplus of vocal pressure, which led to a few uneven tones. All told, the evening was a great success for the new Leonora.

THE Indianapolis Symphony, which I deserted to hear Miss Resnik, hadn't been seen in town before last week, but it was not entirely a stranger, for its recordings have had wide circulation. It proved to be a highly capable group that responded alertly to its excellent conductor, Fabien Sevitzky. The orchestra did handsomely (at least while I was there) by some familiar Berlioz and Haydn music and also by a recent Preludium and Fugue composed by Lionel Barrymore. The distinguished actor's work was straightforward writing, not arrestingly individual but enjoyable and effective.

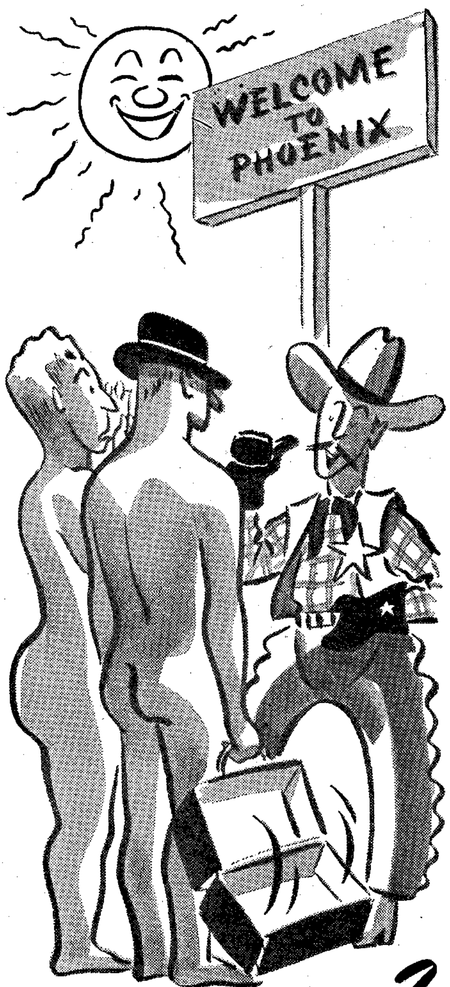
ANOTHER visitor last week was the National Symphony of Washington, directed by Hans Kindler, which appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in a benefit concert for the Van Loon Scholarship Concert Committee of the Netherland-America Foundation. The Washington ensemble, like the Indianapolis group, is well known because of its recordings, but this was hardly the first local appearance of Mr. Kindler's ladies (there are twenty in his orchestra) and gentlemen. Orchestras have a way of sounding remote when they are on the Metropolitan stage, and perhaps there should be a shell for instrumental concerts on that platform. Nevertheless, it was evident that the band was a good one and that it was well led by Mr. Kindler. The apparently tireless Miss Traubel was on hand for this event, singing several Beethoven songs brilliantly, and Egon Petri contributed a fine performance of Liszt's A-major piano concerto. A new work on the program was Bernard Wagenaar's "Song of Mourning," a subdued and deeply felt memorial for Hollanders who have died during the war in defense of their liberty.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Discovery of a comet, faintly invisible to the naked eye, not far from the South Pole, was announced in New Zealand.—*Minneapolis Star-Journal.*

Oh, subtle tail of light!



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BOOKS

Children's Books at Christmastime

THIS winter there are many delightful picture books for young children, but first-rate fiction for the reading years of childhood is scarce, particularly stories of the present. This is not a serious matter, since there is no special value for a young reader in a recent book, and this year you can give him, instead, some of the fine new editions of the timeless favorites. The most spectacular of these, the Pantheon edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," has already been discussed in this department. Another good Pantheon book is the reprint of "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," with, wonderfully enough, the Gustave Doré illustrations, which could never be bettered. To me the book seems a treasure, and at three dollars and seventy-five cents a reasonable one, considering its big pages and its adequate reproduction of the Doré engravings. It is possible that I have a special fondness for the book because as a child the only time I ever saw it was at a friend's house, when it was brought out as an event and read aloud with many admonitions about not touching the precious engravings. Whether the Baron's grandiose lies will seem as entertaining to a new generation of children as they did to me I can't guarantee, but it is worth a try.

"The Book of Books," the King James version of the Bible, abridged and with editorial comment by Wilbur Owen Sypherd, and designed and illustrated with drawings and maps by W. A. Dwiggins, is intended for readers of high-school age. Any Dwiggins book has dignity, and the publishers (Knopf) have done a beautiful job of bookmaking. Open the volume anywhere and the pages lie flat and smooth, as they should in every Bible. Professor Sypherd's emphasis is on the Bible as literature and he has grouped the text under descriptive headings, such as "Historical and Biographical Narrative" and "The Short Story" (Ruth, Esther, Jonah), and has set the Psalms and other poetic sections in verse form. I have never very much liked abridged editions of any books, because they always seem to omit the passages one most wants to find, yet I can believe that "The Book of Books" will be useful. Perhaps what convinced me was a spirited series of letters to the editor which I happened upon recently in a school paper. The tenor of the correspondence was that if the boys were going to have to listen to a chapter from the Bible in morning chapel (and quite a few of the letters argued that they ought to have to), they wished the Bible selections could be discussed, explained, or commented upon. Professor Sypherd's notes and Mr. Dwiggins' maps may be just what these boys are looking for.

Another beautiful reprint is the Limited Editions Club's "Wind in the Willows," illustrated by Arthur Rackham, which is now for the first time made available to the general public, by Heritage Press. I never used to care for the Rackham fairy-tale illustrations; as a child, I found his darksome forests and tortured tree trunks rather gloomy. But here Rackham is in cheerful mood, and children could hardly help liking the detail and delicate colors of his pictures, unless, of course, they are already little traditionalists who believe Kenneth Grahame should be illustrated only by Ernest Shepard.

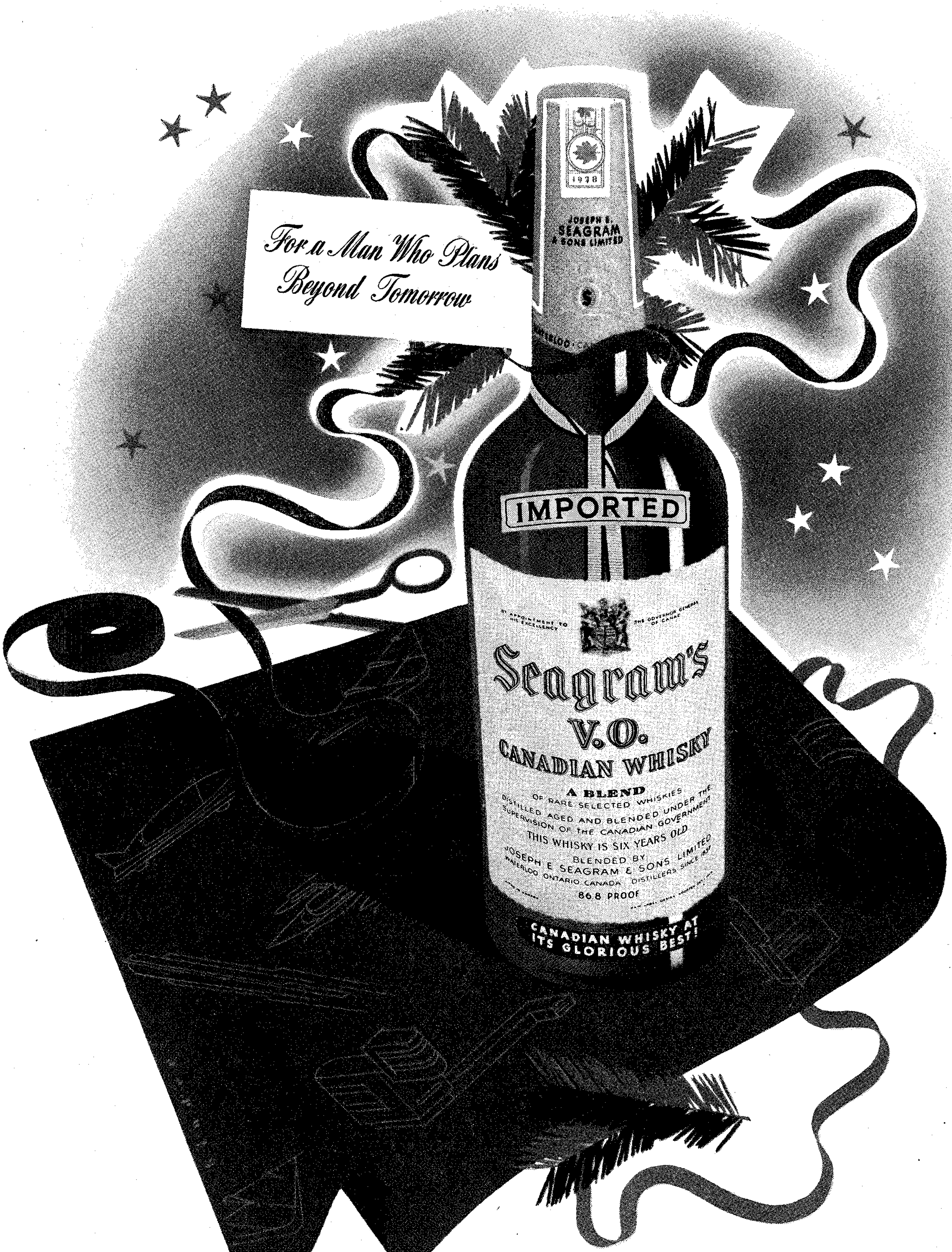
By and large, the paper shortage does not seem to exist, or at least is not apparent, in the field of children's books. Big type, wide margins, and luxurious format are the rule, not the exception. But shortages of paper and of space are really severe for this magazine. Therefore, the semiannual list which follows is shorter than usual and cannot pretend to be more than a sampling of some of the types of juvenile books. For convenience, the titles are grouped under headings; in each group, the books start with those for the youngest children and progress to those for older readers:

For the Picture-Book Age

Mother Goose, selected and illustrated by Tasha Tudor (Oxford University Press). Parents who disliked the modernistic illustrations of many recent Mother Goose books will welcome this new, small edition (big enough, though,

BOOKS for XMAS
Helen E. Hokinson

"What I had in mind was a sort of Christmasy murder."


For a Man Who Plans Beyond Tomorrow
1938
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to contain seventy-seven verses), prettily illustrated in delicate colors, in a style which, without being imitative, recalls Kate Greenaway's.

Katy No-Pocket, by Emmy Payne, illustrated by H. A. Rey (Houghton Mifflin). Unfortunate Katy was a mother kangaroo who had no pocket in which to carry her baby. How she solved this dilemma for herself and her son, Freddy, is told in a brief, ingenious story and in big pictures done in Rey's best comic vein.

Gordon the Goat, written and illustrated by Munro Leaf (Lippincott). Gordon was a goat from Texas who, so far as having a mind of his own went, might almost as well have been a sheep. But when the lead goat steered him right into a tornado, Gordon learned to be independent. Though Mr. Leaf has not produced another "Ferdinand," children will certainly laugh at his pictures of Gordon in a twister.

Pretzel, by Margret Rey, illustrated by H. A. Rey (Harper). Another successful Rey picture book with funny illustrations, in strong colors, which portray the life, courtship, and marriage of Pretzel, a *very* long red dachshund. Greta was black, only medium long, and rather disdainful, but in the end she succumbed to Pretzel's dominant personality.

Animal Stories, by Georges Duplaix, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky (Simon & Schuster). This big, handsome volume is less a book to read straight through than a huge nursery grab bag to dip into from time to time for stories, verses, alphabets, tales in glorified comic-strip form—all of them about animals. Rojankovsky's pictures have style, rich color, and humorous detail.

The Horse Who Lived Upstairs, by Phyllis McGinley, illustrated by Helen Stone (Lippincott). An agreeable book for a child of Manhattan on the familiar theme of the city horse who longed for the country but who, once he got there, pined for his upstairs city stable and his interesting metropolitan life. The author has dressed up her fable with some knowing New York detail, and the artist, a newcomer of distinction, has contributed delightful pictures.

Prayer for a Child, by Rachel Field, illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones (Macmillan). Rachel Field wrote this simple and touching prayer for her own daughter. Here the prayer is made into a picture book with twelve pages in clear, soft colors to illustrate the twenty-two lines of the poem. Little children, memorizing the words and studying the pictures, will find that they treat of familiar things which are close to their hearts.

Pandora, written and illustrated by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper). Pandora is a Persian cat, and surely no Persian has ever been better portrayed than this one is in the luscious crayon portraits and the expert pen-and-ink pictures which fill the big pages of this handsome book. The text is first-rate, too—the briefest of stories, about a mischievous cat, an inquiring small boy, and a distracted mother who are right out of life.

The Park Book, by Charlotte Zolotow,

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

The Road Back to Paris, by A. J. Liebling (*Doubleday, Doran, $3*).

The observations and personal record of a *New Yorker* correspondent in France, England, North Africa, and on the high seas, from the fall of France through most of 1943. Remarkably well-informed stories of the struggle for goals now won.

The Better Taylors, by Richard Taylor (*Random House, $2.50*).

Mr. Taylor's first collection of drawings of his round-eyed people, mostly women, in about a hundred and seventy-five predicaments.

The Portable Dorothy Parker (*Viking, $2*).

All the poems from "Not So Deep as a Well" and all the stories from "Here Lies," the author's two previous collections, together with five stories and a poem never before in book form. The definitive Parker.

The Summer Landscape, by Rolfe Humphries (*Scribner, $1.75*).

A new collection of verse by a sensitive and gifted lyric poet.

Spots by Suba (*Dutton, $1*).

A small volume of this artist's graceful and witty black-and-white drawings of children, grownups, and animals, which have long decorated the pages of *The New Yorker.*

Crazy like a Fox, by S. J. Perelman (*Random House, $2.50*).

Any subject that the old master wants to tackle is doomed to devastation. In this new compilation, he takes on forty-six, from beekeeping to oral hygiene, and the result is the usual chaos.

Grandmother and the Comet, by Victoria Lincoln (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50*).

The author of "February Hill" presents thirty diverting short stories which, in a subtitle, she disarmingly calls "insubstantial." They are interspersed with nearly a dozen brief poems.

Is It Anyone We Know? by George Price (*Murray Hill, $2.49*).

A collection of all the cartoons from two earlier books, "Good-Humor Man" and "It's Smart to Be People," and twenty-five cartoons that have not appeared in a book before. Some three hundred drawings of Price's frowzy but engaging people.

Pétain, the Old Man of France, by Janet Flanner (*Simon & Schuster, $1*).

A full and often mordant portrait of the Marshal and a compact history of the Third Republic.

Peter Arno's Man in the Shower (*Simon & Schuster, $2.50*).

This is the artist's first album to appear in three years. Besides the title picture, there are a hundred and fourteen other lively drawings of the Arno world.

Take Them up Tenderly, by Margaret Case Harriman (*Knopf, $2.75*).

Profiles of fifteen people who are either intimately or vaguely connected with the theatre. How the author takes them up doesn't matter as much as how she sets them down.

Feeling No Pain, by Sydney Hoff (*Dial Press, $2.50*).

Hoff's first collection of drawings. Almost two hundred glimpses of his ladies and gentlemen of the Bronx and the Rockaways, generally harassed and often in their underwear.

Love and Admiration, by Louise Field Cooper (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50*).

Twenty-five polished short pieces, mostly fiction, about suburban life, by a writer who understands its humor and complexity.

Small Fry, by William Steig (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $1.50*).

An album of the Steig urchins, brats, and minor angels, from the depression years to the Commando era. More than a hundred pictures of juvenile rascals.

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illustrated by H. A. Rey (Harper). New York children know New York parks more intimately than most of us do, and this pleasing book is the perfect gift for any city child from three to six years old. In gay pictures and sympathetic text, the events of a day in a city park march in orderly procession from early morning to early evening. The street cleaner, the shoeshine boy, the old gentleman who feeds the pigeons, the mothers and the children are all there to be recognized happily by every small connoisseur of park life and atmosphere.

MAGIC MICHAEL, written and illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Macmillan). This one is lots of fun, both because of its wonderful, sketchy colored pictures in the Slobodkin style, which children like so much, and because of its rhymed story about a small boy who was always pretending to be something else. When Michael "wiggled his ears and became a Bunny," that's exactly what he does in the picture. He is something to see as "a deep, dark Well."

JENNY THE BUS THAT NOBODY LOVED, by Maurice Dolbier, illustrated by Tibor Gergely (Random House). Children and their parents can enjoy this fresh, amusing book together. Five- to eight-year-olds will like its fantastic story about a magic bus which can—and does—go anywhere in a flash if a certain button is pressed, and they will like Gergely's clear, humorous pictures. Meanwhile, the adults can have their own smiles over the author's gentle satire on Big Business and its public-relations men.

WINGS FOR PER, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday, Doran). A picture book about the war, and the d'Aulaires' first book about modern Norway. The color lithographs, in the distinctive d'Aulaire style, and the simple story of a boy who saw the enemy come and who grew up to fight for freedom have feeling and beauty.

FAIRY TALES, FOLKLORE, AND FANCY

NO ROOM, AN OLD STORY RETOLD, by Rose Dobbs, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg (Coward-McCann). About a selfish peasant who did not want to share his tiny hut in hard times with his daughter and her family, and how the village wise men cured him of his selfishness by making the hut still more crowded, thus proving that all troubles are relative. A sage and comical folk tale, written in the classic vein of story telling and enhanced by Eichenberg's amusing line drawings.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES, complete edition, illustrated by Josef Scharl (Pantheon). This magnificent new edition of the fairy tales is more a book for the family library than for the nursery, since it is too heavy for a young child to hold easily and too expensive for everyday wear and tear. But because it contains all the stories, because the translation is a corrected and improved version of the one most of us have grown up with, and because the illustrations, in the manner of old woodcuts (many of them with color wash), are so very right, it is the perfect Grimm from which to read aloud to children the well-loved tales. There is an introduction by Padraic Colum and a scholarly appendix by Joseph Campbell.

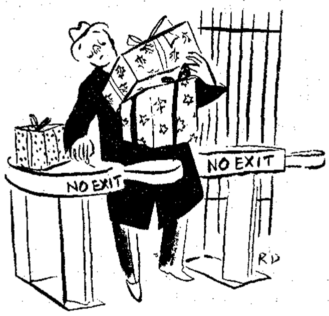
RABBIT HILL, written and illustrated by Robert Lawson (Viking). The small creatures of the Connecticut countryside who live on Rabbit Hill form one of the most ingratiating communities of animals to appear between covers since the one in "The Wind in the Willows." In their American way, disreputable Uncle Analdas Rabbit, Phewie the skunk, and Father Rabbit, who is from the South and talks in stately sentences, are as individual as Grahame's British Mole and Toad. The pictures remind one of Ernest Shepard's and of the Uncle Remus illustrations in their humorous, humanizing touches, yet they are pure Lawson in their careful execution and beauty.

THE GREAT QUILLOW, by James Thurber, illustrated by Doris Lee (Harcourt, Brace). Only Thurber could have written this story, which combines the qualities of a genuine fairy tale, set in a magic, medieval world, with Thurber's own favorite modern theme, "Let Your Mind Alone," this time told in reverse. Children old enough to appreciate the poetry and the ingenuity of the story—let's say those who are ten years old or more—will like it, but still older Thurber addicts also will be entertained to learn how Quillow, the little toymaker, outwitted the evil giant just by never giving the big man's mind a moment's peace. Doris Lee's unostentatious illustrations are exactly in key.

TALL TALE AMERICA, A LEGENDARY HISTORY OF OUR HUMOROUS HEROES, by Walter Blair, illustrated by Sergeant Glen Rounds (Coward-McCann). A comic history of America, for teen-age readers, which reveals the lives and times and talk and temperament of our folklore heroes from the earliest days to the present. The roll call includes not only the traditional figures like Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed but many others less familiar, such as Joe Magarac, the steelworker, and Mose, the New York fireman. Professor Blair has done a very complete job. Occasionally he succumbs to that awful jocosity which tends to afflict the modern teller of tall tales, but once he gets into the swing of a story he tells it with relish and vigor.

GEOGRAPHY

THIS IS THE WORLD, by Josephine van Dolzen Pease, illustrated by Esther Friend (Rand McNally). An artful and unusual book for quite young children which might be described as a pre-school introduction to geography. Such complex concepts as gravity, the revolution of the earth around the sun, the roundness and oneness of the world, the varieties of



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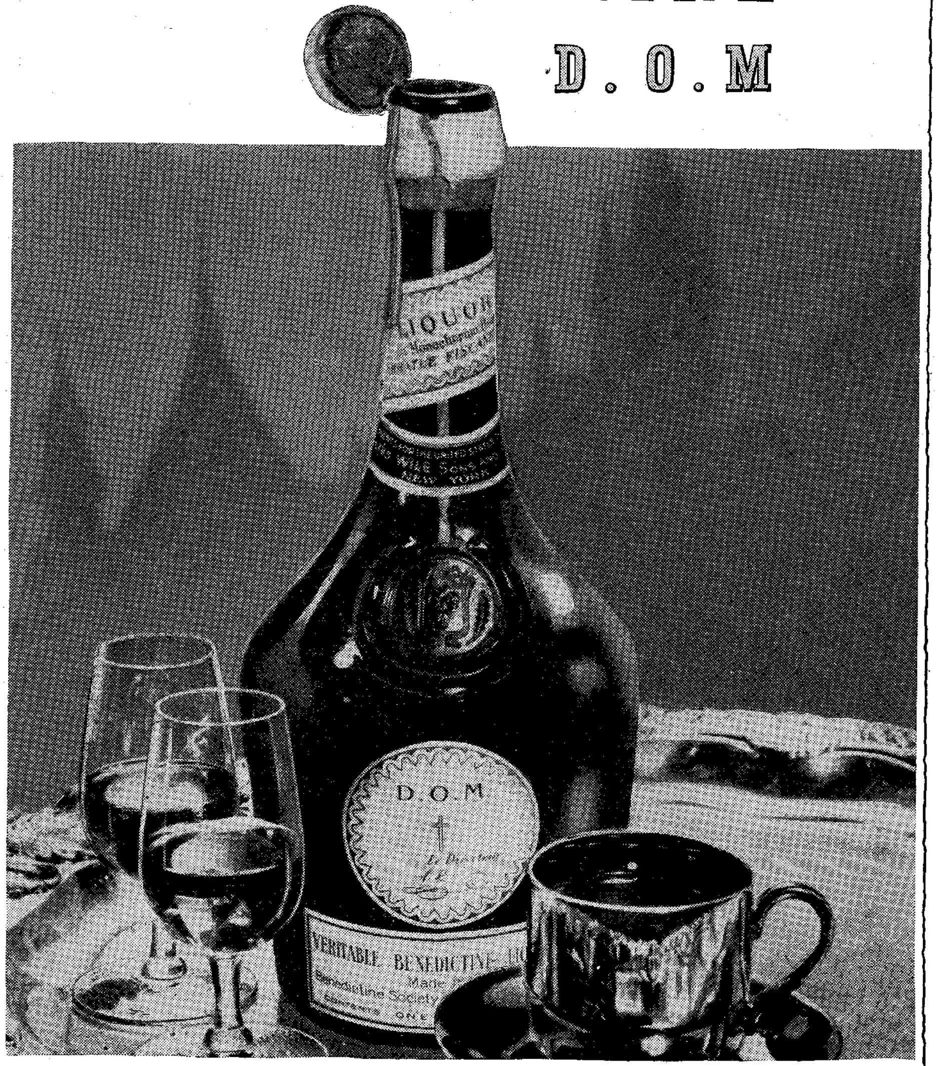

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peoples and tongues are made clear and interesting both in the text and in the gay, unpretentious pictures.

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA, lithographs by C. H. DeWitt, text by May McNeer (Harper). The seventh in DeWitt's series of big, regional-America picture books. The text of the new volume is lively and the page and double-page lithographs are as full of color as the California landscape. They cover the history of the state from Spanish missionary days to Hollywood.

MY FIRST GEOGRAPHY OF THE PACIFIC, by Arensa Sondergaard, illustrated by Cornelis (Little, Brown). Another big picture-book geography, which has sweep and color and which is particularly timely this year, when many children are looking at maps of the Pacific islands. From Balboa to the battles of Corregidor and Guadalcanal, the history is also here in simplest outline, with a few details chosen to interest the youngest scholars. The maps and the brilliant crayon drawings are clear and beautiful.

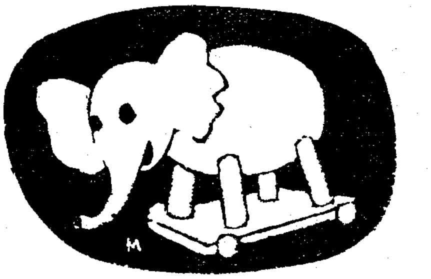
CHRISTMAS STORIES

WAG-BY-WALL, by Beatrix Potter, decorations by J. J. Lankes (Horn Book). This tiny Christmas book is a legacy from Beatrix Potter to the countless children who have loved "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and the other Potter classics. It tells the poignant story of old Sally Benson, who lived alone in poverty in her thatched cottage with only her clock and a nest of owlets for company. All day long the clock said "Tic:toc:gold:toes" until something happened on Christmas Eve to change its chant and bring happiness to Sally's old age. Since the author had not made illustrations for the book before her death, the publishers have been wise to leave it unillustrated except for a few fine woodcut decorations by Lankes.

THE CHRISTMAS ANNA ANGEL, by Ruth Sawyer, illustrated by Kate Seredy (Viking). The setting is a Hungarian farm during the first World War. Because Anna's mother hid her white flour from the soldiers, the children could have their Christmas cakes; it seemed to Anna a Christmas miracle. Well written, and ornately illustrated in the colorful Hungarian peasant style.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB, written and illustrated by Katherine Milhous (Scribner). Of how St. Francis built the first crèche and of the miraculous happenings in an Italian village on that long ago Christmas Eve. A reverently written Christmas fable.

THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS, compiled by Anne Thaxter Eaton, decorated by Valenti Angelo (Viking). This dignified, not-too-big anthology contains poems



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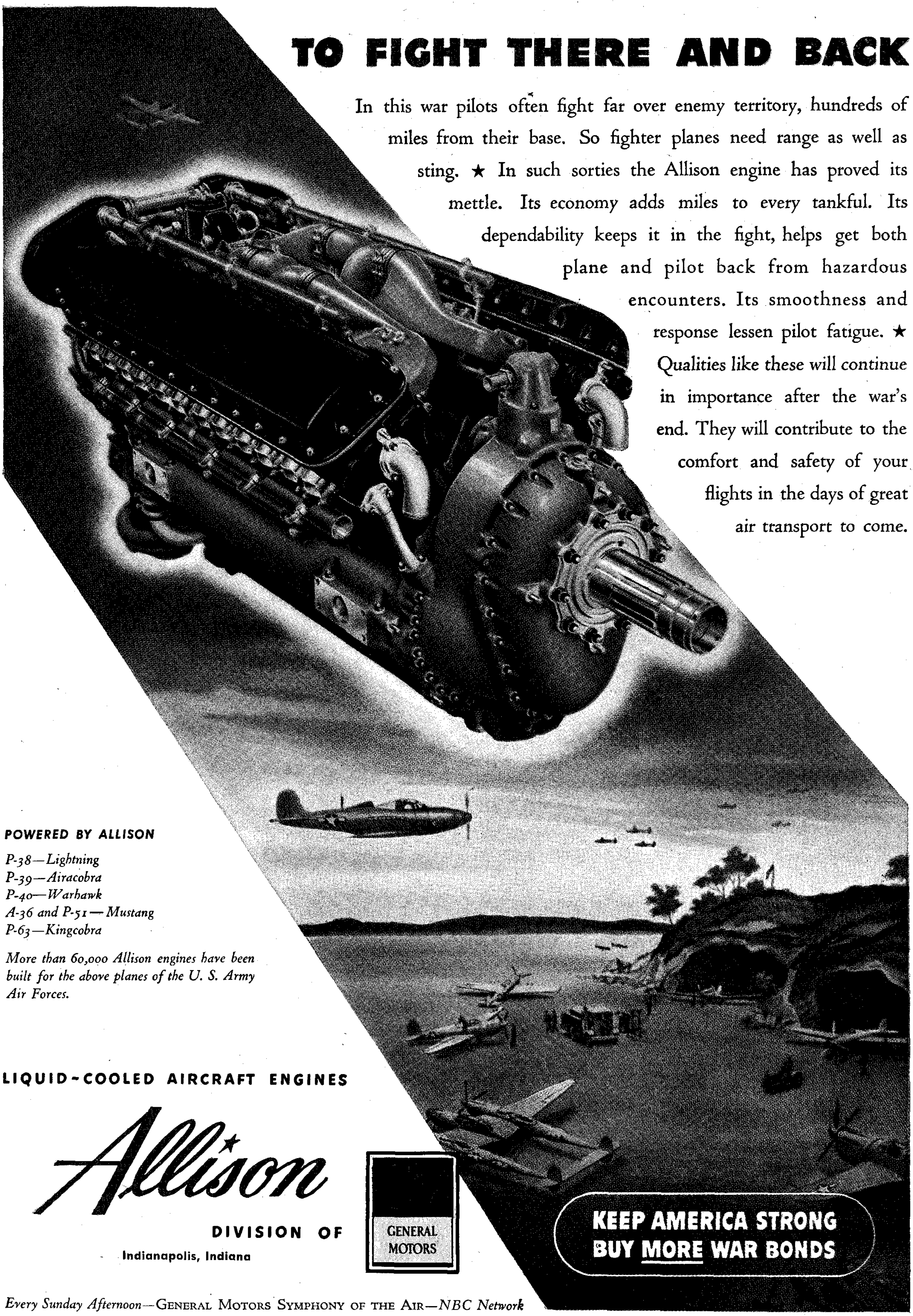

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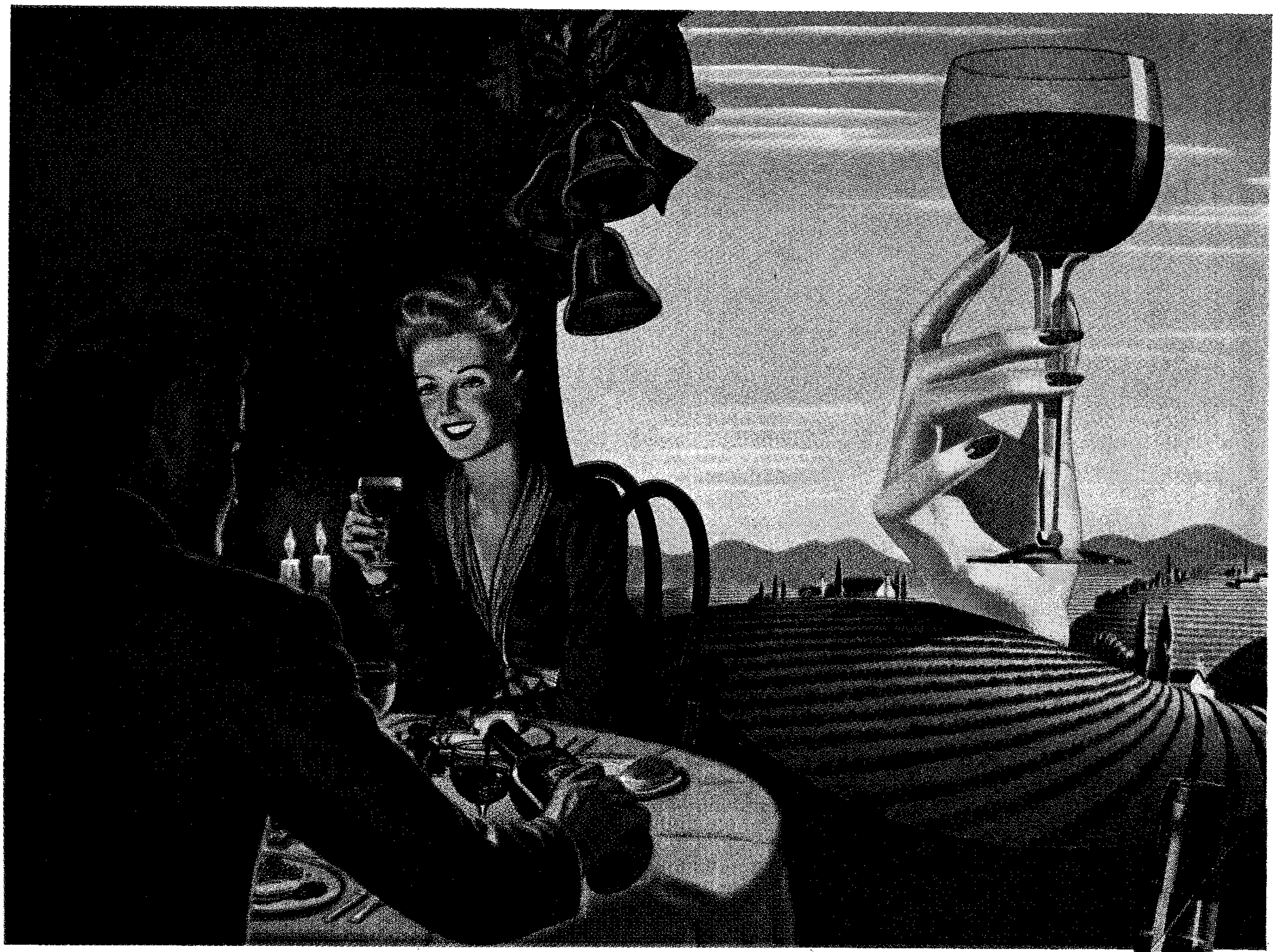

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folk tales, and short stories, all on the theme of the animals' part in the Christmas legend. Because the selection has been made with discrimination and has variety, the book should prove a useful source of Christmas material to read aloud to children.

STORIES OF TODAY OR ONLY YESTERDAY

YONIE WONDERNOSE, written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, Doran). Like Mrs. de Angeli's "Henner's Lydia," which is a favorite with children, this new book is a loving tribute to the Pennsylvania Dutch. The story, which tells how seven-year-old Yonie saves the farm animals when lightning fires the barn, captures the speech and spirit of the simple Amish people, and the pictures, in color and black-and-white, are delightful. The book seems to be designed for the picture-book age, yet its subject matter rules it out for the many small children who fear thunderstorms or fire. Those a little older should not miss it.

FIRST GRADE, written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore (Harcourt, Brace). A good book for children who have just learned to read. The type is large, the writing is simple and really good, and the pleasant story deals perceptively with a small boy's first year in a South Carolina country school.

THE HUNDRED DRESSES, by Eleanor Estes, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Harcourt, Brace). The hundred dresses of shabby little Wanda Petronski were in her own mind rather than hanging in her closet at home, as she had boasted, in self-defense, to the other girls at school. How her classmates came to realize that they had been cruel to Wanda, just because she was "different," makes a timely story on the virtues of tolerance. The wistful pictures are as good as the text.

THE DRAGON FISH, by Pearl Buck, illustrated by Esther Brock Bird (John Day). The point of this human, humorous book is that Chinese children and American children are after all very much alike at heart. Little girls of seven or eight will almost surely like the story of how lonely, black-haired Lan-may and equally lonely, golden-haired Alice, the foreign devil, became friends. The Chinese background is briefly and skillfully etched in.

PENNY, written and illustrated by Marjorie Torrey (Howell, Soskin). Young ladies of six to nine who are not too hardboiled and too thoroughly up-to-date may enjoy this rather cozy story of a shy child of forty or fifty years ago and her equally shy great-aunt. The book is prettily got up, with good illustrations in color which are marred only, as is the story, by a rather over-conscious quaintness.

AMERICAN CARAVAN, by Frances Frost, illustrated by Lee Townsend (McGraw-Hill). Children have fun with rebuses, and this is a thoroughly entertaining one, in good, rattling rhymed verse. It tells of the lighthearted trek of the Pettigrew family through all the forty-eight states in their battered old car one pre-gas-rationing summer. The author manages to work in considerable regional history and atmosphere along

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Know **Joe E. Brown,** with the mouth like Grand Canyon? Well, now he entertains literally millions of new-found fans with a quiz show that puts 80 bucks in lucky people's pockets, and brings you plenty of laughs.

Speaking of people: almost 16½ million of them are sitting in those big chairs—just like you—when **Walter Winchell** gives you the low-down on—well on *everybody*—and his brother. Winchell is a National Institution—and a national Sunday night habit. A good one to have!

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Know **Bill Bendix,** the homeliest, most lovable mug in the movies? Well, make him a riveter, give him a wife that out-thinks him, an uncle who came to lunch one day four years ago and is still there—get the idea? It makes for swell listening. You'll feel kinda sorry for him—the big mug—when he starts getting into hot water for your benefit in **The Life of Riley.**

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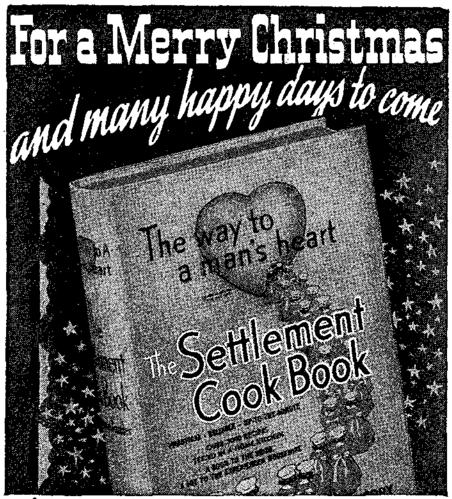

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with her narrative and the artist has furnished adroit tiny pictures which give clues to the blank words of the rebus.

THE LONG TRAINS ROLL, by Stephen W. Meader, illustrated by Edward Shenton (Harcourt, Brace). Thanks to a sixteen-year-old hero and some railroad detectives, enemy saboteurs are outwitted and the troop trains and freight cars loaded with explosives roll safely through a gap in the Appalachians and through this exciting story of war on the home front. A well-written thriller for boys of from ten to fourteen, with the added interest of an inside picture of American railroading.

THEN THERE WERE FIVE, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright (Farrar & Rinehart). There is plenty of activity in the lives and minds of the four young Melendys, as readers of "The Saturdays" and "The Four-Story Mistake" can testify. This third book continues the saga of this spirited family through an eventful summer in the country, during which a fifth child is added to the group by adoption. The series is notable for its characterization of wide-awake, modern children. For eleven-to-fourteen-year-old readers.

THE SILVER PENCIL, by Alice Dalgliesh, with decorations by Katherine Milhous (Scribner). A story of considerable merit for girls of high-school age. Such books are rare. This one is semi-autobiographical and two-thirds of it has that extra sense of reality only good autobiography can give. It is the story of a girl's childhood in Trinidad, her school years in England, her start on a career in America, and her naturalization here. The chapters on her training as a kindergarten teacher, a profession she gives up to be a writer, could label the book a "career book," but it is better than that—a real study of the development of a human being.

FROM THE AMERICAN PAST

MAGICAL MELONS, MORE STORIES ABOUT CADDIE WOODLAWN, by Carol Ryrie Brink, illustrated by Marguerite Davis (Macmillan). In the ten years since "Caddie Woodlawn" was published, copies of that book have grown shabby from use wherever they are to be found, in home or library. This new volume should be as popular with children of eight to twelve. It contains fourteen stories about Caddie, the five other high-spirited little Woodlawns, and their pioneer neighbors in Wisconsin in the eighteen-sixties. The writing is fresh and the homely happenings ring true not only of a period and a way of life but of childhood anytime and anywhere.

PURITAN ADVENTURE, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski (Lippincott). An honest, interesting story of Puritan life in the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. For the children of the story, the rather dour severity of that existence is enlivened by the arrival of a young aunt from England who flouts the stern Puritan rules by keeping her pretty clothes and her gay ways. Good illustrations.

THE WINDING RIVER, by Helen Fuller Orton, illustrated by Robert Ball (Lippincott). Azilum, the French settlement on the wild banks of the Susquehanna, where aristocratic émigrés from the court of Louis XVI took refuge after the French Revolution, forms the setting of this historical novel for girls in their teens. There is a polite romance between a young noblewoman and an American settler, both rather dimly drawn characters, but the plot has its exciting moments and the book is interesting reading because it reveals a little-known chapter in our American past.

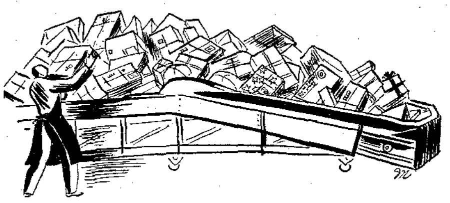
WILDERNESS CLEARING, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by John S. deMartelly (Dodd, Mead). Here, for once, is a really first-rate "junior novel," never written down, constantly intense and moving. The story is based on an actual and horrifying incident of the border wars which preceded the Revolution in the Mohawk Valley and the reader is transported into a remote wilderness life where the unusual call of a bird or the fright of a wandering farm animal spells danger. Parallel with the action runs the delicate and convincing love story of a boy and girl of sixteen.

BIOGRAPHY

GENERAL IKE EISENHOWER, by Delos Lovelace, illustrated with photographs (Crowell). Someday a better juvenile biography of Eisenhower than this one will be written, but until it is, this easy-going narrative of the General's life will serve as a source of facts and anecdotes about the modest man who has been relatively unpublicized. The writing leaves much to be desired, but at least the author's approach is almost entirely factual and disarmingly unpretentious. Most young people will want to read the book.

STANLEY'S AFRICA, written and illustrated by Rafaello Busoni (Viking). The name Henry Morton Stanley, which was a household word a generation and more ago, means little to young people today, and Mr. Busoni has done a service in telling the romantic story of the reporter explorer factually and without undue admiration. The book, though, is less a biography than a study of Africa—what it was like when Stanley went to find Dr. Livingstone and how it has developed since Stanley's later explorations. Lively reading for anyone old enough to cope with the author's rather jumpy organization of his first-rate material. Good illustrations and maps.

TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS, THE STORY OF JOHANN STRAUSS, by David Ewen, illustrated by Edgard Cirlin (Holt). The early part of the younger Johann Strauss's life, saddened and made difficult by the rift between him and his father, is in strange contrast to his later years of almost fabulous success and popularity. Mr. Ewen has written a facile account of the lives of both father and son, but the book has less value as a portrait and biography than



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as a memorial to the Vienna of the last half of the nineteenth century, the gay, lost Vienna of coffee houses and waltz music. Pleasing illustrations in line, a complete list of the compositions of Johann, Jr., a list of recordings, and the music of the themes of his major waltzes add to the usefulness of this attractive book.

Raymond L. Ditmars, His Exciting Career with Reptiles, Animals, and Insects, by L. N. Wood, illustrated with photographs (Messner). On the score of being readable, this biography is tops for the season. Fluently and sensibly written, it tells the story of the self-taught scientist who loved snakes and elevated them to a respectable status in popular esteem. Ditmars not only did much to make our own Bronx Zoo the exciting place it is now but was also a pioneer in the filming of animals in action and in the development of antivenins. His life had never a dull moment, nor has this book, which is crammed full of good anecdotes, both funny and hair-raising.

Flying and Fighting

Some of the better fact books on aviation and the armed services are: "The Aviation Dictionary for Boys and Girls," edited by Leslie E. Neville, illustrated by Gregorio Prestopino (Whittlesey House)—the words and terminology anyone needs to know in discussing planes and aeronautics, with clear, explanatory diagrams and pictures.... "Planes in Action" and "How Planes Get There," both volumes by Dickey Meyer and illustrated by Da Costa (Harper)—useful handbooks, the first on level flight and aerobatics, the second on aerial navigation.... "Pilots All," by Henry Felsen, with photographs (Harper)—a description of the twenty-odd types of civilian and Army pilots, and stories about many men who have become famous at their particular flying jobs.... "American Tanks and Tank Destroyers," by Elizabeth Mallett Conger, with photographs (Holt)—fascinating stuff on the vehicles, weapons, training, and battles of the Armored Forces.... "We Build, We Fight! The Story of the Seabees," by Hugh B. Cave (Harper), with photographs (extra-good ones) and text which tell of the Seabees' heroic work in this war.... "Brave Ships of World War II," by Joseph Leeming, illustrated by Grattan Condon (Nelson)—stories of the major naval engagements of this war, from the destruction of the Graf Spee to the sinking of the Scharnhorst, and mighty exciting reading. —K. S. W.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[From an article in Screen Guide]

The waitress in the Universal commissary served Turhan Bey's luncheon companion a plate of cold cuts. Turhan had ordered something else, but he helped himself to the cold cuts with the simple explanation, "I think I like this better."

If anyone else did it, you would resent it. But Turhan took the other plate without apology and with the perfect ease that comes from being at home in the world—especially in Hollywood these days.

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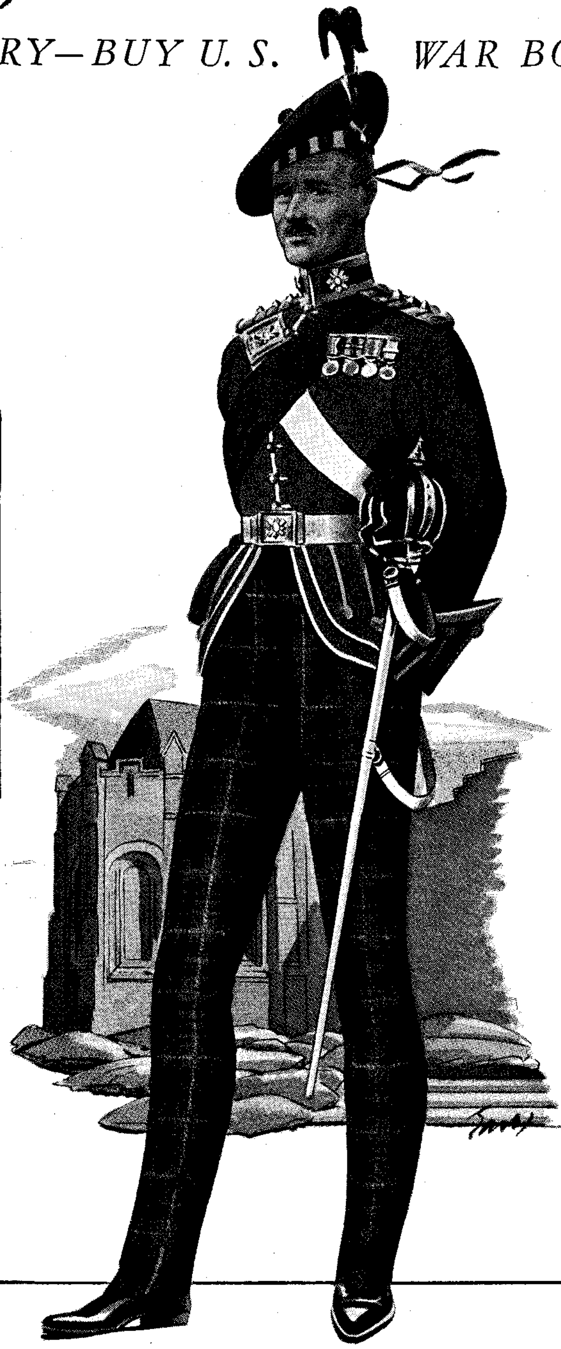

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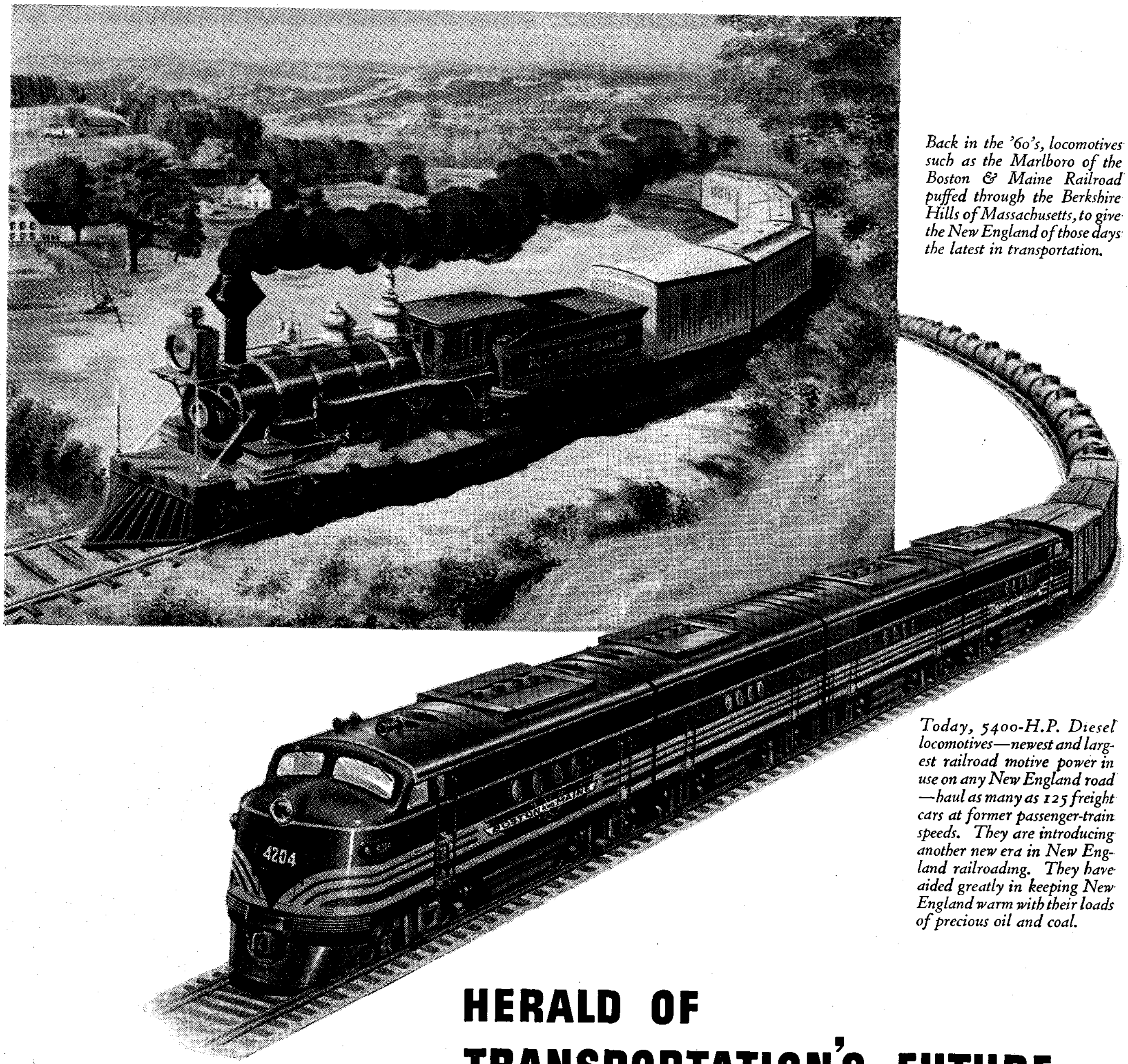

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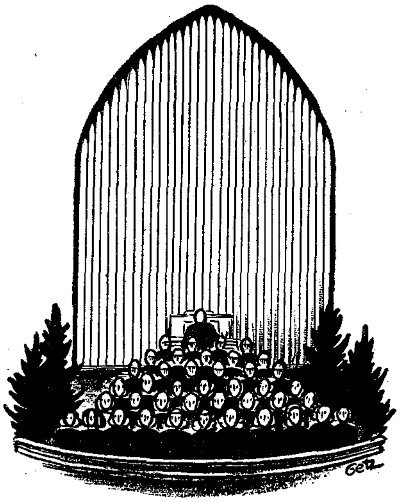
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—*A superior melodrama, now in its* fourth year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are involved in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 30.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mats. Mon., Thurs., and Fri., Dec. 25, 28, and 29, at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A. M. G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its rather patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West, after pretending for a while that she was Duse, has gone right back to being Diamond Lil. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Dec. 25, at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—Not even Ethel Barrymore or the resources of the Theatre Guild can do much with this adaptation of Franz Werfel's novel. Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner are also in the cast. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hand in Glove—A murderer tries to pin his crimes on an imbecile, but the evening is rather more static than you'd expect. With Isobel Elsom and George Lloyd. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Moves on Mon., Dec. 25, to the Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Something about a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mats. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri., Dec. 25, 26, 28, and 29, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Wed., Dec. 27, at 2:35.)

In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase's vehicle for Ilka Chase has something to do with love and the cosmetic trade but practically nothing to do with the theatre. Frederic Tozere, Paul McGrath, and Francis De Sales are among her fashionable admirers. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., Dec. 27, at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superior play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of the vapors. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Rather frail George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Dec. 25, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Little Women—A revival of the Marian DeForest dramatization, with Mary Welch, Frances Reid, and Margot Stevenson. Directed by Jessie Royce Landis and produced by Eddie Dowling. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly through Sat., Dec. 23, at 8:30. Mats. Sun. through Tues., Dec. 24-26, and Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, at 2:30.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory in Samson Raphaelson's study of a couple who find matrimony gets a little wearing after the first ten years. Chiefly a dialogue, and not a very interesting one at that. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few *thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by* Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges and *Cornelia Otis Skinner.* (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Closed Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 21-24. Nightly thereafter at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. A personal triumph for a young actor called Billy Redfield, who is chiefly assisted by Elspeth Eric, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, and Enid Markey. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie make up the cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. The sets, costumes, and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching, however, and Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunn ilarious vers
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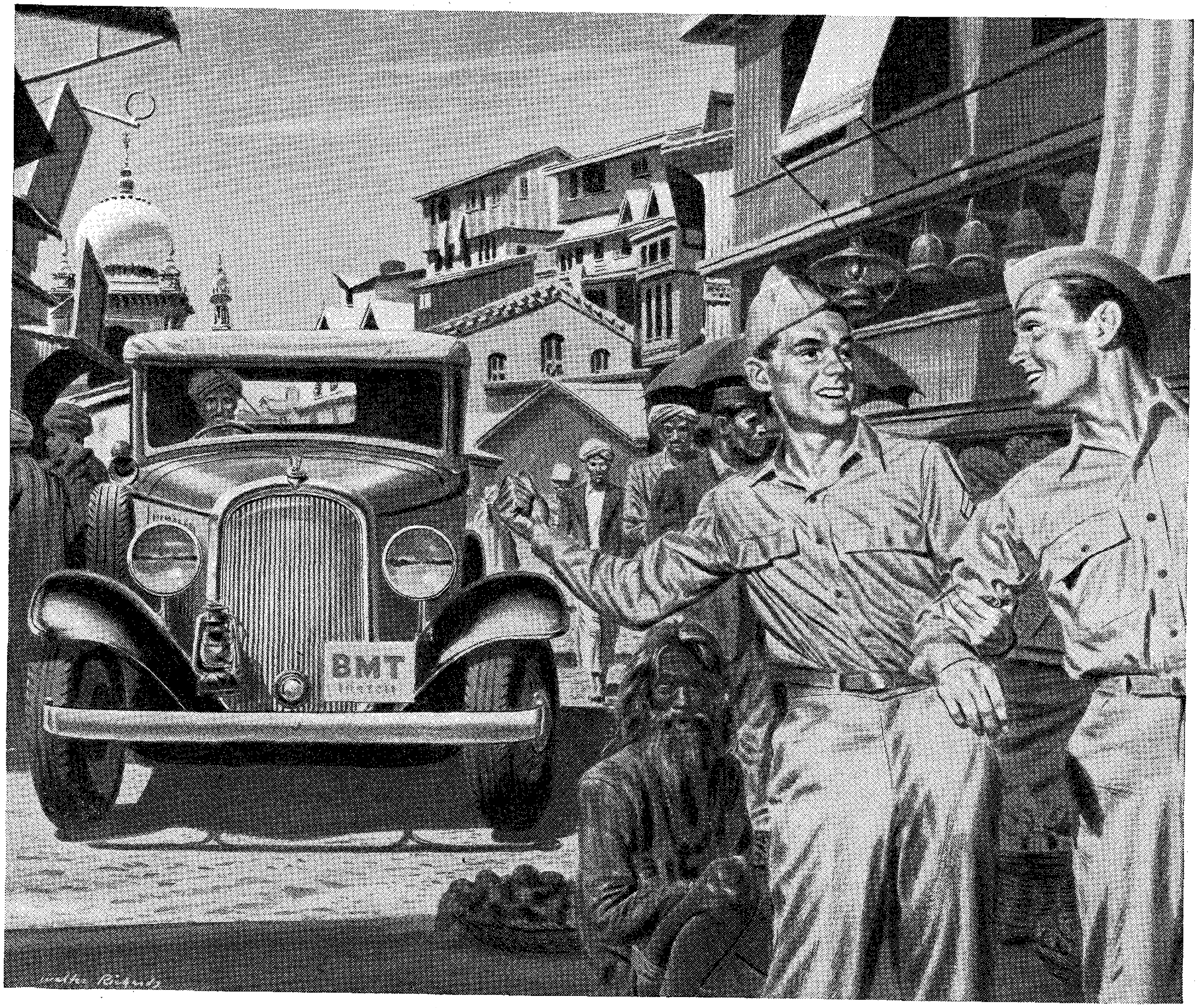

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Look what's still buzzin' in Bombay!"

Two G.I.'s hailed a taxi in Bombay, India — then whistled with surprise. For the cab that rolled up was a 1932 Plymouth. And they were told that it had been in continuous taxi service!*

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Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

- TRUE YESTERDAY —

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., E.W.T.

**Actual letter in the Plymouth files*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

LAFFING ROOM ONLY—Another Olsen and Johnson show, this time with Frank Libuse, Betty Garrett, and Fred Waring's Glee Club. Staged by John Murray Anderson; produced by Olsen and Johnson and the Shuberts. Opens Sat., Dec. 23. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOPHIE—A play by George Ross and Rose C. Feld based on a series of stories by Miss Feld, with Katina Paxinou, Will Geer, and Donald Buka. Directed by Michael Gordon and produced by Meyer Davis and George Ross. Opens Mon., Dec. 25. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. (Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SING OUT, SWEET LAND!—Alfred Drake and Burl Ives in a folk play by Walter Kerr, with folk music arranged by Elie Siegmeister. Directed by Leon Leonidoff and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Wed., Dec. 27. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:15.)

ON THE TOWN—A musical comedy with a score by Leonard Bernstein. The cast includes Nancy Walker, Sono Osato, and Robert Chisholm. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Oliver Smith and Paul Feigay. Opens Thurs., Dec. 28. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri., Dec. 25, 26, 28, and 29, at 2:40.)

PAUL DRAPER AND LARRY ADLER—In a joint recital. Nightly, beginning Mon., Dec. 25, at 8:30. Mat. Wed., Dec. 27, at 2:30. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

THE SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"The Gnomes' Christmas": Sat., Dec. 23, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.; "Cinderella," Tues. through Sat., Dec. 26-30, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 and 3 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

NATIVITY PAGEANT—With music by the Collegiate Chorale and the New York City Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski: Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 21 and 23, at 3 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 24, at 11 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL—The dramatic association presenting Dickens' "A Christmas Carol": Thurs., Dec. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call MU 4-4000, Ext. 6.)

BENEFIT SHOW—Jimmy Savo, Elisabeth Bergner, Louis Calhern, and others, in an entertainment for children, sponsored by Russian War Relief: Sat., Dec. 23, at 11 A.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. For information about admission, call WH 3-2460, Ext. 5.)

CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE—J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan": Tues., Dec. 26, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

JUNIOR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP—"The Travels of Danny Doubt and Tommy Trust," a fantasy based on a Tolstoi story: Sat., Dec. 23 and 30, and Sun., Dec. 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Master Institute, Riverside Dr. at 103. AC 4-1700); and Tues. through Fri., Dec. 26-29, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

EDWIN STRAWBRIDGE AND RICHARD DYER-BENNET—The Strawbridge Company in "The Adventures of Johnny Appleseed," a ballet in narrative form, Tues., Dec. 26, at 11 A.M.; Richard Dyer-Bennet presenting a program of ballads for children, Wed., Dec. 27, at 3 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

CHILDREN'S REPERTOIRE THEATRE—The Winthrop Ames dramatization of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Tues. and Wed., Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 P.M.; "On the Banks of the Wabash," a melodrama by Leroi Lane, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 28-29, at 2:30 P.M. (City College Auditorium, Lexington at 23. PE 6-2634.)

ADELPHI CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"The Golden Cockerel," a ballet play based on the Elaine and Willy Pogany story: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 and 3:30 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. For tickets, write to the Children's Theatre, Adelphi College, Garden City.)

HECKSCHER CHILDREN'S THEATRE—A dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland": Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom (no adults admitted), with sketching facilities and games as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, is open weekdays, except Christmas Day, from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5 P.M. (For reservations, call CI 5-8900.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET INTERNATIONAL—Tentative programs—"Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," and "Memories," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sentimental Colloquy," "The Mute Wife," and "Sebastian," Fri. Eve., Dec. 22. . . . "Constantia," "Mad Tristan," and "Brahms Variations," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 23. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

KATHERINE DUNHAM—With her "Tropical Revue." Nightly, beginning Tues., Dec. 26, at 8:40. Mat. Sat., Dec. 30, at 2:40. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An elaborate ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Enoch Light's orchestra for dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo and Hazel Scott have been here a year now, and why not? Ed Hall's orchestra is also on hand.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz piano by Cliff Jackson *and* Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in Flatbush. Carol Bruce (to be replaced by Jane Froman on Thurs., Dec. 28) imbedded in a rather incoherent show; George Olsen's and Joel Harron's orchestras. . . . The Copa Bar has the Milt Herth Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—At dinner, it's so quiet you could hear a fraise à la neige drop. Afterward, the cheerful dance music of Eddie Davis's and Murray Golden's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and lushest tropics, fitted out mostly with chromium-plated customers. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mindreader, is in the elegant Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is doing her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room, and there's also Bob Grant's orchestra, which is sweet but not cloying, and Mark Monte's ensemble, which is ditto. . . . For auld lang syne, tea dancing again every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra is in the Iridium Room, where Marthe Errolle is singing. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is a small show headed by Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh, and inconspicuous dance music.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents luxuriant dance music with a few too many vocal choruses. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Annamary Dickey and a ballet team, Volkoff and Milada, are back again at the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, when Mischa Borr's band is also around. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and all sorts of nice music by Maxine Sullivan, the Herman Chittison Trio, Claude Alphand, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca, that bright if slightly disconnected comedienne, capably supported by Day, Dawn, and Dusk and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; Jacques Thaler's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): one of those large Zanzibar shows, fortunately embellished by Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, beautiful in tails, singing at the supper hour, along with a show full of handsome but sleepy young ladies; music, rumba and otherwise, all evening. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's fine new band, which includes Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, and Willie the Lion Smith's neat new trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nice work by Stuff Smith's trio and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Art Tatum at the piano, and a hot trio. . . . **SPOTLITE**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): a new place, off to a good start with Harry Gibson at the piano, Charlie Shavers' band, Tiny Grimes' quartet, and (when she's in the mood) Billie Holiday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' nobby band, Trummie Young, and a hot trio. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

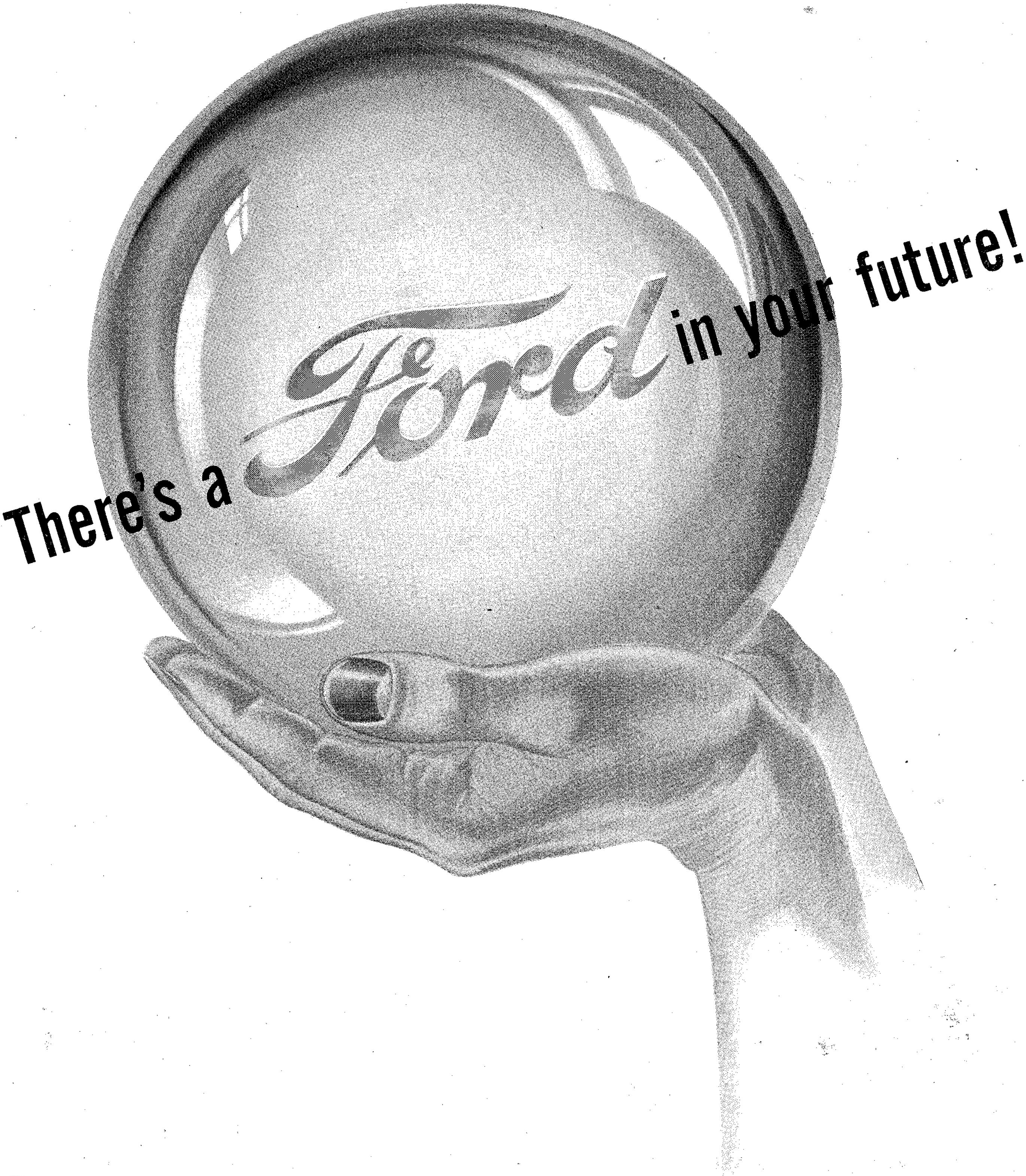
ART

(All galleries will be closed on Christmas Day.)

ABSTRACT AND SURREALIST—Paintings by Americans: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

AMERICAN—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by nineteenth-century artists, as well as such contemporaries as Revington Arthur, Douglas Gorsline, and Sol Wilson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 6. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by early and present-day artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collec-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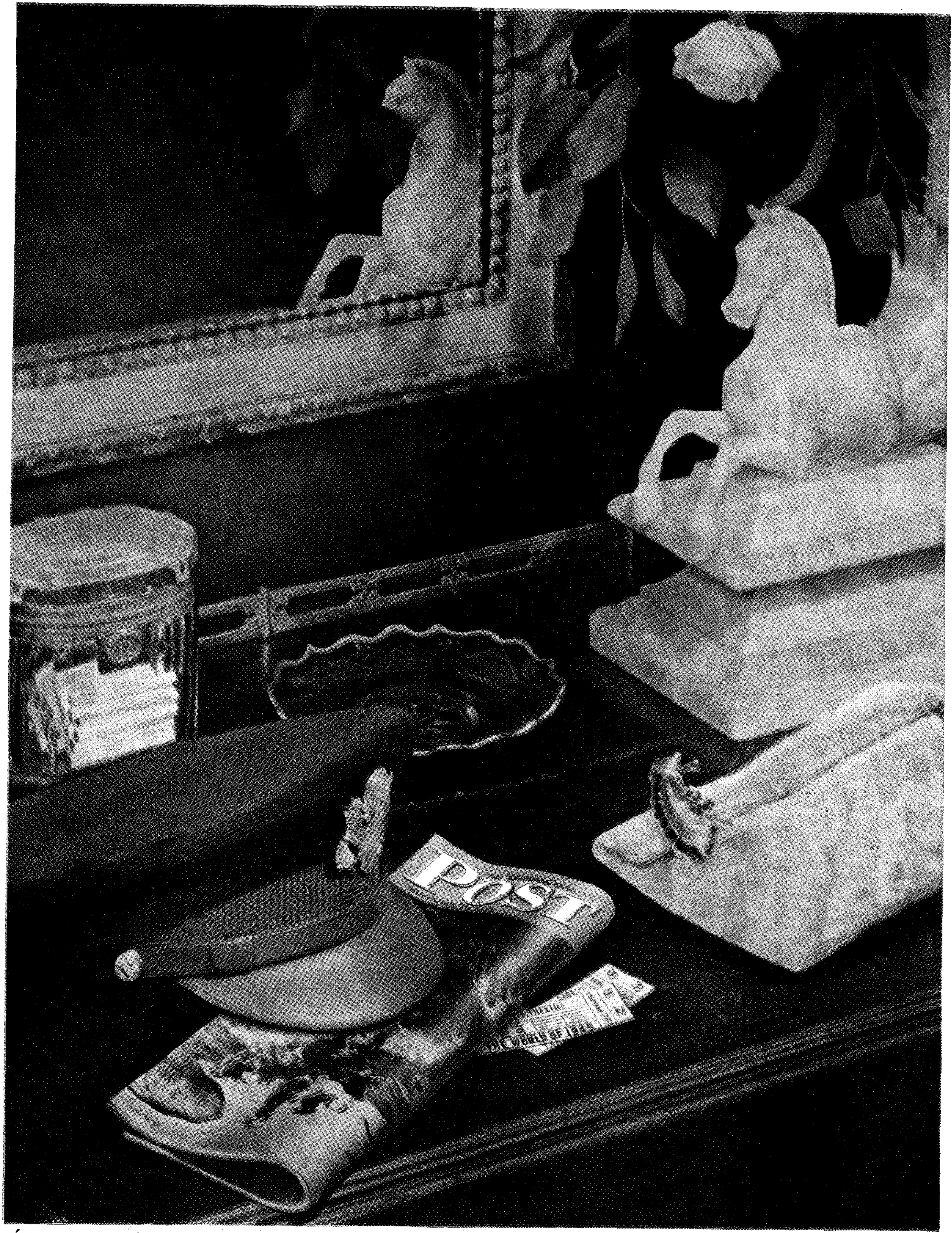


DÉCOR BY RUBY ROSS WOOD

EVENING BAG AND PRECIOUS STONE CLIP BY BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FOR PLEASANT EVENINGS... *a magazine through whose pages the whole wide world passes in review . . . happenings in distant lands . . . eventful trends at home . . . the realm of fantasy and fiction . . . yours, always, with a copy of The Saturday Evening POST.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Byron Browne—New abstract paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

David Burliuk—Recent oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles in bronze and plaster: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

Chess in Art—Painting and sculpture which the game inspired, by Marcel Duchamp, Ossip Zadkine, Max Ernst, and others: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 28.

Cristofanetti—New paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Raoul Dufy—His race-track scenes, in water color and oil: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Angna Enters—Paintings and sketches by the versatile mime: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Emlen Etting—Scenes of the Paris liberation: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

Europeans—Work by artists who exhibited at the "Salon d'Automne" in prewar Paris: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Henri Farge—Caricatures of Parisian people and places: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

André Girard—Paintings of flowers and a series on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings of the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Groups—At the **clay club**, 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Tues. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **new art circle**, 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57: a painting apiece by Philip Evergood, David Burliuk, and a dozen other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **67 gallery**, 67 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by William Baziotes, Eugene Berman, Adolf Gottlieb, and other moderns. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **nierendorf**, 53 E. 57: pioneer modern painters, with Joseph Stella, Amédée Ozenfant, Louis Maurer, and their better-known contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: a cosmopolitan collection with Vlaminck, Rivera, and others. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: the annual show of paintings for the young collector. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **levitt**, 16 W. 57: work by such artists as Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo and Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 6. . . . **bonestell**, 18 E. 57: Jean Charlot, Eric Isenburger, Joseph Solman, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57: paintings by seventy-four American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 28. . . . **willard**, 32 E. 57: a small show, including some Calder jewelry. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **international print society**, 38 W. 57: small paintings and water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 3. . . . **feigl**, 601 Madison, at 57: well-selected flower paintings by modern American and French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Marsden Hartley—At the **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: paintings, old and new. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57: drawings, pastels, and silverpoints. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

William H. Johnson—More paintings in the same simple style: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Frank Kleinholz—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

John Marin—New oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

Jacques Maroger—The former technical director of the Louvre, who has analyzed the way in which the Renaissance masters prepared and painted their canvases, applies the method in meticulous paintings of his own: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

Grandma Moses—The rural naïve paints the same pleasant countryside with increased technique: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Retrospective shows of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Works in many mediums by merchant seamen of the United Nations (through Jan. 3); also, drawings by members of the Academy and others (through Jan. 10). Daily 1 to 5 P.M.

Newark Museum, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

Kurt Seligmann—Recent paintings: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

William Steig—Drawings of Small Fry and frustrated adults: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 23.

Dario Viterbo—Sculpture and drawings; also, elaborate political caricatures and miniatures by Arthur Szyk: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Isabelle Waldberg—Constructions; also, drawings and paintings by Rudolph Ray: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Daily, except Sun. and Mon., Dec. 24-25, from 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thurs., Dec. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 22, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 24, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 30, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: Artur Schnabel, piano, Dec. 21, 22, and 24; Nathan Milstein, violin; and a choir, Dec. 28-30.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in charge of such musicians as Sidney Bechet, clarinet; Jess Stacy, piano; Cozy Cole, drums; and Bobby Hackett, trumpet. Mon., Dec. 25, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs., Dec. 21, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri., Dec. 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Sat., Dec. 23, at 2 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Sat., Dec. 23, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Mon., Dec. 25, at 8 P.M. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Wed., Dec. 27, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 P.M. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thurs., Dec. 28, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Faust," Fri., Dec. 29, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Norma," Sat., Dec. 30, at 2 P.M. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat., Dec. 30, at 8:15 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

Marcel Hubert—Cello. Fri., Dec. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Handel's "The Messiah"—The Oratorio Society of New York. Alfred Greenfield conducting. Sat., Dec. 23, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Dalies Frantz—Piano. Fri., Dec. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—L.I.U. vs. De Paul, and St. John's vs. Puerto Rico, Sat., Dec. 23; N.Y.U. vs. Tennessee, and Brooklyn vs. West Kentucky, Mon., Dec. 25; L.I.U. vs. Wyoming, and City College vs. Hamline, Thurs., Dec. 28; N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, and St. John's vs. Dartmouth, Sat., Dec. 30; at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 22; Danny Bartfield vs. Morris Reif, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 29. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Dec. 24; Rangers vs. Toronto, Wed., Dec. 27; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series Games: Sun., Dec. 24, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **museum of science and industry**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Christmas Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Poultry Show—More than three thousand entries of prize fowl, as well as Belgian hares and other rabbits: Madison Square Garden. Daily, beginning Thurs., Dec. 28, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Benefit Party—The annual Silver Spoon cocktail party and tea dance for the benefit of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service: Stork Club, 3 E. 53. Thurs., Dec. 21, at 4 P.M. (For tickets, call RE 4-3120, Ext. 10.)

Dress—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53: a fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4. . . . **costume institute**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Theatre—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., Dec. 24, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Saul Caston conducting, Sat., Dec. 23 and 30, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 23 and 30, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., Dec. 24, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Kansas City Philharmonic, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sat., Dec. 23, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Dec. 24, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 30, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Dec. 23 and 30, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tristan und Isolde," Sat., Dec. 23; "Norma," Sat., Dec. 30; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Sun., Dec. 24, at 4:30 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fri., Dec. 22; Danny Bartfield vs. Morris Reif, Fri., Dec. 29, at 10 P.M., WOR.

Christmas Programs—On THURS., DEC. 21: music for a Nativity program by the New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . SAT., DEC. 23: Paulist Choristers, at 4:30 P.M., WOR; Lionel Barrymore in a dramatization of "A Christmas Carol," at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . SUN., DEC. 24: President Roosevelt's annual Christmas message, at 5:15 P.M., on all major networks; a Cornish miners' choir, from England, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC; Pope Pius celebrating Mass in St. Peter's, time and stations to be announced; Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral, at 12 midnight, WOR. . . . MON., DEC. 25: a service men's Christmas party in England, with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, at 2:30 A.M., WJZ; King George's annual Christmas message, at 10 A.M., WOR, WNYC; an all-star show which will be short-waved to service men, and with two-way conversations between service men and their families, at 2 P.M., WJZ.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe (from Europe), Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Casanova Brown—Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan in something which proceeds comically enough up to, but not including, its climax of baby-snatching. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Dec. 23. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 22-24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 22-25. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 24-26.)

Dark Waters—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Thurs. Aft., Dec. 21.)

Double Indemnity—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Dec. 21. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 23. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 24-26. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 25-27.)

Going My Way—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., Dec. 26.)

The Hairy Ape—Not the way Eugene O'Neill tells it but still a pretty good story. William Bendix as the coal heaver, and Susan Hayward as the girl who calls him an ape. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. and Sun., Dec. 23-24.)

The Impatient Years—Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn are deftly comic in this account of what happens when a wife forgets what her soldier husband looks like. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 23-25.)

Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Very routine musical, except for admirers of high corn as presented in the songs of the late Ernest R. Ball. With Dick Haymes, June Haver, and Monty Woolley. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Sun. through Fri., Dec. 24-29.)

Kismet—Another Hollywood excursion to Bagdad, with Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman being picturesque in Technicolor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Mon. through Fri., Dec. 25-29.)

The Master Race—There is good stuff and much that is shoddy in this over-quickly made account of Nazi influences in Europe after the war. With George Coulouris and Stanley Ridges. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 27-28.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Mr. Skeffington—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 26-28.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

National Velvet—An adaptation of Enid Bagnold's novel about a little girl who wins a horse in a lottery and then rides him in the Grand National. Nonsense, of course, but very appealing. With Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Rainbow—A Russian film, with English titles, about German tyranny in a village in the Ukraine. Well and restrainedly done. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Sat., Dec. 30.)

The Seventh Cross—Interesting account of fugitives from a German concentration camp in 1936. Spencer Tracy heads a skillful cast. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 23-26. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; Mon. through Fri., Dec. 25-29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 26-29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Dec. 26-30.)

Since You Went Away—Claudette Colbert, Monty Woolley, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and other stars take turns protecting the wartime home with tears by Selznick in their eyes. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Thurs., Dec. 23-28. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 25-27. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 26-27.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—About the Navy doctor who evacuated some wounded men from Java in spite of Japs and high water. Fine when it sticks to facts. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 22. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sun., Dec. 24.)

To Have and Have Not—A Hemingway novel with a William Faulkner screen treatment, which emerges largely Humphrey Bogart. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's recruiting poster transplanted to the screen, without any important changes. Interesting as a document, but rather too slick as a play. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies—Titles to be announced. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Dec. 23.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 22.)

Disney Films—Titles to be announced. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Dec. 23.)

George Washington Slept Here (1942)—Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny in an adaptation of the play about life in Bucks County. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 27-28.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Dec 23-25.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Dec. 22. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 24-26.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 22-25.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 21.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Dec. 22.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 21.)

The Pied Piper (1942)—Monty Woolley escorts a covey of kiddies through war-torn France. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Dec. 22.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Dec. 23.)

Saludos Amigos (1943)—The Walt Disney film about South America. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., Dec. 25-29.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 21.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Dec. 28.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THROUGH SUN., DEC. 24: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon. . . . FROM TUES., DEC. 26: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sidney Greenstreet.

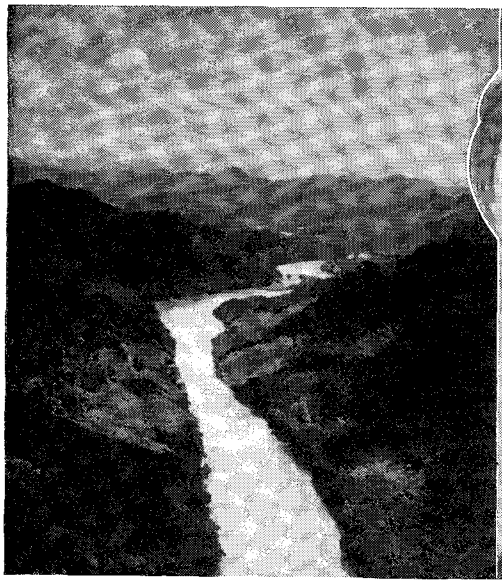
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to take a six-week part-time course in child care and then work two half-days a week in day nurseries; men and women to work about four hours a week, during the day or evening, teaching English and Americanization to foreigners. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37.) . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to take a four-week part-time training course, and then serve at least six daytime hours a week as librarians in hospitals. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work several daytime hours each week preparing food in service men's canteens.

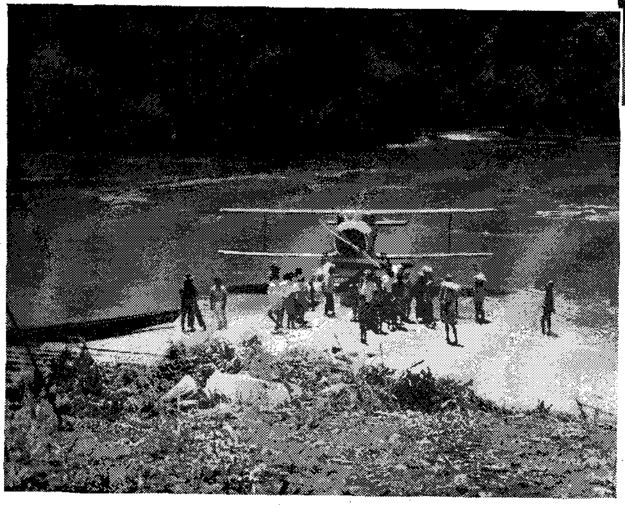
Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, small games, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 42 E. 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed fo service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.



"THEY WILL RETURN"



(Upper photo) Rivers are Borneo's only highways to the interior. An arduous six-weeks river journey required only 90 minutes in a Beechcraft.

(Lower photo) Beechcraft float-equipped biplane flown by missionaries after landing on a mountain stream in the Borneo interior.

Photographs courtesy Rev. George E. Fisk (pilot), Nyack, N. Y., and Christian & Missionary Alliance, New York City.

King of the Apo Kajan tribe of Borneo is Oejong Injau. The Japanese have invaded his land. But he and his people have not forgotten the white men who came to help them, before the war. They remember well the missionaries who regularly flew in a Beechcraft over their mountainous jungles and landed on their narrow, swift-flowing rivers, to heal their sick and enlighten their kinsmen. They know that the liberating wings of the white men's aircraft have purged other lands of the Pacific from the treacherous invaders. They know that their land, too, will again be free. King Injau and his people look to the skies and say with sure knowledge: "They will return."

Beech Aircraft

CORPORATION

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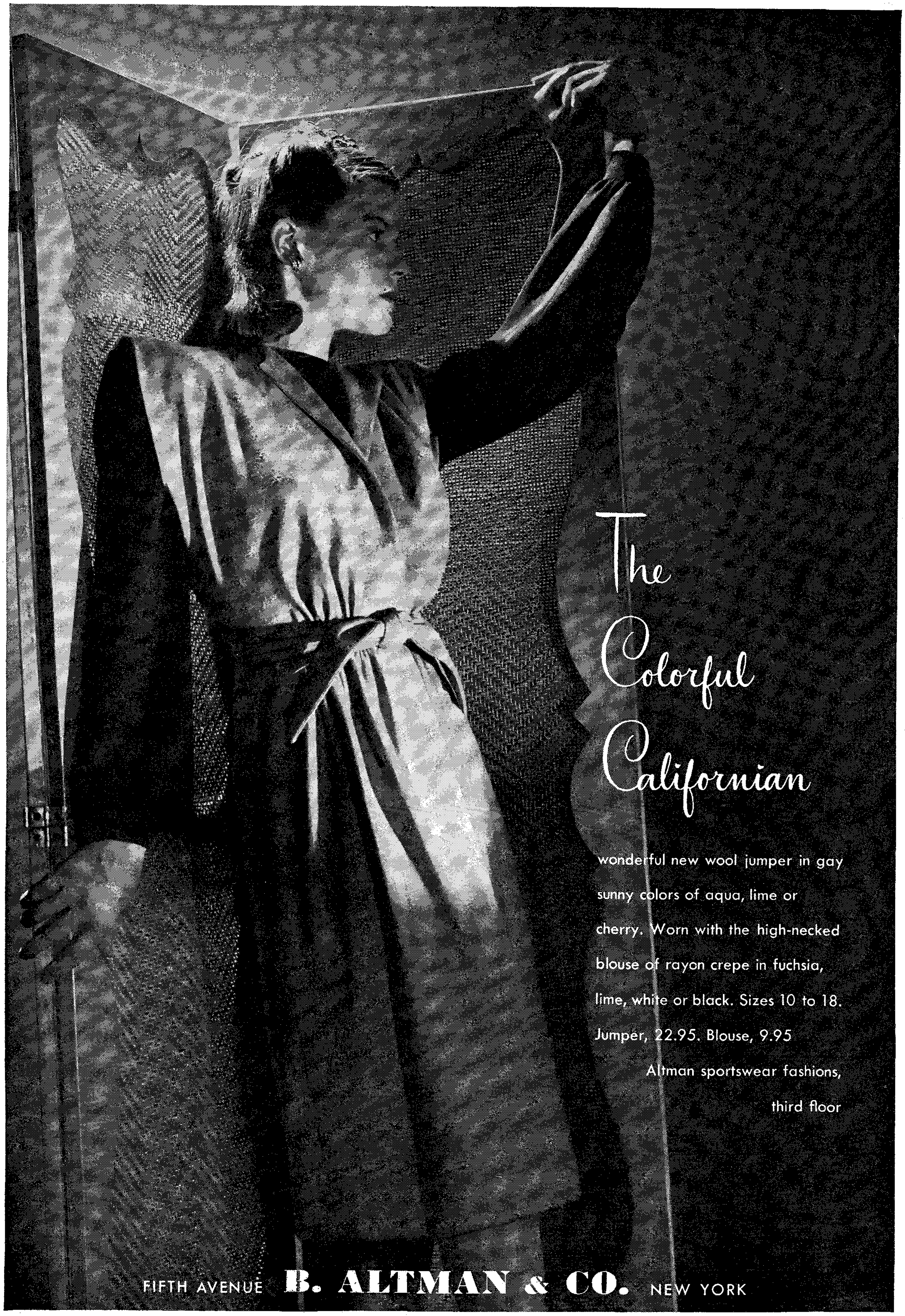

The Colorful Californian

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

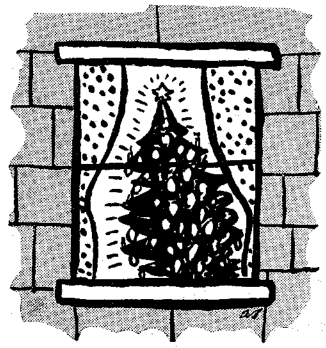
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THEY are not wrapped as gifts (there was no time to wrap them), but you will find them under the lighted tree with the other presents. They are the extra gifts, the ones with the hard names. Certain towns and villages. Certain docks and installations. Atolls in a sea. Assorted airstrips, beachheads, supply dumps, rail junctions. Here is a gift to hold in your hand—Hill 660. Vital from a strategic standpoint. "From the Marines," the card says. Here is a small strip of the Italian coast. Merry Christmas from the members of the American Fifth (who waded ashore). This is Kwajalein, Maloelap, Wotje. This is Eniwetok. Place them with your other atolls, over by the knitted scarf from Aunt Lucy. Here is Gea. If the size isn't right, remember it was selected at night, in darkness. Roi, Mellu, Boggerlapp, Ennugarret, Ennumennet, Ennubirr. Amphibious forces send season's greetings. How pretty! A little reef-fringed islet in a coral sea. Kwajalein! A remembrance at Christmas from the Seventh Division. Los Negros Island. Put it with the others of the Admiralty Group. Elements of the First Cavalry Division (dismounted) have sent Momote airfield, a very useful present. Manus, largest of the Admiralties. Lorengau, taken from the Japanese garrison in the underground bunkers. Talasea airdrome. Wotho Atoll (a gift from the 22nd Marine Regiment). Emirau Island, and ten more atolls in the Marshalls to make your Christmas bright in 1944: Ujae, Lae, Lib, Namu, Ailinglapalap (never mind the names), together with a hundred-and-fifty-mile strip of the northern New Guinea coast, Tanahmera Bay and Humboldt Bay, together with Hollandia. "From some American troops covered with red mud."

Here is a novel gift—a monastery on a hill. It seems to have been damaged. A bridge on Highway 6. A mountain stronghold, Castelforte (Little Cassino, they used to call it). And over here the roads—Via Casilina and the Appian Way. Valleys, plains, hills, roads, and the towns and villages. Santa Maria Infante, San Pietro, Monte Cerri, and Monte Bracchi. One reads the names on the cards with affection. Best wishes from the Fifth. Gaeta, Cisterna, Terracina, the heights behind Velletri, the Alban Hills, Mount Peschio, and the fortress of Lazio. Velletri and Valmontone. Best wishes from the Fifth. The suburbs of Rome, and Rome. The Eternal City! Holiday greetings from the American Fifth.

Who wouldn't love the Norman coast for Christmas? Who hasn't hoped for the Atlantic Wall, the impregnable? Here is the whole thing under the lighted tree. First the beaches (greetings from the Navy and the Coast Guard), then the cliffs, the fields behind the cliffs, the inland villages and towns, the key places, the hedgerows, the lanes, the houses, and the barns. Ste. Mère Eglise (with greetings from Omar Bradley and foot soldiers). This Norman cliff (best from the Rangers). St. Jacques de Nehou (from the 82nd Airborne Division, with its best). Cherbourg—street by street, and house by house. St. Remy des Landes, La Broquière, Baudreville, Neufmesnil, La Poterie, the railroad station at La Haye du Puits. And then St. Lô, and the whole vista of France. When have we received such presents? Saipan in the Marianas—only they forgot to take the price tag off. Saipan cost 9,752 in dead, wounded, and missing, but that includes a mountain called Tapotchau. Guam. "Merry Christmas from Conolly, Geiger, and the boys." Tinian, across the way. Avranches, Gavray, Torigny-sur-Vire, a German army in full retreat under your tree. A bridge at Pontorson, a bridge at Ducey, with regards from those who take bridges. Rennes, capital of Brittany (our columns fan out). Merry Christmas, all! Brest, Nantes, St. Malo, a strategic fortress defended for two weeks by a madman. Toulon, Nice, St. Tropez, Cannes (it is very gay, the Riviera, very fashionable). And now (but you must close your eyes for this one) . . . Paris.



Still the gifts come. You haven't even noticed the gift of the rivers Marne and Aisne. Château-Thierry, Soissons (this is where you came in). Verdun, Sedan (greetings from the American First Army, greetings from the sons of the fathers). Here is a most unusual gift, a bit of German soil. Priceless. A German village, Roetgen. A forest south of Aachen. Liége, the Belfort Gap, Geilenkirchen, Crucifix Hill, Uebach. Morotai Island in the Halmaheras. An airport on Peleliu. Angaur (from the Wildcats). Nijmegen Bridge, across the Rhine. Cecina, Monteverdi, more towns, more villages on the Tyrrhenian coast. Leghorn. And, as a special remembrance, sixty-two ships of the Japanese Navy, all yours. Tacloban, Dulag, San Pablo . . . Ormoc. Valleys and villages in the Burmese jungle. Gifts in incredible profusion and all unwrapped, from old and new friends: gifts with a made-in-China label, gifts from Russians, Poles, British, French, gifts from Eisenhower, de Gaulle, Montgomery, Malinovsky, an umbrella from the Air Forces, gifts from engineers, rear gunners, privates first class . . . there isn't time to look at them all. It will take years. This is a Christmas you will never forget, people have been so generous.

Superfluous

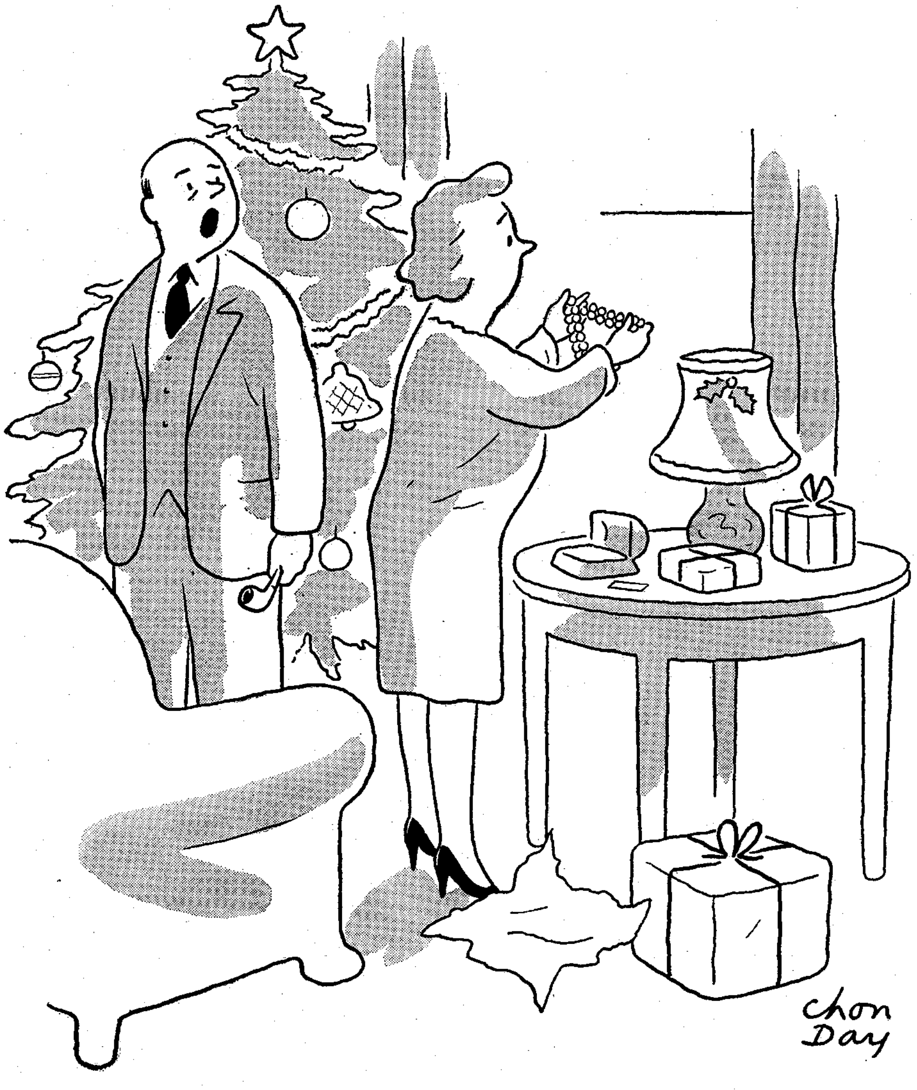
A GIRL whose beau is one of the fortunate employees of Mr. Luce recently spent an hour in the editorial offices, on a Sunday afternoon when her boy friend had to make some minute revisions in our foreign policy. Thinking to while away the time by writing to her mother, she sat at one of the desks and tapped out, "Dear Mother, how are you." That's as far as she ever got with her letter, because the machine had no question mark on the keyboard.

Sherry with Egg

LAST week this department had some harsh things to say about the postwar world, which, we suspected, industrial designers were already decking with tinsel in the backs of their sloping, low-slung brains. This week, demonstrating our widely known sense of fairness, we had a talk with Raymond Loewy, the Mr. Big of industrial design. He not only has offices in New York, Chicago, South Bend, and Los Angeles, in which he keeps a staff of a hundred and sixty people as busy as so many sleek, well-integrated beavers, but he is, according to a court ruling of some years back, the man who invented the profession. Mr. Loewy's local office, in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue, looks the way Hollywood thinks an office in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue ought to look, and we have to admit we liked it. His desk, chairs, carpet, and secretary were equally blond and beautiful, and we hung around as long as we could. Mr. Loewy himself is what the Calvert people have in mind when they talk about men of distinction; he has graying curly black hair, hazel eyes, and a slight mustache. On top of all that, he has a slight French accent. The day we saw him, he was wearing a gray flannel suit and what we are probably safe in calling a Charvet tie.

We asked Mr. Loewy straight off where he stood on the matter of chromium. Mr. Loewy answered that he detested it, a reply that knocked a good deal of the fight out of us. The fact is, we found he was rather comforting all along the line. "I was trained as an engineer," he said, "and I've got at least forty engineers on my staff. We respect machinery first; the housing for it comes second." When we asked Mr. Loewy what kind of design he specialized in, he threw up his hands. "In everything," he said. "My partners and I have about sixty-five clients, and in 1941, the last normal year, the estimated value of products manufactured according to our design specifications was seven hundred and fifty million dollars, so you can see we've a certain amount of impact. We design trains for the Pennsylvania Railroad, fountain dispensers for Coca-Cola, pens for Eversharp, things as big as ships for the Moore-McCormack Lines, things as small as a label reading 'Sherry with Egg' for the Roma Wine Company. Nearly all our clients are making plans for the postwar world, but these plans aren't as wild as you may think. There won't be any plastic-topped cars, because you'd roast to a crisp in them, and there won't be any circular refrigerators, because they create more dead space around them than they save. Most of the changes will be minor and practical—gas stations with their platforms set obliquely to the road so you can reach them more easily, railroad dining cars with tables arranged so everyone can look out of the windows, planes with more comfortable berths. We care a lot more about stripping the gadgets and fussiness off a thing than about making it look 'modern' or 'functional.' These are words we don't like to have around the office. Take a look at the new Lucky Strike package sometime. It used to be cluttered with half a dozen colors and type faces; now it's clean, bright, and easy on the eyes."

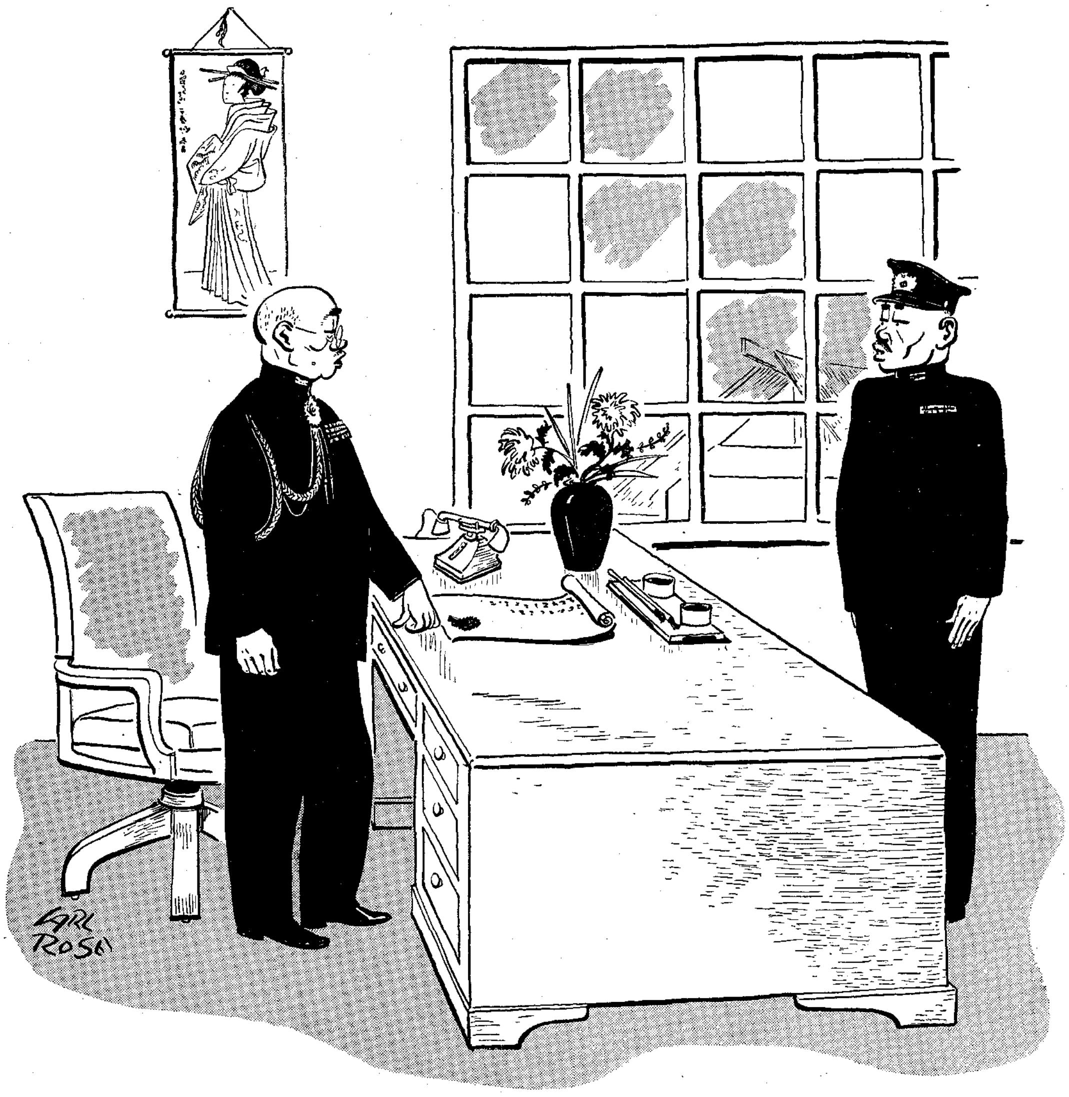
Feeling somewhat better about our future, we asked Mr. Loewy about his past. It turned out that he was born and brought up in Paris, fought in the last war, was wounded twice, and came to this country in 1919, intending to work as an electrical engineer. Instead, he found himself making fashion drawings for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. In 1926, a manufacturer asked him to redesign a printing machine. Loewy had one of the machines sent up to his apart-



"Now don't bawl your damn head off!"

ment, where he dismantled it, reassembled it, took a hundred pounds of modelling clay, and worked out a clean-cut, simple housing for it. The manufacturer was so pleased with the design that he hasn't ever changed it and still pays Loewy a sizable annual retainer. One job led to another, with the result that Loewy spends most of his time these days warding off new business.

He and Mrs. Loewy, an American girl whom he married thirteen years ago and who is a partner in his firm, have five places of residence—a château outside Paris, a villa at St. Tropez, a house in Mexico City, an apartment adjoining his office on Fifth Avenue, and a country place at Sands Point. With five houses and four offices, Mr. Loewy is always on the go. At the moment he plans, after a brief visit to Los Angeles, to fly to England and reopen his London office, closed since the beginning of the war. "There," he told us, "I'll be riding in the perfect taxi—the good old London model. The hood is so narrow that you can cramp the wheels hard and turn around on a dime, and the body is so high you can walk right through it standing up. That's the kind of taxicab I believe in, but you can't get American taxi companies to invest their money in them. Size means weight, weight means money, and we designers are always being told we have to make things to sell cheap. A small cab will cost about forty cents a pound after the war; if people would pay sixty-five cents a pound for a cab, we'd design them one big enough to wear stilts in."



"Captain Akasabe, you have just been promoted to admiral. So sorry."

Distinction

TWO young soldiers were walking up Broadway early one evening last week, deep in argument. "Look," one of them said finally, "I ain't got anything *against* the U.S.O., George. It's just that I think it's silly to go there on pay day."

Still Alert

THE average New Yorker is reminded of local air-raid precautions once a week now, if at all—at noon on Saturday, when the big air-raid sirens are tested. However, two hundred and thirteen thousand names are still on the roster of active wardens, which is something over two-fifths of the names that were on it in 1942. The roster and the wardens have been dusted off lately, on the chance that there may be something in the Germans' talk of V weapons, fired from submarines or from Europe, that can hit New York. We talked last week to a police captain who deals with air-raid wardens and he told us that he, for one, isn't sorry that the number of wardens has been whittled down. "We never figured on five hundred thousand, anyway," he said. "We only needed about half that many. Now we've got rid of all the lightweights who wouldn't have been any good anyhow. The ones we have left are good, sensible people who know what they're doing when they do it."

What air-warden activity there is these days is more or less centered about Air Warden Service Headquarters, down on Mulberry Street, which is active, as of old. The post and sector headquarters, the storefronts, apartment-house trunk rooms, and other places where wardens used to sit up all night have gradually reverted to their original uses. There are no longer any regular meetings of wardens, but presumably they still have their tin hats in readiness and will be prepared if the sirens sound in the night. Since the chief danger (if any) is from rocket bombs rather than planes, the instructions to wardens have been somewhat modified; there is no longer any reason to enforce a blackout, so they will be diverted to rescue work and the handling of traffic and crowds. "After all, a raid would be at most just a gigantic police incident," our captain said, and pointed out that the department has seen subways cave in, "L" trains collide, and buildings blow up.

We gathered that the official attitude

toward wardens is that they should do less, not more, than they have in the past, and that this is being conveyed to them tactfully in instructions sent out and in occasional light refresher courses. "During the hurricane," the captain said, perspiring slightly, "twenty-five thousand wardens turned out to help the police. They did some wonderful heroic things that just weren't sensible, like running around picking up live wires and fixing gas leaks. It was just by the grace of God that none of them were hurt. Some wardens are too enthusiastic. During the last blackout, a switch got stuck at Coney Island, and the wardens tried to fix it themselves instead of calling for help right away. It sure was nice of them to try, but it wasted a lot of valuable time." Reports from London to our A.R.P. authorities have emphasized the damage that results from wardens' trying to treat injuries instead of giving first-aid care and waiting for a doctor to do the rest. "Speaking as a police officer," our informant said, sighing, "I will say that more trouble comes from amateur bandaging than I personally like to think about." The captain's message on the possible V-3 blitz is as follows: "It's crazy to say New York will be bombed, and it's crazy to say it won't be bombed. All I ask is that people put away their first-aid kits and relax."

Uneducated

AS everyone probably knows, the Army has an elaborate system for investigating the training and ability of inducted men with a view to assigning them to the duty they'll perform best. This brings up the question of how the Army chooses the soldiers who interview the men and fill out their Personnel Qualification Cards; in other words, who wakes the bugler? However the interviewers are chosen, the system isn't perfect, if we are to believe a soldier who tells us he happened to see a Personnel Qualification Card which said, in part, "This man has very little education, and has did nothing but farm work."

Our Own Baedeker

THERE are a million fewer Swedes in Sweden than there are New Yorkers in New York. Sweden is a long, thin country, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles long and at no point more than three hundred and ten miles wide. Its coastline is almost equal to that of the United States. Fifteen per cent of Sweden lies above the Arctic Circle and nine per cent of it is lakes. Temperatures run around sixty-eight and seventy in the southern part during the summer, and the Swedes who go there for vacations lie naked in the sun for hours at a time. Foreigners arriving in Sweden are first impressed by the high cost of living and the pretty girls. Do what he will, a male tourist sooner or later finds himself being scrubbed by a woman bath attendant. Swedish etiquette is not picked up overnight; for instance, when you are introduced to someone, you bow not once but twice, rapidly. And if you are a guest at a dinner party, you shake hands with the host and hostess the minute the meal is done and formally thank them for it. When you meet a friend who has entertained you recently, you greet him and then say "*Tack för sist*," which is equivalent to "Thank you for the lovely time I had as your guest."

Perhaps the most fascinating group of people in Sweden are the Lapps, who have been described as the smallest people in the world in stature and one of the smallest in numbers. There are 30,000 Lapps in all (6,500 in Sweden) and they average five feet in height, or a tiny bit over. They aren't really the smallest people in the world, but they are the smallest anthropologists don't class as "dwarf people." They have Mongolian features and wear moccasins with pointed toes. They move about the northern part of Sweden with their herds of reindeer, seeking pasturage. Take away a Lapp's reindeer and he wouldn't have much left. The reindeer supply meat, dairy products, and leather. The leather is used for clothing, tents, household utensils, and boatlike sleds, which are drawn, of course, by reindeer. The Lapps drink twenty or thirty cups of strong coffee a day. You wouldn't believe it possible, but some of them are filthy rich. The Swedes are a very homogeneous Teutonic race; according to their computations, they have existed as a race for five thousand years. They have been a nation for twelve hundred. They had their empire-building phase back in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. Russia as we now know it was really started by the Swedish Vikings who settled around Novgorod and Kiev. Sweden hasn't been in a war since 1814. The Swedes are thorough. One of their most famous monarchs was Queen Christina, and she was thorough, too. She is said to have caused the death of Descartes by insisting on having him visit her three times a week at 5 A.M. to instruct her in his philosophy.

The Swedes used to be great drinkers. The overall figure for the nineteenth century is estimated at nine gallons of spirits per Swede per annum. Liquor is now rationed, heads of families being allowed four litres a month and bachelors half that much. Akvavit—eighty-six-proof grain and potato spirits flavored with caraway seed—is the customary before-dinner drink. It is served ice-cold, in one-ounce glasses, and is supposed to be tossed off at a gulp. At formal dinners women don't join in toasts unless invited to. Sweden is a great place for coöperative stores. The Swedish Lutheran Church is run by the state and all the citizens have to contribute to its support. Stockholm, the capital, is built on thirteen islands and has thirty-two telephones for every hundred inhabitants. (New York City has 27.2 telephones for every hundred inhabitants.) Sweden gave the world self-aligning ball bearings and such essentials of warfare as the revolving turret, the magnetic submarine mine, the Bofors anti-aircraft gun, and dynamite. The Swedes invented matches a hundred years ago and have been more or less supplying the world ever since. Just before the war, matches were being exported under nine thousand different labels in foreign languages.

Rank

AT a nearby college which trains aviation cadets, the officers' wives gave a reception for the wives of an incoming group of cadets. Coffee and cocoa were served, and there was some worry among the colonels' ladies about who should pour what. It was finally decided that coffee was a more dignified drink than cocoa, and the urn was turned over to the wife of the C.O.

Butcher's Dilemma

AS of last Friday, August Koelsch's Market, 1072 Lexington Avenue, was planning to participate in the butchers' strike; we had this straight from Fred Koelsch, the grandson of the founder. (We were just out snooping around to see what the butchers thought about the situation.) "I don't know what good it will do," Koelsch told us moodily, chewing on a piece of endive from the grocery section, "but at this juncture I am willing to try anything. I'm in the meat business since 1860. My grandfather started it and I took over from my father, and I can tell you right now there's never been anything in the meat business like this. It's a good clean business. I was born and brought up in it, and I know more about it than most people know about anything, but I'm asking you—where the hell's the meat?"

Mr. Koelsch is the possessor of a Dewey mustache and the conventional straw hat. He is something of a conservative in his political ideas and has never belonged to anything like a union or protective organization. "Of course, there's the Master Butchers, but that's more social," he said. "You know, the boys get together and talk shop." He didn't happen to attend the meeting at which the strike was voted. "I'm not what you might call a political man, but this is one strike I'm going to get in on," he said. He turned away and tipped his straw hat to a lady who was standing hopefully before the meat counter. "Why don't you make spaghetti tonight?" he suggested. "You haven't made spaghetti in a long time." The lady smiled humbly and went away. By and large, Koelsch's customers have been understanding. "Gives me a nice, warm feeling," Koelsch told us, "the way they come back time after time for chicken livers. 'That's all right, Fred,' they say. 'We know it isn't your fault.' Of course they always ask me to save the next leg of lamb for them, but I suppose that's human nature. This is a pork neighborhood. But now, where's the pork? All we get is fifteen dollars' worth a week, and to get that, eight and a half bucks have to be tied up in tongue."

For whatever dismal comfort the knowledge may afford Mr. Koelsch, he does know what happens to the steak. "The institutions, the hotels, the government—they get it," he says. "They might pay twenty-six cents a pound, for example, and we'd have to pay our ceiling of twenty-one cents. Raising our ceiling wouldn't do any good, because then we'd get the good cuts away from the government, and they wouldn't like that." He thinks it would help if there were a ceiling on livestock. "That is, sometimes I think that's the best idea," he added, leaning against his empty counter. "But the fact is, I don't think so good any more. Things just aren't the same. When this rationing business started, I used to dream about lamb chops—I'd dream of a whole string of nice, juicy lamb chops walking into the store and getting into my refrigerator. Now I'm lucky if I dream about chicken livers."

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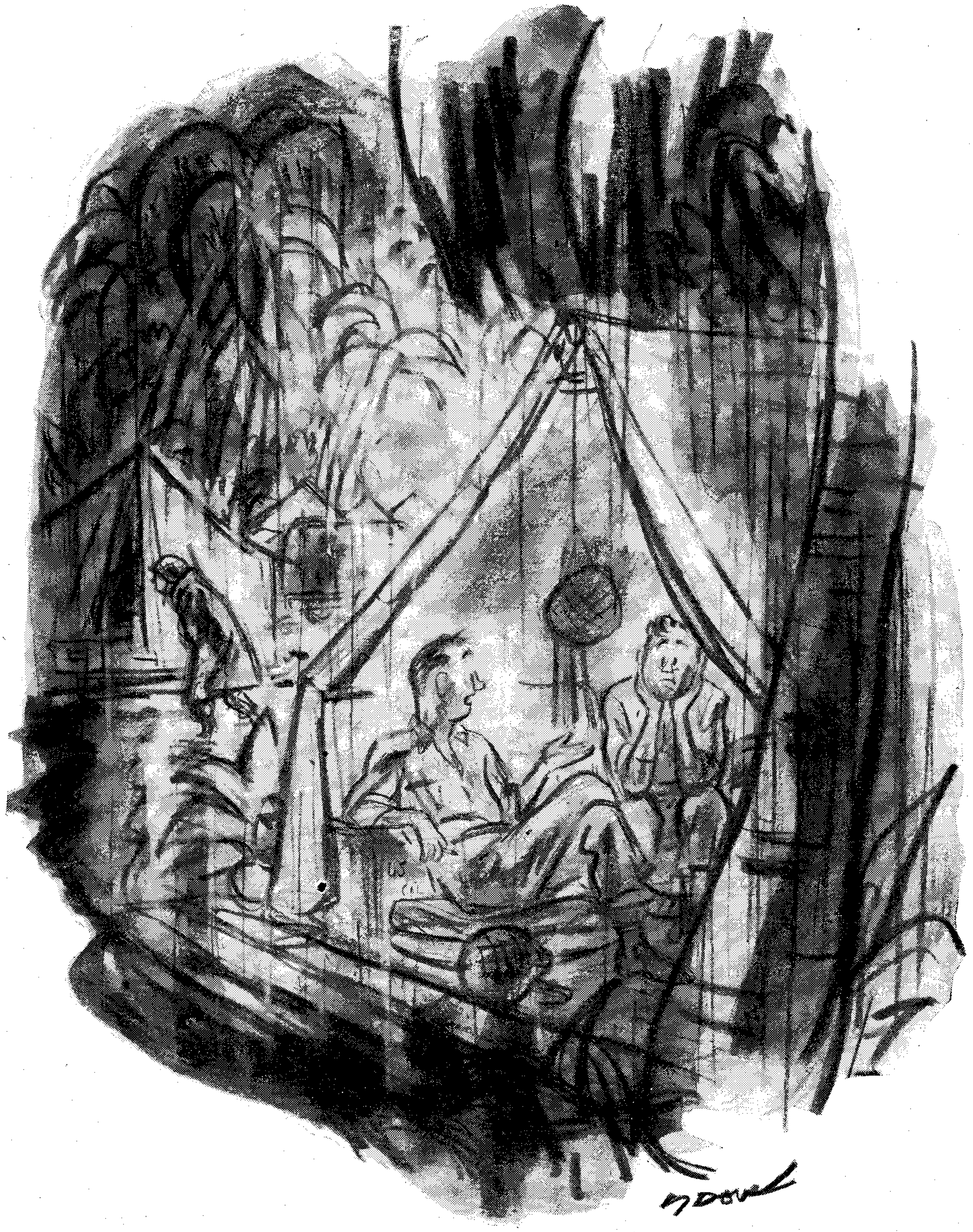
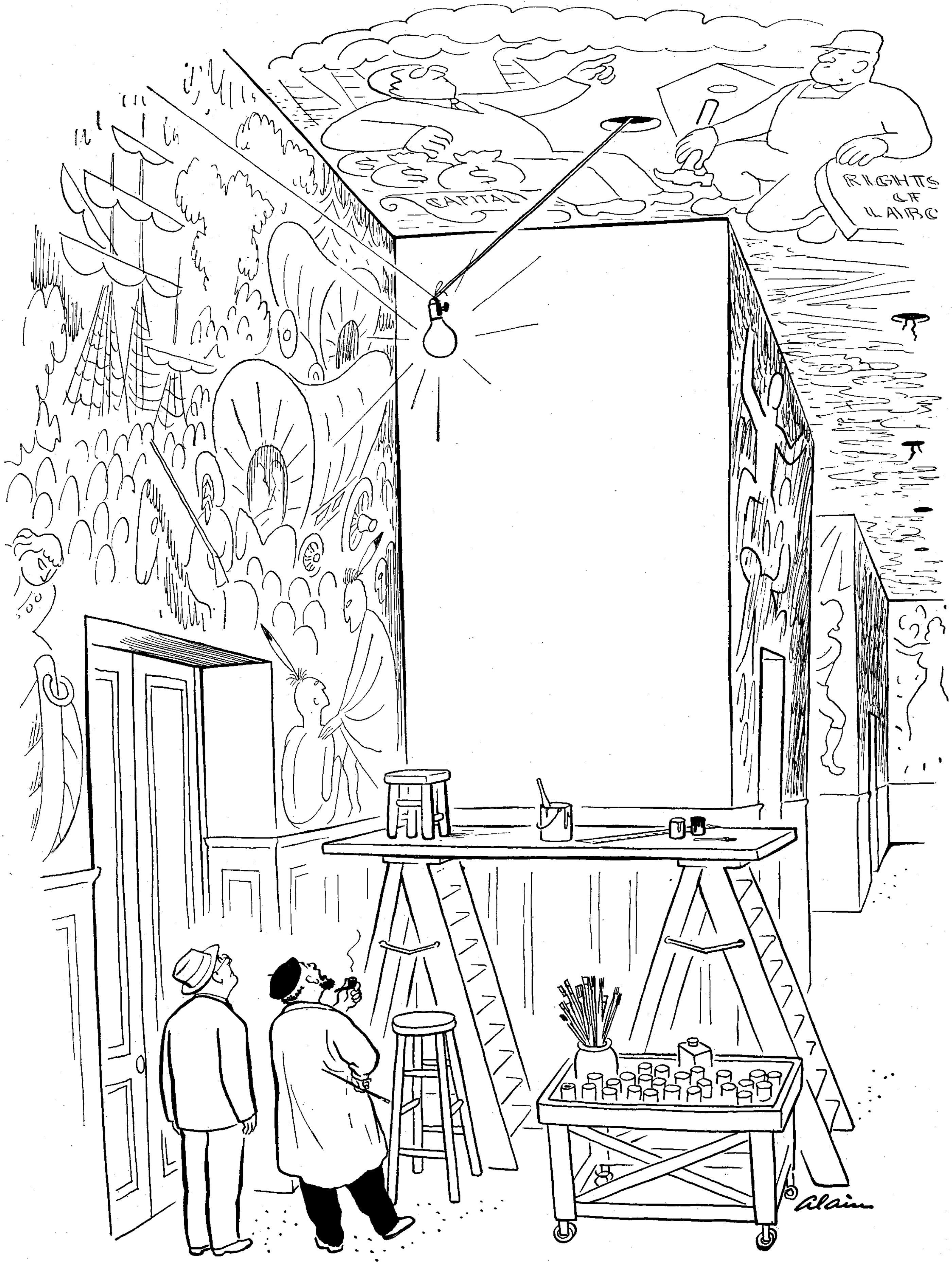
FRAGMENT of conversation overheard on the Congressional Limited: "What I miss most, I miss that prewar Christmas spirit—you know, getting fried at lunch the day before and deciding to go up to Bonwit Teller's and get the wife a present."



"The thing is not to let it get you. Use psychology. You're lost in the middle of a desert—no water for days, your throat is parched, your tongue is swollen. . . . What's this? . . . You don't believe it at first. . . . Yes, it's cool, clean rain. You're saved! See what I mean?"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"I thought of cogwheels, of course. They're always good."

MORE OF A SURPRISE

JUST after Thanksgiving Day every year, Jim and Rhoda Huston made out their Christmas lists. The lists were for each other and were nicely balanced, combining a feeling for the practical with Yuletide abandon. For instance, one of the items on Mrs. Huston's list might be "Pigskin gloves—size 6½," a good, sensible suggestion, but it would be followed by a bit of frivolity, such as "Bath salts—something spicy."

Some years ago, Mr. Huston had made the grave mistake of picking out things from Rhoda's list that he thought she really needed and he had lived to regret it. It was the Christmas she had dutifully supplied the three pairs of pajamas, no buttons, that he had asked for but had also added six boxes of tobacco from Dunhill's so that he could blend his own pipe mixture. Since then she had hammered away at the idea that while it was lovely to get the presents one needed, it was even lovelier to be surprised with some foolish little thing. Jim Huston tried to explain that if Christmas presents were to be surprises, there wasn't much use in their making out lists, but he couldn't get Rhoda to understand. "I'd rather be surprised than anything," she told him. "And it's a perfectly simple thing to be able to do to anybody. Just let yourself go."

This year, the advertising firm Jim Huston worked for gave all its employees a bonus, and when his bonus check was sent in to him early in December and he saw that it was for six hundred dollars, he was going to telephone Rhoda right away about it when a thought struck him, and he decided that he would spend the whole amount on one staggering Christmas present for her. He took the list she had made for him out of his pocket and read it. She had written, "Set of dishes—service for four—Altman's—$5.95—plenty good enough. Barbizon slips—peach—size 36. Lipstick—*your* choice. Bath towels—like the ones we have. A scarf—something *gay*. 6 small glasses—the kind for tomato juice. Heart-shaped sachet—smallest size. Bath soap—*luxurious*. Bridge-table cover—maroon. Breakfast tray, if not too much—I *long* for one. Sweater—pullover—better get size 38, as apt to run small."

He looked at the bonus check and, taking Rhoda's list he tore it into fine pieces. Then he rang for Miss Thompson, his secretary, told her that he would not be back at the office until three, and, putting on his hat and coat, started out. For a while he wandered up Fifth Avenue, stopping to stare at the displays in the store windows. It was the sight of a fur coat in Gunther's window that made him realize that he had heard Rhoda complain about her nutria coat, which she had worn every winter for the last ten years, and he walked bravely in. An hour later, somewhat staggered at the price of furs, he paid most of his bonus check for a soft, pretty squirrel coat.

"I'll pick it up the Saturday before Christmas," he told the salesgirl. "I don't want it delivered. It's a surprise."

"And a wonderful one," she said.

His face lit up and he began to smile. "I just had an idea," he said. "You haven't an old fur of some sort around here, have you? I mean, it would be pretty funny if I got an old piece of fur, something like an old neckpiece, and had that wrapped up, wouldn't it? Then she'd think that's what she was getting and then I'd spring the coat on her later. I mean, fool her, sort of."

"I see," the girl said. "I'm afraid we haven't anything. You might try a thrift shop. They have second-hand furs."

When Jim went back to his office, he carried with him a slightly worn white rabbit-fur square, for which he had paid fifteen dollars. He showed it to Miss Thompson, explaining the joke to her and laughing uproariously. "And I want you," he said, "to wrap it up. Do a job on it. Make it look like something. You know, something I'd taken pains about."

He smiled every time he thought about it the rest of the afternoon, and when he went home that night, he was ready for the buildup. He assumed a gloomy air, and, during dinner, he mentioned the fact that the bonus he'd sort of counted on hadn't materialized. "We're not getting one," he said.

"Isn't that mean!" Rhoda said.

He sighed. "Worse than that," he said. "I was counting on it for your Christmas. I've bought a lot more War Bonds than I could afford. You'll have a pretty slim Christmas, I'm afraid."

"Oh, that's all right," Rhoda said. "Of course, I always sort of save ahead for your Christmas. I always *know* what I have to spend ahead of time."

"That's what I should have done," he said contritely.

"The things on my list won't amount to much," Rhoda said.

"I was going to surprise you this year, though," he said.

"And I'm sure you will," she said brightly.

IN the days that followed, Rhoda was more than helpful with small, extra suggestions. She told Jim that nothing made her feel as gay as a pretty plant on Christmas Day—a colorful one. She mentioned the fact that small, Shocking-pink makeup cases could be had for as little as one dollar. She had seen, she said, some enchanting ashtrays, trimmed with gold dots, that were seventy-four cents. "I don't know when I've run across so many darling little things, things I'd never think of buying for myself, and for practically nothing, if a person takes the time to *shop* for them," she said.

Every time she mentioned Christmas, Jim let himself appear to be sunk in gloom. As the holiday approached, she began to watch him to see if he brought in any packages when he came home at night, and she made a great point of telling him to keep out of the hall closet, where she had hidden the few things she had bought for him. On the Saturday before Christmas, he brought the fur coat home and left it with the superintendent of the building, who promised to keep it in a safe place. Jim then went happily up to his apartment, carrying the white rabbit-fur square, which was wrapped magnificently.

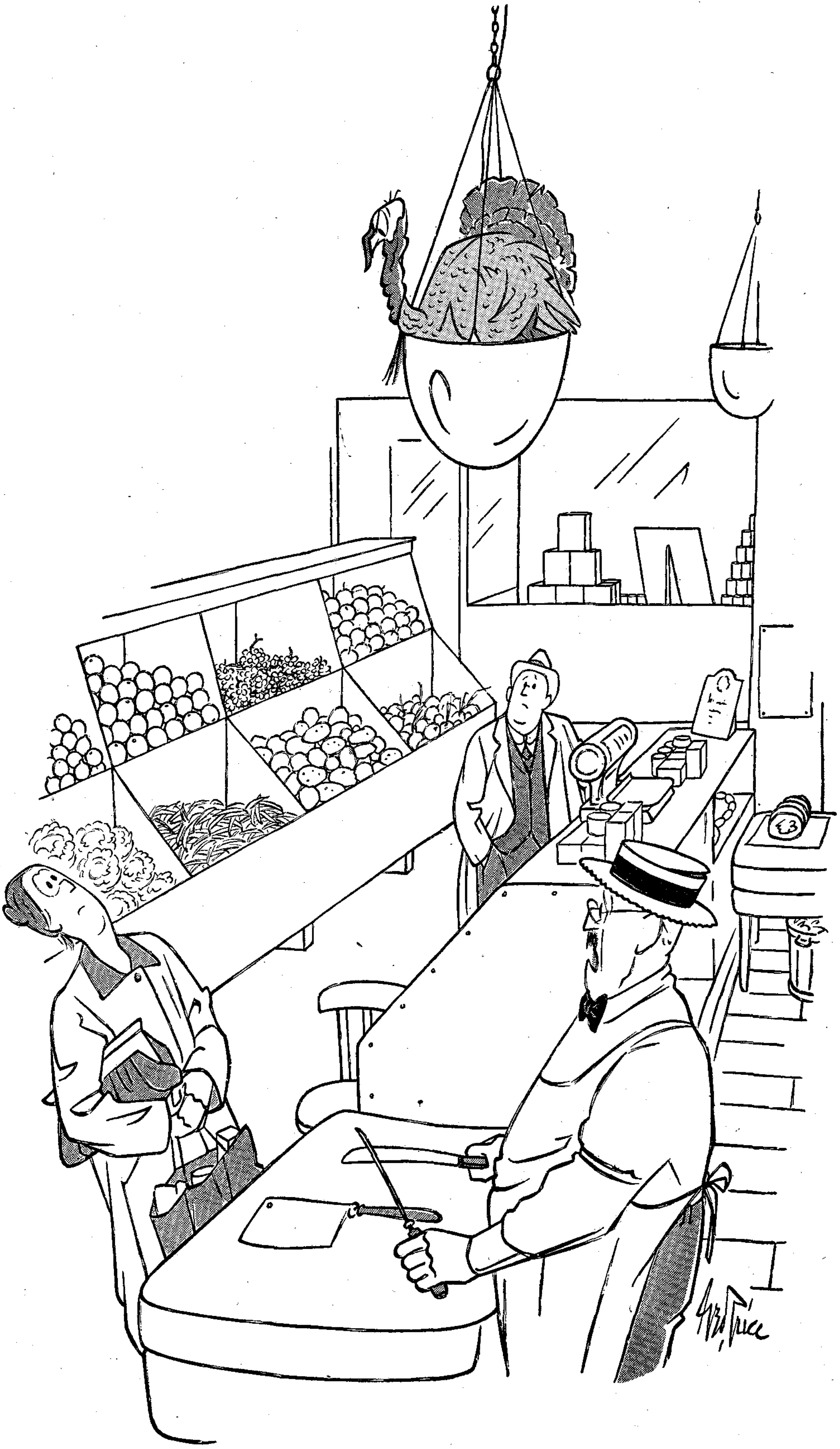
He set the package down on the hall table and kissed Rhoda, who pretended that she hadn't even noticed that he had a package. And later in the evening, she said, "Do you know, darling, that I was just sitting here wishing that I hadn't bought you just a lot of *stuff*. I was wishing I'd just put all my efforts on *one* thing. Something you really wanted. I think we've always made a mistake in getting too many small things and never anything really important."

Jim thought he could never keep his face straight.

Christmas Eve, Rhoda carried six packages from the hall closet and arranged them under the tree with the presents from his family and hers. Jim took the elegant parcel that Miss Thompson had wrapped and, sighing, laid it with the others. "Doesn't look like much, does it?" he asked.

"Darling," she answered, "I'm sure it's lovely."

That night Rhoda couldn't go to sleep. She lay awake in the dark trying to imagine what Jim had bought her. It was not jewelry, she decided, because it was too big. She found it hard to convince herself that if Jim had bought her only one thing, it must be something really handsome. For one thing, he didn't act as though he were satisfied with it himself, and, thinking about him, she reached over and touched him protectively on the shoulder.



"Forty-five cents a pound—as is."

RHODA was embarrassed for Jim Christmas morning. Usually they came out about even on their gifts, and it had been their custom to take turns opening their presents, starting off with the inconsequential ones and saving the best ones until the last. This day, as she handed him package after package, she had to sit there, falsely gay, while he unwrapped the things she had bought him. She tried to make it less obvious by opening some of the things she had received from her family, but she was glad when they got to the last presents—the monogrammed briefcase she had bought him and the gift he handed her. She waited until he had admired the briefcase, and then she sat, his present to her in her lap.

"I never saw anything so beautifully wrapped," she said.

"Go on and open it," Jim said.

She turned it over, patting at the large red satin bow. "Really, darling," she said, "I just like to sit here and look at the outside of it. It's so *pretty*."

"I hope you'll like it," Jim said. "But I'm afraid . . ."

"Of course I'll like it," she said.

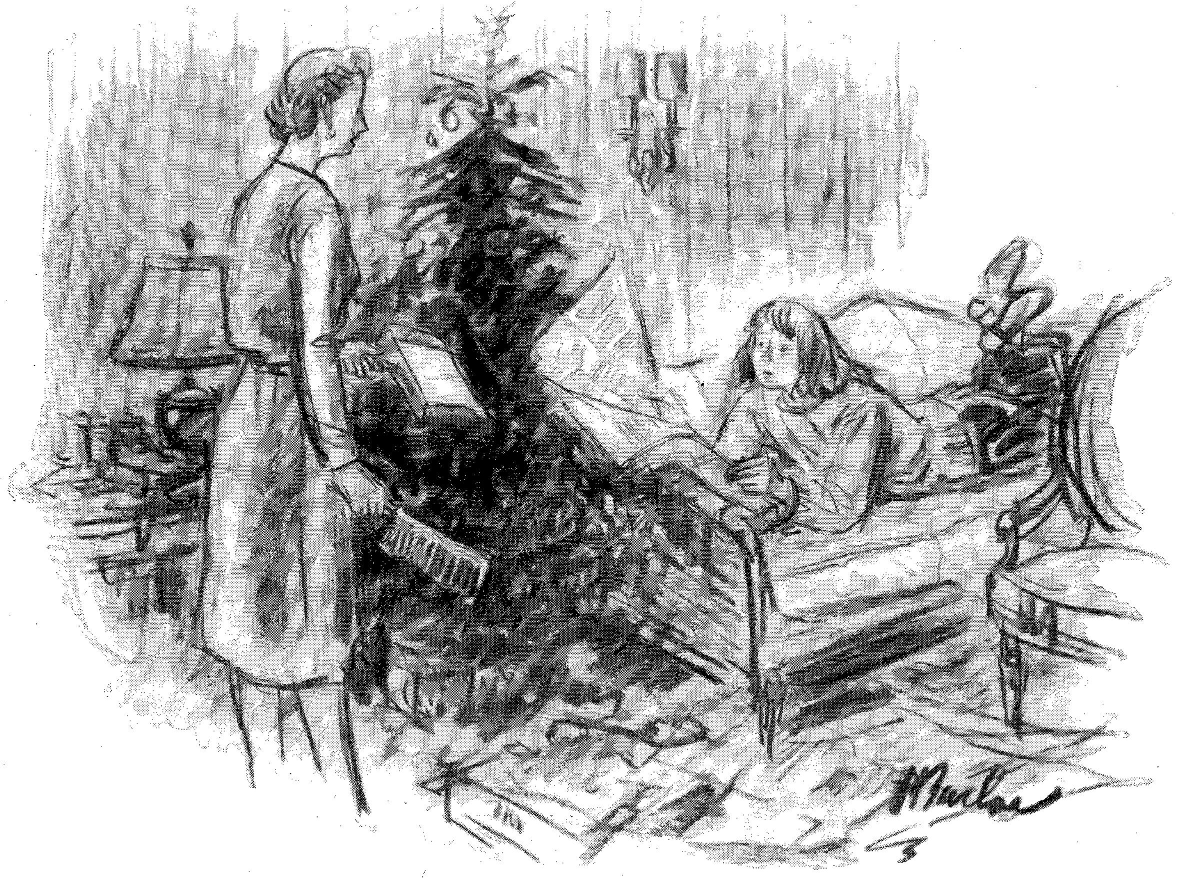
"Well, open it," he repeated.

Reluctantly, she untied the bow and, taking the ribbon off, she smoothed it, wound it into a ball, and laid it carefully on the table. "I'm going to save that lovely ribbon," she said. "And I'm going to save the lovely paper, too."

She folded the paper and set it on the table with the ribbon. She read the card, "Merry Christmas to my best girl."

Then she opened the box. For a moment she had no idea what it was, and she held the fur square in her hands, torn with emotion. "I must be brave," she thought, and she remembered all sorts of things like the women of Russia and England and that there was a war on and that Jim had not got his bonus. She glanced quickly at Jim and saw that his face looked red, as though it were burning, and, so that he need never feel a sense of shame, she gave a cry of delight.

"Jim!" she said. She got up and



"Goodness, Eileen, you've simply got to spruce up a bit. This isn't Wellesley, you know."

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threw her arms around him, kissing him again and again. "Jim! It's enchanting!"

"It's to wear around your neck," he said.

"Of course it's to wear around my neck!" She ran toward the mirror that hung over the fireplace and tucked the bit of fur around her throat. It was bulky and had a gray look.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Did you ever see anything so sweet? I can wear it in the evening under my evening wrap, and I can wear it, well, just with anything!"

Jim stared at her. Her face glowed with excitement and happiness. She gave the fur a little pull and it somehow settled into place. He spoke slowly. "Do you like it?"

"*Like* it!" she repeated. "I *adore* it. It's so *smart!* There's nothing smarter than a touch of white. You couldn't have given me anything I loved as much. Not if you'd thought a million years!"

"Look," he said. "You don't really like it, do you?"

"Darling," she cried, "I love it! Summer ermine! And in a square! Not one of those dull stoles! Just a darling little square, and not *too* little but with the most *utter* elegance!"

"I didn't think you'd like it," he said. "I thought you'd be disappointed."

She turned away from the mirror and almost danced toward him. "Jim," she said, "how could you think that? Do you want to know what I think, what I truly think? Well, I think it's the nicest and most personal thing you ever thought of giving me. Wait until I telephone Mother!"

"She won't think it's so hot," Jim said.

"Oh, she won't, won't she?" Rhoda asked. "Just wait!"

Holding the fur around her neck lovingly, she picked up the telephone and dialled her mother's number. Jim sat staring at her. Rhoda, he thought, wasn't putting on any act. Remembering how childish she had been about hinting for inexpensive presents, he was sure she wasn't just putting on an act. He sat listening, appalled, as she talked to her mother.

"And you know how most men get big, gobby things," he heard her say. "Well, darling, you should see this charming little thing. It's without doubt the smartest idea I ever heard of. I never would have thought of it, but Jim did."

She talked a long time to her mother and her adjectives were all superlatives. Jim wanted to get up from the chair, he wanted to go down and get her fur coat, her really wonderful present, from the superintendent, but he couldn't move.

When she finished talking to her mother, she came over and sat on the arm of his chair and put her arm around his shoulders. "Darling," she said. "My *clever* darling."

"Why, Rhoda," he said, "that thing's just rabbit."

"Rabbit!" she said. "Summer ermine! Darling, that isn't the point. The point is that I love it. It's so—well, it's not vulgar or anything. It's just *right*."

Jim got up suddenly and went out, while she looked after him uncomprehendingly. He came back in a few minutes, carrying a large package, and laid it on her lap. He took the fur square from her neck and threw it on the table with a savage gesture.

"What is it?" she asked. "What's this?"

"Open it," he said angrily. "Just open it, that's all I ask."

He cut the string from the parcel with his pocketknife and helped her take the paper off. She opened the box and stared at the coat.

"Well," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"A fur coat," she said. "A fur coat."

He stood back uneasily and looked down at her. "Well," he said, "what do you think of it? Can't you say something."

"A fur coat," she said. "It's *nice*."

—SALLY BENSON

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"What wore him down," he added, "was beign foresuare but realizing at the same time that he was misunderstood.
—*The Times.*

That'll wear anybody down.

TWO PEOPLE HE NEVER SAW

EDDIE CASAVAN and Harry Marnix were walking up Fifth Avenue, around Fiftieth Street, when Christmas suddenly closed in on them. It got a tighter hold on Casavan, but the feel of Christmas clamped down on both of them. The store windows, the sharp air, the lights coming on in the late afternoon, and the couple of drinks they had on their walk must have done it.

They were turning off the Avenue when Eddie said, "I don't seem to want anything for Christmas any more."

"It's for the kids," Harry said. "It's a time for the kids, Christmas."

"Long after I was a kid I still wanted something for Christmas," Eddie said. "I'm forty-nine and it must have been only a couple of years ago that it came to me I didn't want anything for Christmas any more. I don't this year. The stuff in the windows looks nice, but I don't want any of it."

"It's mostly kids' stuff—things for kids for Christmas," Harry said.

"I know about that, but it's not what I mean," Eddie answered. "Let's go in this place. I got an hour. You going anyplace?"

"All right," said Harry. "No, I'm not. Not right away."

They weren't high. A little talky, maybe—nothing like tight. Eddie ordered two drinks. "Two Scotch highballs," he said, the more old-fashioned way of saying what practically everybody in New York now means by saying "Scotch-and-soda."

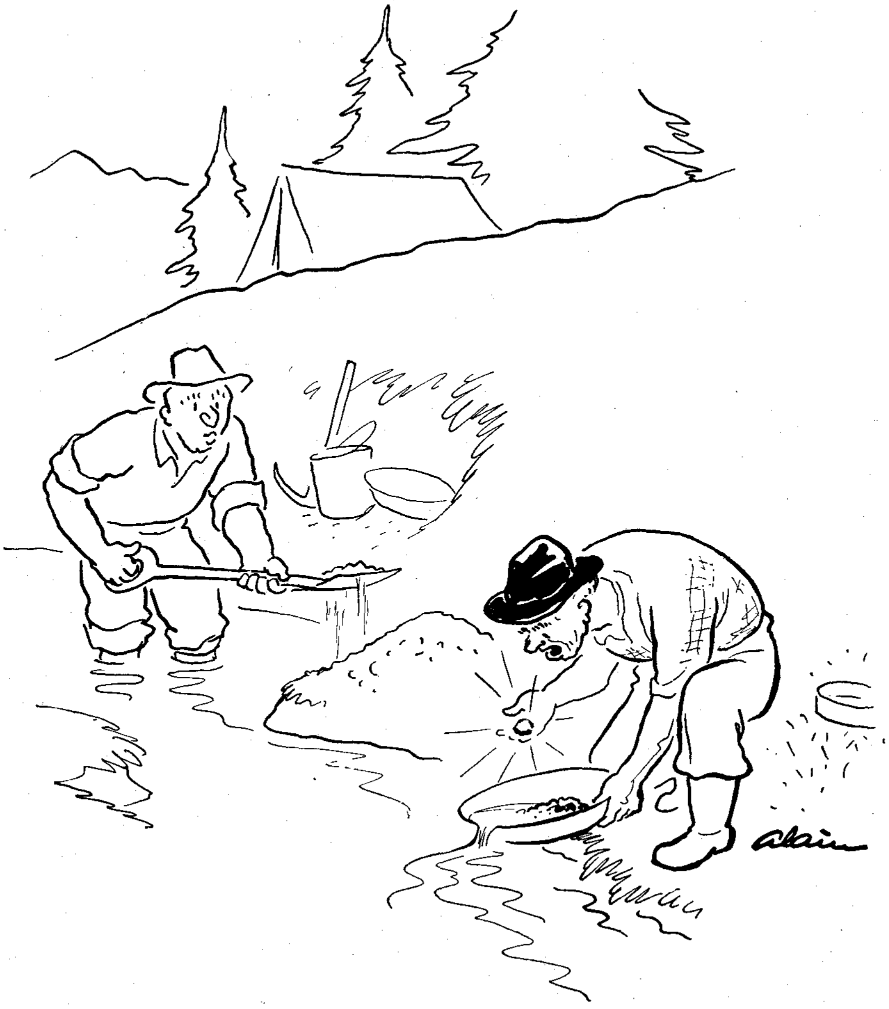
"I don't even want to go anyplace for Christmas, that's what I mean," Eddie went on as the bartender made up the drinks and left the bottle on the bar.

"I used to like to go to the six-day bike races," said Harry.

"They didn't have them at Christmas," Eddie said.

"I know it, but I used to like to go to them in winter and I don't seem to want to any more," Harry explained. "They don't have them, anyway, come to think of it."

"For Christmas I used to plan ahead," Eddie said. "Even up to a couple of years ago. And I always figured someplace to go or something to do special for Christmas. Now there's nothing I want and nothing I want to do."



"Damn it! Now I've got to revise my estimated income for 1944."

"They used to yell 'B-r-r-rocco!' at the bike races," Harry said.

That got nowhere, and Eddie and Harry fiddled with the long glass sticks in their glasses.

"THERE *is* something I'd like to do Christmas at that," Eddie said after a while. "But it's impossible, maybe nuts."

"Christmas is nuts, a little," Harry said.

"Only way it could happen'd be an Aladdin's lamp. You rub it, you get what you want," Eddie continued. "Or if one of those kind-hearted demons or something would hop out of that Scotch bottle there and grant a wish. That's kid stuff, I guess."

"Christmas is a kids' gag," Harry said. "As childish as six-day bike races, come to think of it. It felt like Christmas walking up the Avenue, didn't it? What if the gink should hop out of the bottle? What about it?"

"I was thinking that, too," Eddie said. "He could cook it up for me."

"What?"

"I'd like to take two people to Christmas dinner, a couple a people I never saw."

"Yuh?"

"One of them would be maybe forty now, a woman," Eddie said. "Oh, I don't know how old, tell the truth. Don't know how old she was when I first met her. No, wait a minute. The point is, I never met her."

"Movie star? Some notion like that?"

"No, no. Hell, no. Do you think I'm a kid?"

"No, what I mean is, Christmas is for kids. I didn't have you in mind."

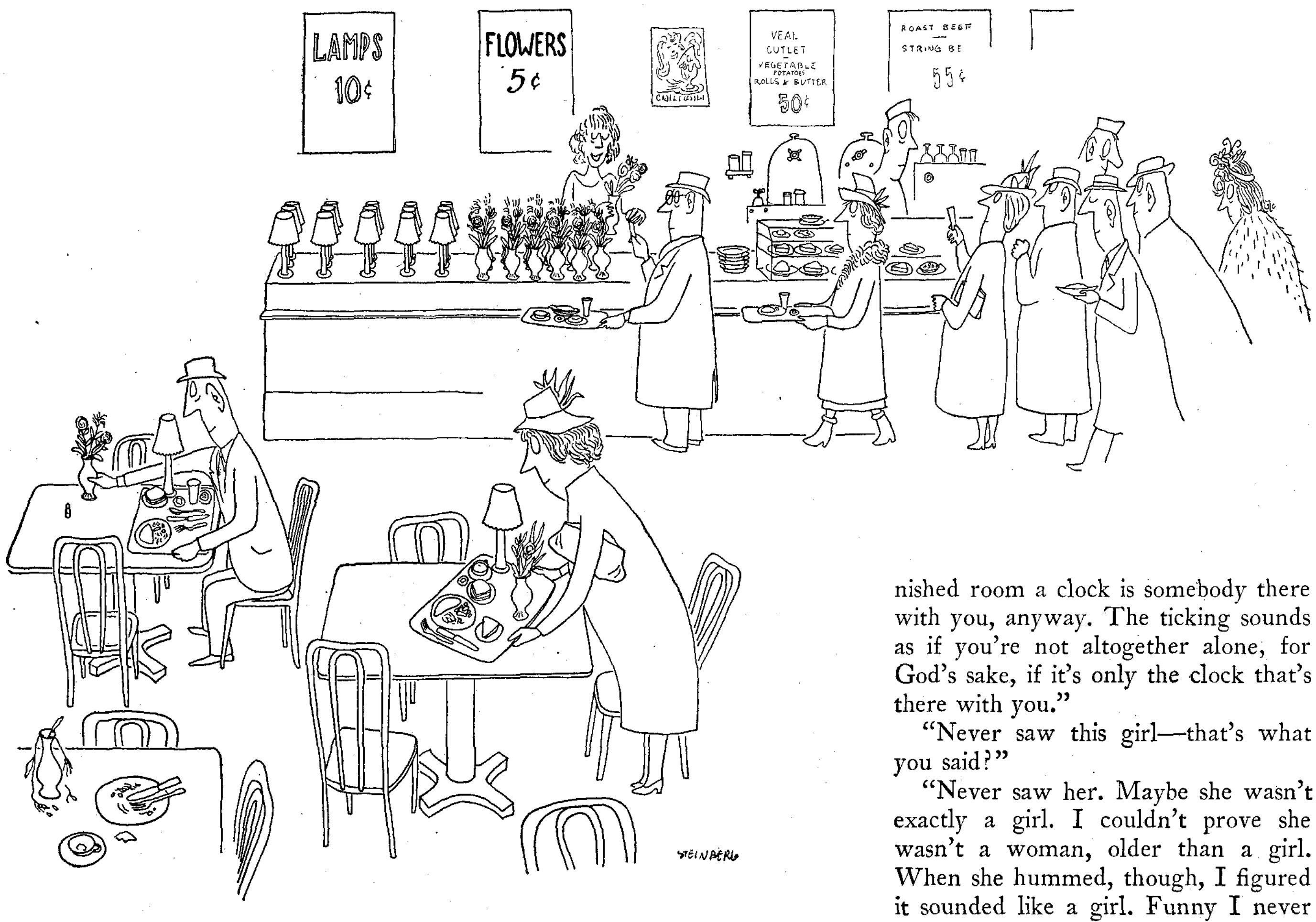
"I often thought of her since. This was when I was having it tough one time, maybe fifteen years ago. Living in a furnished room on East Thirty-ninth Street—"

"And are they something, furnished rooms!" Harry put in.

"Furnished rooms are something if you've lived through and pull out of it you never forget them," Eddie said.

"I been in 'em." Harry nodded.

"God, I was sunk then!" Eddie said. "I was drinking too much and I lost one job after another. This time I was looking for a job and coming back every afternoon to the furnished room about



four o'clock. That's how I never saw this girl."

"What girl?" Harry asked.

"The one I want to take to dinner at Christmas."

"If the gink comes out of the bottle," Harry said.

"Yeh, if he does. I remember I'd have a few beers after getting half promises of jobs, and I'd plank myself down on the bed in this little bit of a room when I came home four o'clock in the afternoon. It was the smallest room I was ever in. And the lonesomest."

"They get lonesome," Harry said.

"The walls are thin, too. The wall next to my bed was thin. Must have been like cardboard. This girl lived in the next room, the one I never met."

"Oh, yeh, yeh?" Harry said.

"I could hear her moving around. Sometimes she'd be humming and I could hear that. I could hear her open the window, or shut it if it was raining."

"Never see her?" Harry asked.

"No, that's the point of it. I almost thought I knew her, the way I could hear her. I could hear her leave every afternoon, about quarter past four. She had a kind of a lively step. I figured she was a waitress somewhere. Some job like that, don't you think?"

"I don't know, maybe a waitress, but *why*, though?" Harry said, and took a drink.

"Why *was* she a waitress, or why did I figure it out she's a waitress?" Eddie asked.

"Yeh, I mean why?" Harry answered in such a way that it meant how was it figured out.

"Oh, I could have been wrong. She had some steady job like waitress. She used to come home almost on the dot, quarter past one in the morning. You could set your clock on it. I used to look at my clock when she came in. Gee, her steps sounded tired when she was coming up the hall. She must have worked hard. She'd put the key in the lock and I'd hear that. I didn't sleep very good then. Worrying about a job, one thing and another. It'd be quarter past one by my clock. I hung on to that clock. I got it yet."

"Some people hate clocks in their room while they're sleeping," Harry said.

"They haven't lived in furnished rooms," Eddie said. "A clock is a great thing in a furnished room. This was a green one, ninety-eight cents. In a furnished room a clock is somebody there with you, anyway. The ticking sounds as if you're not altogether alone, for God's sake, if it's only the clock that's there with you."

"Never saw this girl—that's what you said?"

"Never saw her. Maybe she wasn't exactly a girl. I couldn't prove she wasn't a woman, older than a girl. When she hummed, though, I figured it sounded like a girl. Funny I never bumped into her in the hallway. Just didn't happen to. But I spoke to her once."

"Spoke to her?" Harry asked.

"Yeh. It was a gag. I told you I could hear everything. Well, her bunk was right next to mine—with only this wall there. And one afternoon she was getting up and she sneezed. It sounded funny from the next room. So I said very loud, '*Gesundheit!*' I remember she laughed. Her laugh sounded twenty-five."

"But you don't know, do you?"

"No, I don't and I won't. But if she was that age then, she'd be forty, around that, now, wouldn't she?"

"When was this?"

"I said about fifteen, could be sixteen years ago."

"Twenty-five and fifteen is forty, yes. She could be forty now," Harry said. "She could have been a bum. Did you ever think of that?"

"Harry, Harry, Harry, you don't get it at all! She couldn't have been a bum. A bum wouldn't have to live in such a bad room. I wanted to know her only because we were two people both having it tough together, and still and all we weren't together except when I said '*Gesundheit*.' "

Harry finished his drink and said

pleasantly, "No, I don't mean it. I don't think she could have been a bum. Anyway, she would be about forty now, all right."

EDDIE finished his drink and beckoned to the barkeep, who came and poured soda into the glasses. Eddie put in the whiskey, and when he put down the bottle he looked expectantly at it for a minute or two.

"And the guy would be about my own age now, about forty-nine or so, wouldn't he?" Eddie asked.

"Excuse me, but what guy?" Harry asked. "Oh, yeh, yeh, the guy."

"The one I'd like to take to Christmas dinner with her to the best place in town. Take the two of them. I've got a few bucks these days. I pulled through the furnished rooms all right, didn't I? I was thinking that, coming up the Avenue when the lights were going on."

"You're rambling, chum. Who is this feller, or maybe who was he?" Harry asked.

"It's 'who was he?' I don't know where he is, or is he dead or alive. I never saw his face. He was the soldier who picked me up in France. He picked me up off the ground, in the pitch dark, and he didn't have to."

"In the war?"

"Sure, in the war. Not this one, the other. But I bet it's happening too in this one."

"When you got hit, you mean?" Harry asked.

"That's the time, of course. You know how I hate professional ex-soldiers, guys always talking the other war. I don't want to be one of those."

"Oh, I know that, Eddie, I know it. But I know you were in the other one and got hit."

"It wasn't getting hit. That wasn't so much. It's this feller I often thought about at odd times all these years. Just to boil it down, it certainly was dark as hell, and there was no shooting going on at all. The first sergeant, guy named Baker, was with me. He got killed, I found out later. He stopped the big pieces of this shell. I only got the little pieces. We were going back through this town, going to find a place to sleep."

"A little French town?" Harry asked.

"What else? This was in France, for God's sake, so it was a little French town. Anyway, they suddenly threw one over and it hit right where we were, because the next thing I was pawing the wall of the house we were walking alongside of. I was trying to get up and my legs felt like ropes under me. When I went to stand up, they coiled."

"You were hit, all right," Harry said. "I saw your legs in swimming many a time, the marks on them."

"Oh, I don't care about that. The point is, this feller. I come to, there in the pitch dark, and somebody was prodding me with his foot. And whoever it was, he was saying, 'What's the matter, what's the matter?' I answered him. I said, 'My goddam legs.' "

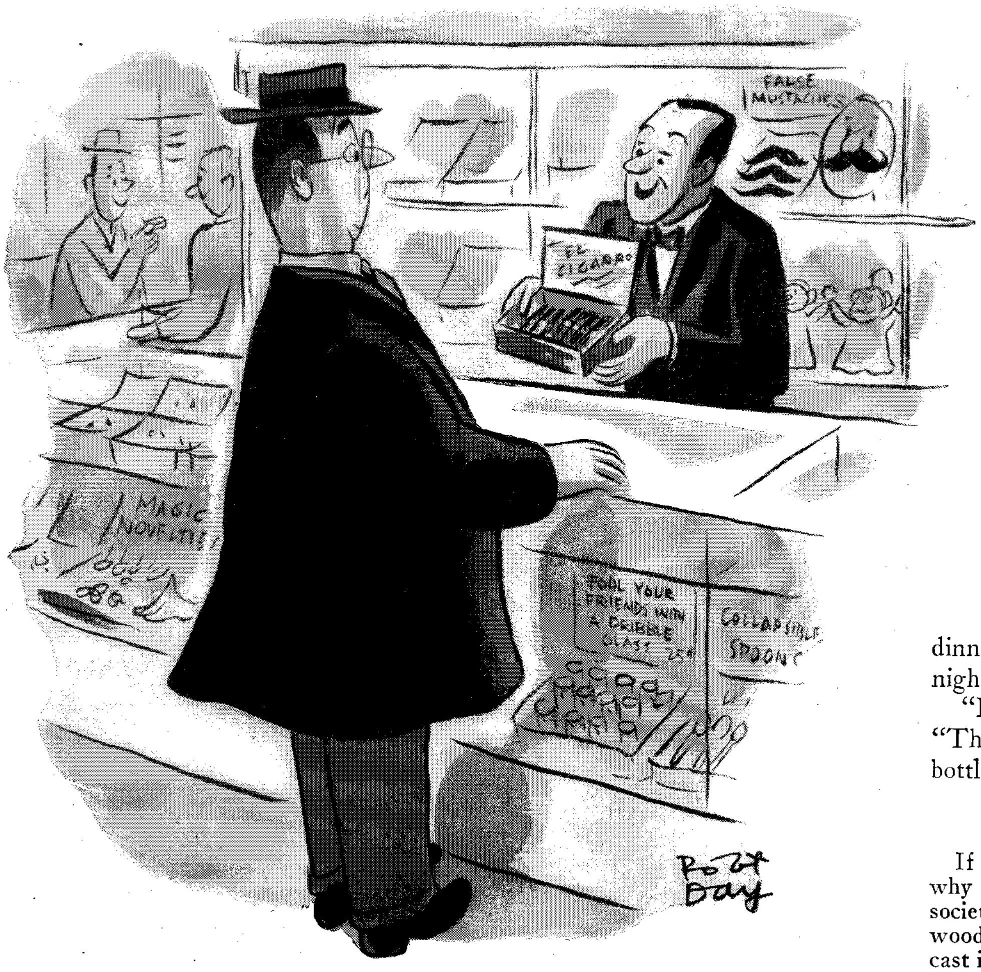
"It was this guy, you mean?"

"Yes, him," Eddie said. "And then I passed out again. Well, I never saw the guy. I never saw his face. He could be black or white. He could be an angel, for all I know to this day. Anyway, he's who carried me through that pitch dark, and he didn't have to. He could have left me there. And I must have been bleeding like hell. Next thing, I came to, and I was lying on a table. It was an aid station in a cellar someplace. A doc was pouring ether by the canful over holes in my leg. That ether turns cold as hell if you pour it on anything. The guy wasn't around. Anyway, I didn't think of him then. Who the hell was he? I don't know. If it wasn't for that feller I never saw, I wouldn't be here today."

"It's a pretty good day to be here," Harry said.

Eddie took a drink and so did Harry. "That's the two of them—the ones I'd like to take to dinner when it comes to be Christmas night. But I won't."

"No, you won't," said Harry. "There's nothing coming out of the bottle but Scotch."—JOHN MCNULTY

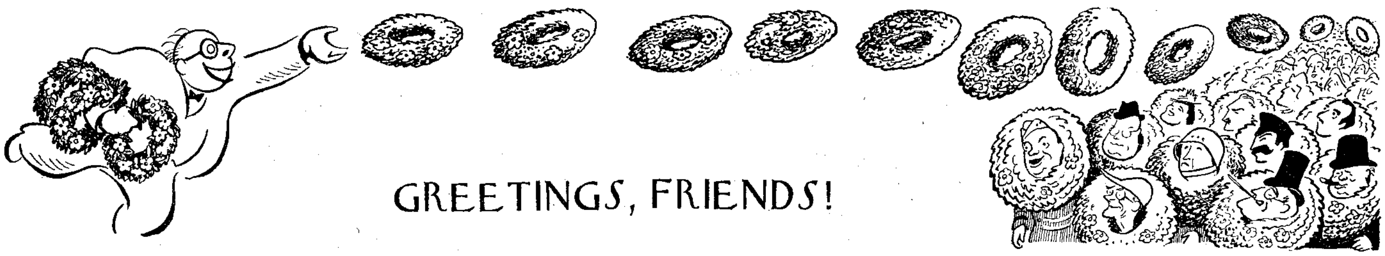


"We've had quite a run on these lately. They're choice Havana filler, and you'll get a few good puffs before they explode in your face."

•

If anyone can give us one good reason why a voice that won its way into cafe society, light opera and inevitably, Hollywood, should be throttled and the star cast in a simpering, pointless roll, we shall cheerfully eat our Sunday hat.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

Why don't you just eat the roll instead?



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Friends, shall we speed the dying year
With a comforting cup of Christmas cheer?
Swing it in hopeful holiday jive
As we welcome the promise of Forty-five?
Why not? Fill up the glass, and quaff
A health to the Allied General Staff!
Drink safe return to G.I. Joe,
Continued dismay to his German foe,
Total loss to the Japanese face,
And peace to the durable human race!
Now shall we make with the Christmas carol
For Henry Wallace and Eileen Farrell;
Cut loose with a jocund Yuletide whinny
In honor of Franklin, Joe, and Winnie,
And raise our voices in pretty song
For General Ike and Major Bong,
For Marcia Davenport and Russell,
General Patton, C. P. Trussell,
Irene Kearney, Alice Hughes,
And the staff of the Cornell *Alumni News!*
Boy, fetch Walter Davenport!
I wish him to share in this Christmas snort—
Davvy, kid, I drink to you,
And I drink to Katina Paxinou,
To Salvatore Baccaloni,
Jeremiah T. Mahoney,
Arthur Folwell, Canada Lee,
Arthur Clarke, and Eve Curie!
The herald angels yell "Hooray!"
For Lohnas Knapp and Bill Benét,
Tom Wenning, Don Goddard,
Crockett Johnson, Haila Stoddard,
Don Quinn, Keenan Wynn,
And virtuoso Menuhin.
Let every Wenceslastic gleeman
Warble for Douglas Southall Freeman,
Norman Corwin, Henry Kaiser,
Helen Keller, and Frank Singiser.
Greetings to Lauritz Melchior,
To the Nightingales at Harkness Four;
Love from this intrepid rhymer
To Mr. and Mrs. Rae O. Weimer;
Love to Spars and Waves and Wacs,
Wayne L. Morse and Pertinax,
Brooks Atkinson, Wendy Hiller,
Bartley Crum, and Clifford Spiller.
A Christmas kiss to Lulu McConnell,
To Brigadier General Rosy O'Donnell,
And a handsome prize for Elmo Roper,
Fortune's champ election doper!
I plan a fond, extravagant paean
To celebrate Diana Sheean,
John Reeves, Admiral Mitscher,
Lou Holtz, and George F. Whicher,
And, friends, it gives me joy to sing
In praise of L. L. Engelking!
Merry Christmas, Edgar Snow,
Margaret Cousins, Luke Tharaud!
Happy Yule, Frank Crowninshield,
Anne Parrish, and Betty Field!
Peace on earth to Lester Cowan;
Peace to Catherine Drinker Bowen,
To Gerald Murphy and to Sara,
William Steig, Maureen O'Hara,
Barbara Woollcott, Morrison Don,
Emily Morton, Emily Hahn,
Mady Christians, Russell Hill,
And Martha Humphrey of Louisville!
Sound the rebeck and toot the flute
For Joan McCracken and Nevil Shute,
Dana Andrews, Florence Reed,
And Warrant Officer George R. Tweed.

Blessings on the purified Senate!
Joy to Augustus W. Bennet!
Peace to his colleagues in the House,
And three loud cheers for Mildred Crouse!
Then three apiece for the following:
Irene Castle, Admiral King,
Charlie Coburn, Virgil Partch,
Margaret Connors, and Freddie March!
The herald angels swing the psalter
For Agnes Moorehead and Johnny Falter,
While Santa cooks on every burner
For Anna Erskine and Lana Turner.
Carve the bird and pass a slice
To Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys
And mind you do not foist the neck
On Cary Abbott or Seymour Peck.
Cigarettes—a carton apiece—
For Billy Wilder, Otis Wiese,
Lillian Smith, Turhan Bey,
Harry Carey, Larraine Day,
Boyden Sparkes, Oliver Garrett,
Lou Calhern, and Evelyn Barrett.
Greetings to Donald Culross Peattie,
Mitchell Benson, Bessie Beatty,
Damon Runyon, Dorothy Rodgers,
The Supreme Court's respected codgers,
George Coulouris, Janet Beecher,
Joe Kastner, Arthur Treacher,
Arlene Francis, Foster Hailey,
And Mr. and Mrs. William Paley.
Peace to all Sinatraphiles!
Appropriate joy be Ernie Pyle's!
Mistletoe to Betty Schrade
And Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid!
Here's to Victory, and here's
A blessing on you all, my dears!
So, hoping you all have fun no end,
I close, with love, your canny friend—
The only chap who gets a fee
For wishing his fellow-men Christmas glee!

FRANK SULLIVAN

PROFILES

DARK SHIP—II

SINCE we entered the war, the United States troop transport that will here be called the Marquette has sailed almost every sea in the world, carrying soldiers to our battlefronts. As mile after mile and day after day recedes, the thousands of soldiers who load down her decks on an outbound voyage sometimes feel as if they had lived forever amid the vibration of the ship, as inescapable as the wind and the waves. The beat of the engines through the day, through the night, and through the day again, endless and unvaried, has such a lulling, hypnotic effect that most of the soldiers finally fall into a peaceful daze and begin to regard the trip as a queer hiatus in which life is suspended. But beneath this peacefulness there is an uneasy waiting—a waiting for the end of the voyage, a waiting for the resumption of life, a waiting for the first taste of combat, a waiting for that weapon, silent and flashing beneath the sea, that is usually called a tin fish, a waiting for things unknown. There are those, of course, who feel that the Marquette is as monumentally stable as the Empire State Building, but there are others who feel that she is a tiny speck proceeding on sufferance through a watery wilderness. One man who has this second feeling to a degree is Lemuel Watkins, staff captain and second in command to the Marquette's master, Captain James R. Henderson. The feeling becomes acute for Captain Watkins when he remembers one particular wave. He was standing on the bridge of the President Harding one day in 1939, during a storm, when he saw an enormous wave coming with the irresistible force of a landslide. When it struck the ship, it knocked him sixty feet. He finally staggered to his feet and said to the helmsman, "I think my right arm is gone." The helmsman, badly shaken and with blood streaming down his face, said, "The hell with your right arm! The whole ship is gone!" Captain Watkins, a swarthy, middle-aged man who worries about his developing paunch and therefore goes without a midday meal, likes to tell about the wave in great detail, speaking in a flat, formal tone. The wave, which smashed into the Harding with such force that the liner had difficulty in making port, did, in fact, break his right arm, and it also injured sixty-three other persons aboard.

Most people are a little afraid of Captain Watkins until he smiles. His face is normally dark and severe, and as expressionless as the side of a cliff, but when he smiles he looks thoroughly friendly. The soldiers the Marquette carries, most of whom have never been to sea before, like him because he answers their questions. "A ship," he sometimes tells them with a pleasant, didactic simplicity, "is buoyant. It is different entirely from a building. It is subject to the wind, the sea, and the shifting of its cargo." The crew of the Marquette, in turn, like him because of the matter-of-factness which makes him aware that the war, for many of them, is composed of such homely things as cutting quarters of beef ten hours a day, day after day, or baking endless quantities of pies, or peeling thousands of potatoes, or making scores of beds. Yet Captain Watkins has his romantic side. His dark eyes brighten when he speaks of the real-estate business. He was in it from 1929 to 1932, on Long Island, and it is his hope that someday he will again enjoy the thrill of turning a wasteland into a subdivision. He sometimes speaks of the Marquette as if she were a newly opened subdivision with all modern improvements. "We have our own electric-light system, our own health system, our own garbage-disposal system, our own water system," he says.

Captain Henderson rules the ship and navigates it; Captain Watkins handles the details of the ship's administration. Watkins likes to think of himself as the mayor of a small town. As he sits at his desk, before an open porthole, he looks more like a businessman than a sea captain. On the wall is a calendar with a picture of a frontier town inscribed "Gallup, New Mexico, in 1880." On his desk there is a bowl of fruit, a carton of Camels, a colored photograph of his wife, and a gray-blue battle helmet, which he wears during air raids. The position of his cabin is such that when he looks through the porthole he can see the bow of the ship, the waves at times breaking over it as it dips into the sea, and over the guns on the bow. In a convoy, the ship ahead is visible, rolling and pitching, its propeller sometimes clear of the waves. Captain Watkins doesn't spend much time looking out the porthole. He is usually occupied with paperwork. He enjoys being asked questions that force him to consult the ship's records, and he is pleased whenever he gets an opportunity to point out that the Marquette, before it begins a voyage, may take aboard 750 tons of food, that 5,000 pounds of meat are eaten every day, and that 3,500 pounds of poultry or 2,000 pounds of beef stew are needed for a single meal. He likes to consult invoices and bills of lading showing, for instance, that before sailing on a certain voyage the Marquette took aboard 26,120 pounds of butter, 28,885 pounds of sirloin strips, 24,966 pounds of corned brisket of beef, 3,260 hundred-pound bags of flour, 500,000 paper cups of ice cream, and 2,112 cases of jam. He informs you that when she started that voyage she was carrying 2,405 tons of oil and 750 tons of water.

Captain Watkins likes to emphasize the exact knowledge required in the vessel's operation. "Any alteration of the ship's course," he says, "has to be done right or there's danger of collision in convoy. Any alteration of speed has to be done right or there'll be a collision. If zigzagging isn't done right, there's also danger of collision. If you don't fight off dive-bombers right, there's danger of your hitting another ship when you fire. It all takes figuring. Sometimes the planes come in from all directions. You have to figure that out. There's not much you can do about glider bombs. They're controlled from a plane too far away to hit. The torpedo planes are very difficult. They come down along the water between the columns of the convoy and you can't fire for fear of hitting the ships in the next column. They come in about even with the bridge. In the middle Atlantic we fear submarines. In the Mediterranean we've gotten high-level bombing, glider bombing, and torpedo planes. In the Pacific it's mostly torpedo planes. Then, you've got to know how to load right. This is a very tender ship. It's very maneuverable, because of its twin screws, but if you load her wrong she gets stiff. It all takes figuring. You can't put too much in the bottom or she'll swing from side to side, like the pendulum of a clock. In peacetime you go from dock to dock, but in wartime there often is no dock. You have to unload onto lighters and the troops sometimes have to go down ropes and nets. You have to figure the depth of the water, the draught of the ship, and on a ship this size you even have to figure the wind. It all takes figuring." Most of Captain Watkins' figuring involves such problems, but now and again he also figures out some little problem in real estate, just for the pleasure it gives him. "I work out hypothetical problems, like how an estate on the Hudson might save taxes by being changed into a farm," he says. "That's how I rest."

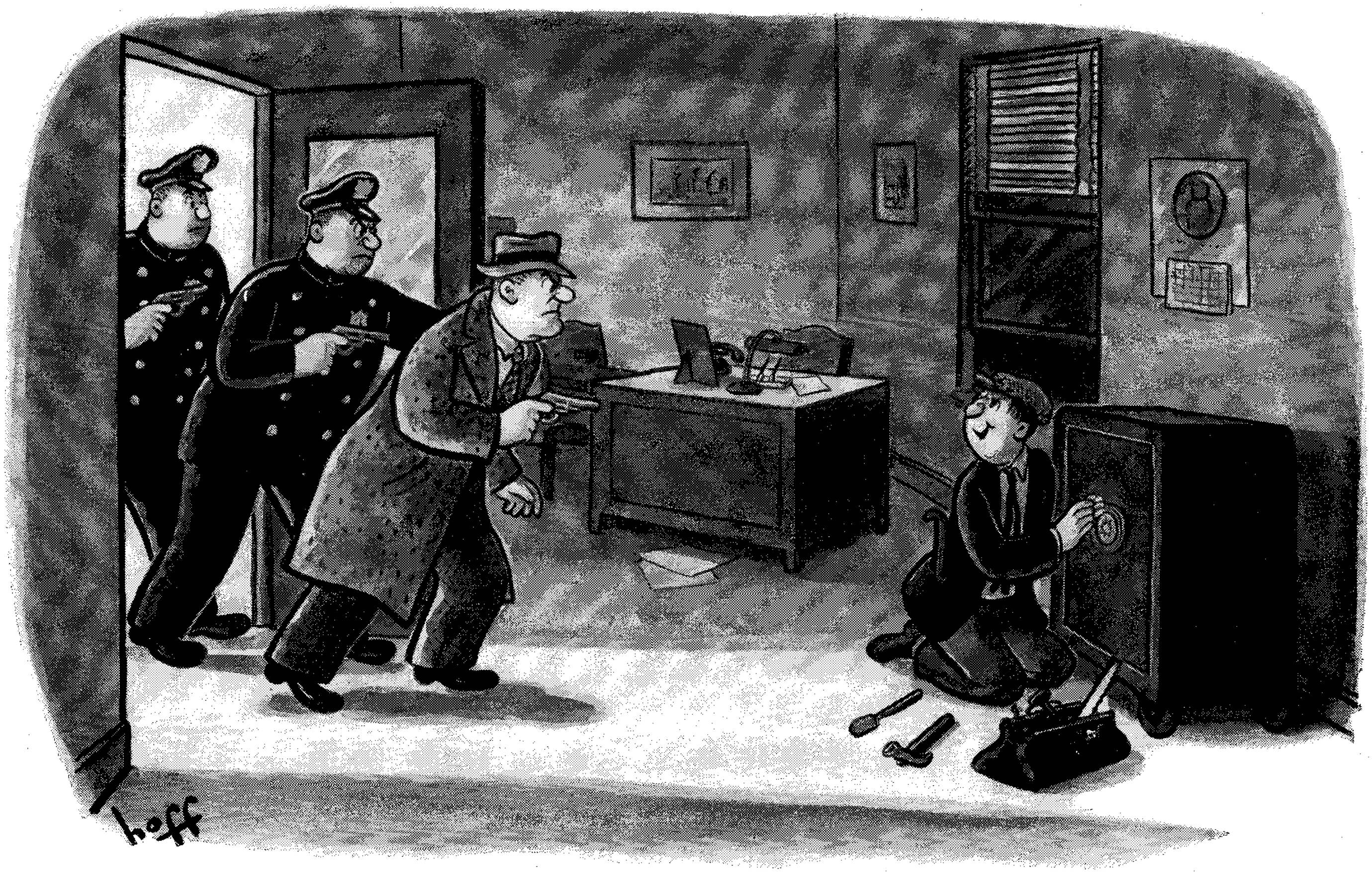
AMONG the men who have made their personality felt on the Marquette is her chaplain, Major John Hickman. In order to ponder the immortality of man, he chooses to spend part of his day in his bunk, blankets molding his lanky, fully uniformed figure, and his sharp, wizened face poking out at the top. Major Hickman's personality pervades the ship because of his access to the public-address system and the fact that he selects the phonograph records which are played over it. If the chaplain is feeling gay and active, the ship is flooded with music. If he is feeling low or doesn't want to get out of his bunk, there is no music. When he does play records, he alternates popular music and hymns. "All Is Fulfilled" is followed by "Melancholy Baby," "Oh Rest in the Lord" precedes "Temptation." His favorite record is the hymn "If Your Heart Keeps Right." There are days when he plays it over and over; when every sailor steps along in time to its message; when the cooks, sweating before vast kettles, work to its rhythm; when Captain Henderson, on the flying bridge, raises his voice, as he gives an order, over the glad words:

> If your heart keeps right,
> If your heart keeps right,
> There's a song of gladness
> In the darkest night.

The words can be heard in the elevators as they start up the shafts beginning at the lowest deck, deep in the ship's hold, and ending, near the top of the ship, at the boat deck. As sailors, fire hoses in their hands, wash down the decks and make the soldiers strain and duck to left and right to avoid the water, the public-address loudspeakers on all decks sing:

> Every cloud will wear a rainbow
> If your heart keeps right.

After putting on records awhile, the chaplain lapses into silence. The poker-playing soldiers no longer play to the strains of "The Old Rugged Cross," or even "G.I. Jive." The games, however, go on. Other soldiers lie on their backs in life rafts and look at the masts and guy wires moving across the sky. In the Atlantic, when the ship changes course, they shift from the cold and wind of the weather side of the Marquette to the lee, where the sun may be as hot and the air as still as if they had shifted to another climate. Some take strolls about the ship, its pine planking alternately dry and yellow in the sunshine and dark and wet in the shadow, the decks dipping amidships. Some soldiers seem passive and inert. Occasionally one says, "I'd give my right arm to touch solid ground." Once someone asked a paratrooper who was moodily tossing pennies over the rail why he did



"Why, Sergeant O'Brien! You startled me."

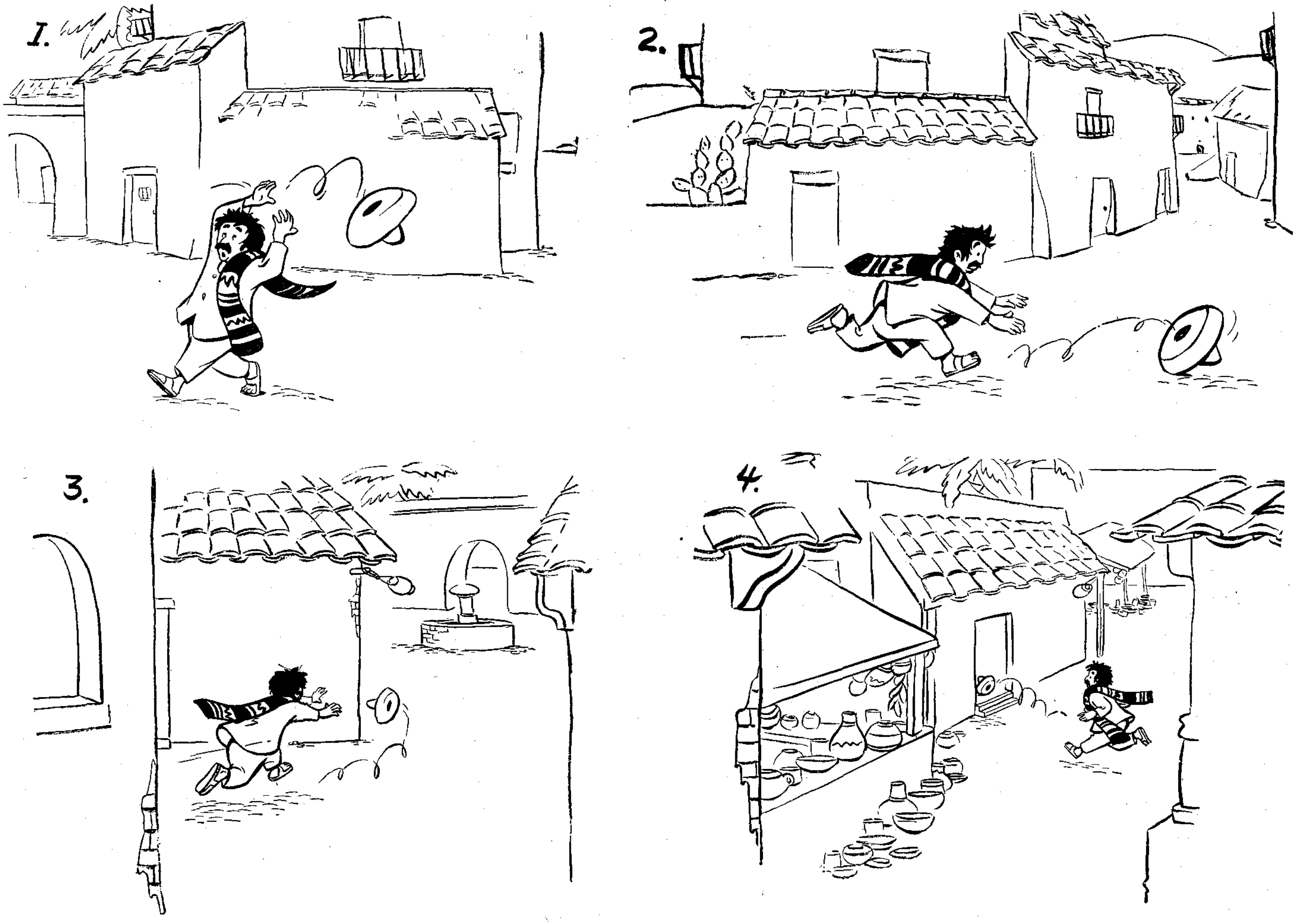
it. He said, "It's for good luck. I'm going to pick 'em up on my way back." Major Hickman believes that he is a great solace to the soldiers. "Some get homesick," he explains. "Their nerves give way. I get down on my knees and pray with them." The chaplain is in charge of the ship's athletic equipment. He particularly remembers one soldier who came to his cabin at two in the morning. "It was not for spiritual aid," the chaplain recalls. "He wanted the punching bag. He thought that *that* would soothe his nerves."

Captain Henderson, tall, dour, capable, and forty-three, a man who is greatly admired by his crew, is also inclined to turn to the punching bag for solace. Words come hard to him and he occasionally expresses himself by hitting the bag. He doesn't like women and he refuses to call his ship "she" or "her." He says "he" and "him." He lives and eats alone in his quarters, which are on the bridge, and while at sea he is seldom seen close up by anyone except his officers and his two puppies, a spaniel and an Airedale. He sleeps only about four hours a day and will wake up even then if the tempo of the vibration of the metal water jug in his room changes. He is seen so seldom by his crew that he has become an almost legendary figure on his own ship. It is said that his soles are peculiarly sensitive and that he can tell what is happening in the engine room, several decks below, by the feel of the deck under his feet. When women come aboard the Marquette as officers' guests while the ship is in port, he is almost sure to order his Negro personal steward, Emmanuel Smith, to hang the punching bag outside his quarters. As he relieves his irritation by punching out a fusillade of blows, some of the crew are apt to watch him admiringly from vantage points far removed.

At sea, Captain Henderson spends much of his time on the flying bridge, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his junior officers. The flying bridge is most crowded during the hour between sunset and dark. This is a time submarines like to attack and this, as well as sunrise, is the time for general quarters, when the Navy gun crews stand ready at their weapons. Forward and at the center of the flying bridge is the binnacle, and on it is a covered compass. Now and then, as though he were a cook looking into a kettle, Captain Henderson raises the cover and peers at the compass. Near the binnacle is a speaking tube to the pilot house below, and Captain Henderson periodically talks into it. "Better bring him up a little, Mr. Kelly," he says to the mate, referring to the ship, and a few minutes later he may say, "You can let him drop back again now." Sometimes he asks, "What are we doing, Mr. Kelly?" and Mr. Kelly may answer, "Eighty, sir." They are speaking of the revolutions per minute made by the ship's propellers, the rate of which must often be adjusted so that the ship can keep its place in the convoy. If the ship is on the Atlantic and the season is winter, it is very cold on the flying bridge after sunset. The chances are that one can almost lean against the wind. The gun crews, wearing headphones and black stocking caps, black, floppy arctics, and sheep-lined blue canvas coats, beat their arms against their sides to keep warm. Sometimes the sea is a blackish green and the sky is gray and striped with long, weak shafts of light. Frequently the wind corrugates an expanse of water, which seems to scud across the ocean like a piece of paper on a windy street. Sometimes the sky is magnificent, filled with continents of purple and gold; sometimes it is sombre and bleak. Whatever the weather, twilight thickens into dusk and all over the convoy lights come on for the brief period before blackout. Then, as blackout is announced simultaneously over the public-address systems of the ships, each of them becomes a moving shadow. The officers on the Marquette's bridge scan the other vessels to see whether the blackout is complete. Lieutenant W. G. Sackler, a blithe, elegant young Naval Reservist who was once an instructor in English at the University of Arkansas and is now the Marquette's communications officer, may detect a single light in a ship far away. "Do you want to see me shoot that light out?" he asks one of the ship's newer officers. Chuckling, he goes to the signal shack and returns with what looks like an old-fashioned blunderbuss. It has a light in its muzzle, and the trigger turns it on and off. "I call this my turkey gun," he says, and aims at the offending light. His trigger finger moves, and presently the light flicks off. The minutes drag on. General quarters is not over until it is completely dark. It keeps getting colder. The Captain now moves about briskly. Erich, his Airedale puppy, jumps up on a member of the gun crew and the Captain says, "Don't give him any chocolates. He was sick yesterday."

All the ships in a convoy have numbers. The first ship in the first column is known as 1–1, the second ship in the same column is designated 1–2, the second in the second column is 2–2, and so on. The naval escort vessels are designated not by their own names but by code names. In the daytime, communication between ships is usually by means of pennants, and at night by blinker or by radio-telephone. One night, Lieutenant Sackler broke off in the middle of a conversation with the Captain and pointed to a distant ship whose blinkers were winking yellow through the blackness. "I think they're talking to us," he said. Everyone on the flying bridge got excited. Lieutenant Sackler wrote down the message letter by letter while other officers crowded about and looked over his shoulder. He wrote "R" and then "E." The tension grew until the tenor of the message became evident. "Regards," it said, "to Captains Henderson and Watkins. We will have a drink together soon. Willis." Captain Henderson was quite disturbed. "He shouldn't have done that," he said, then turned to Lieutenant Sackler and ordered, "Just say 'Reciprocate.' "

Another time the ship ahead of the Marquette, an aircraft carrier nicknamed the Limey Flattop, blinked out, "We are very fond of you, but would you mind dropping back a wee bit?" Captain Henderson growled ungraciously and then spoke down the tube. "Fall back a little bit, Mr. Kelly," he said. "That Limey's getting nervous." A minute later the blinker on the ship of the escort commander began to flash out something serious. "Activity ahead," it said. "Alter course. Alter speed. Plan B. Zigzag plans going into effect. Dangerous waters." Captain Henderson jumped to the tube and roared an order. Within a few moments the Marquette's speed changed and her bow began slanting first to port and then to



starboard. The ship wove back and forth in long, skidding strokes, like an ice skater. Nothing happened and presently the alert was ended. Shortly afterward, Captain Henderson went into the signal shack for what is known as "the evening conference," which is held over the radio-telephones. Every other captain in the convoy—there were perhaps forty or fifty—was at his own telephone, too. Usually the captains say practically nothing themselves; they just listen to the convoy commander, who is known as the Commodore. The typical conference is a monologue by the Commodore, who will make a series of announcements. He will say:

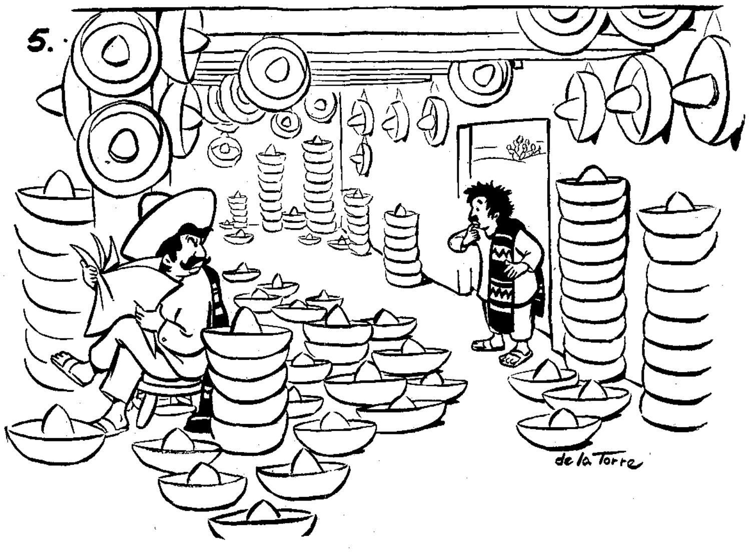
"I'd like to recommend against firing bursts above or near formation. Ships on the perimeter, however, who desire to fire a few bursts may ask permission to do so.

"Darkening ship was much better tonight than last night.

"According to reports received tonight, there are no submarines in the area ahead. This only means that none have been located.

"The weather is predicted the same for the next twelve hours.

"If the speed is too much for any ship, let the Commodore know.



"Any comment? . . . That's all, gentlemen. Good night."

CAPTAIN HENDERSON's quarters, which adjoin the pilot house on the bridge, consist of a chartroom, a wardroom, a stateroom, and a bathroom. The chartroom is used not only by the Captain but by his officers. In it, under a dim, red light, is a draughting table, with charts, pencils, dividers, scratch pads, parallel rulers, a red megaphone, binoculars, and a telephone. Standing at the draughting table, his feet braced wide apart, Captain Henderson records the ship's course once every noon and again in the evening, reducing hundreds of miles of sea to a pencil line. Against one wall there is a bookcase containing volumes with such titles as "Dead Reckoning: Alt. & Azimuth Tables," "The American

Nautical Almanac," "The West Coast of Scotland, Including the Inner and Outer Hebrides," "The West Coast of Spain," and "The East Coasts of Central America and Mexico." Above the bookcase is a large sign proclaiming:

> MATE ON WATCH: Remember your radio operator must be told immediately:
>
> 1. When Commodore orders your ship to change position in convoy.
> 2. When fog sets in and visual signals cannot be received.
> 3. When emergencies exist or an attack is expected.
> 4. When your vessel falls out of visual distance of the convoy.
>
> BE ALERT!
> BE SAFE!
> TELL HIM!

Adjoining the chartroom is the wardroom of the Captain's suite. It is large and, for a transport, luxurious, with a white ceiling and red-mahogany woodwork, a blue rug, and on one wall a picture of a ship under full sail. The ceiling is a little low for the Captain, who is six feet three and must pull his head down between his shoulders to avoid hitting it. In the center of the room there is a table covered with green baize and against the port wall there is a sideboard with a silver coffee service on it. A large red mahogany desk is under a porthole on the aft wall. The portholes have gray, blue, and red floral curtains, and there are three deep upholstered chairs covered in the same material. The Captain's stateroom has the impersonal severity of a hotel room. On a stand beside his bed are a small clock and usually a bar of chocolate. His bathroom is tiled and contains a huge white refrigerator. The Captain almost never invites his officers to his quarters. At most, on a cold night, he will ask Captain Watkins or the chief engineer in for a cup of coffee.

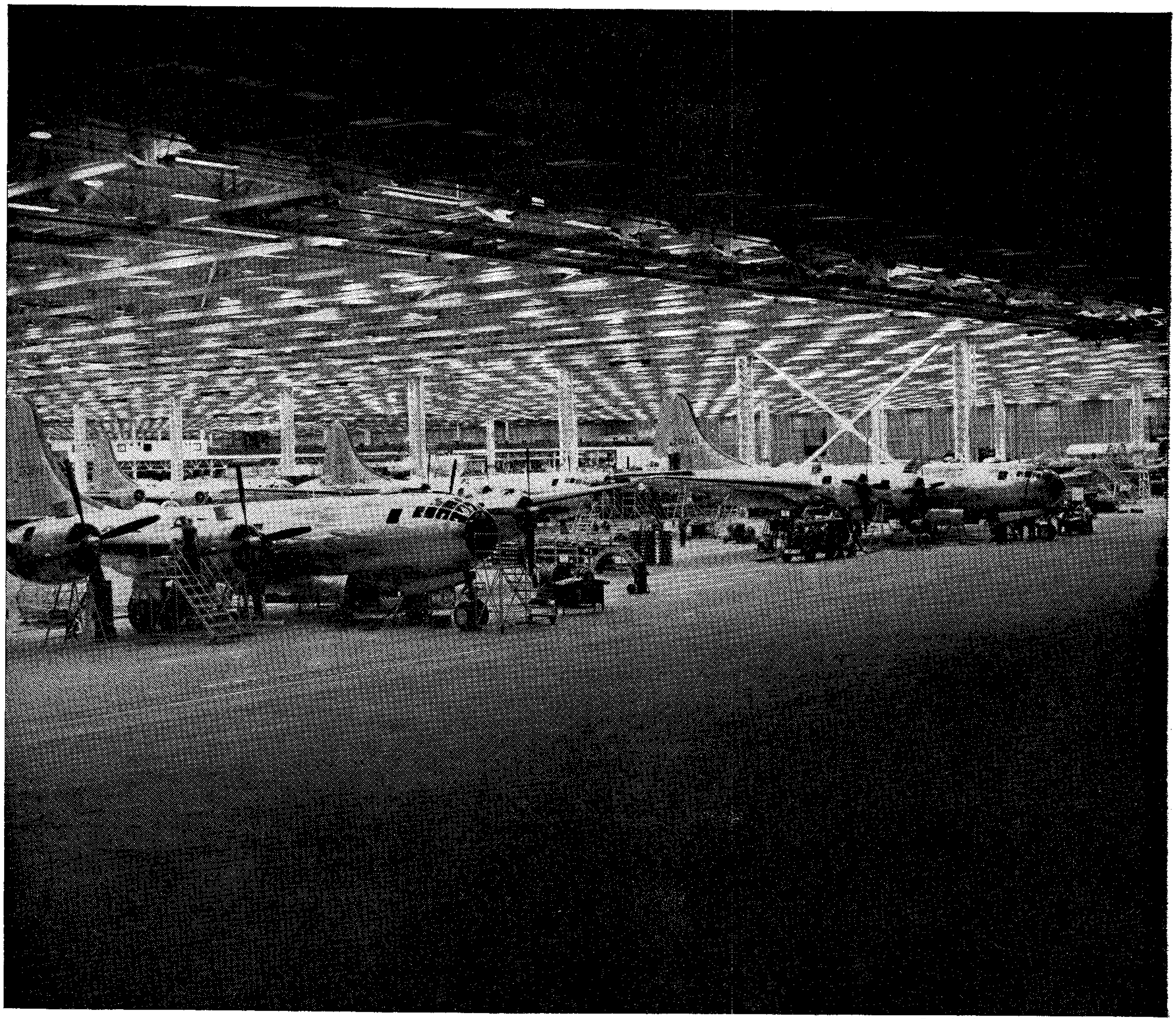
The Marquette's chief engineer is Edgar Roberts, a man of forty, with black hair that is generally in disorder and full, dark jowls that are generally unshaven. He has a habit, in which he takes pride, of not replying to anyone who speaks to him. It is merely because, he explains, his mind is filled with such intense activity that the outside world does not penetrate. He is constantly striding through the ship, his face in a scowl signifying thought. "My own mind entertains me," he will say. "I spend a good deal of time just sitting and thinking about things not working. Sometimes, ideas come to me in bed. I'll just be lying looking at the bulkhead and suddenly I'll know what's wrong with that generator. Always been a great one to sit in my room and think things out. It's just the way I am. Had a problem, for instance, three years ago, on another ship. Problem was operating an evaporator. Supposed to give thirty tons of fresh water a day, but couldn't get more than five. If we forced it faster, it gave salt water instead of fresh. Last week I was lying in bed and all of a sudden it came to me. Now I know what was the matter.

"I went through a course in physics without opening a book," he will continue. "As to math, I never had any trouble with it. If I see a thing, I'll take it apart. Don't know why—just the way I am. I travel alone. I don't know why—just seem to like it. I'm a great one for thinking my own thoughts. I can put my head in the engine room and tell by the sound if anything's wrong. I can pick out sounds. A little while ago one of the coolers broke down and the fellows on watch didn't notice, but I was just walking by and I noticed something in the engine like a bark. In an instant I knew the oil was getting hot, and that made the bark, as well as scale deposits in the jackets."

Mr. Roberts also takes pride in the fact that he was born in Red Bank, New Jersey, and still lives there—"within a block of the house where I was born," he says with satisfaction. He likes his job. He likes his pay. His outlook might be summed up by a quotation from Mark Twain which he has typed out and pasted on the flyleaf of his copy of "Kent's Mechanical Engineers' Handbook." It reads, "The law of work does seem utterly unfair—but there it is, and nothing can change it; the higher the pay in enjoyment the worker gets out of it, the higher shall be his pay in money also."

A GREAT favorite of the Marquette's crew is Colonel Gordon K. Blair, the Army transport commander, who heads the ship's permanent Army Transportation Corps detail of thirty officers and men and is in charge of all troops while they are aboard. He is a pleasant, seamy-faced veteran of the last war, from Carthage, Missouri, where in peacetime he is the editor of a daily newspaper. Colonel Blair is not only a student of the Civil War but a collector of Civil War cutlasses. He has part of his collection on the ship. Often he lays the weapons out on his bed for the crewmen to admire. He spends an hour or so a day working on a book he is writing, "Jasper County, Missouri, in the Civil War." He is an en-

"What's your last name, baby?"



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THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

LISTEN: DECEMBER 23, 1944

At midnight Christmas Eve over CBS, the chimes will ring in the first second of Christmas Day, as they've done for the past 17 Christmas Eves. The Collegiate Chorale backed by the Columbia Concert Orchestra will sing *Joy To The World*. And for the rest of the hour you'll hear rare and familiar music, excerpts from the *Messiah*, the rich contralto voice of Sally Moore singing the famous English carol, *Twelve Days of Christmas*. And in the closing minutes *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

Starting at 8 Christmas morning CBS carries the sounds of Christmas all day long.

But sharply at 1:30 p.m., EWT, a special program speaks to that part of you which is overseas. You hear the bells of London's Westminster Cathedral; then a brief account by CBS' correspondent, Eric Sevareid, of Europe on Christmas Day, 1944. From a plane above London, Bill Shadell describes the city's first lighted Christmas in 5 years. Then you hear a small war orphan in a government nursery read a few lines from *A Christmas Carol*.

The next thing you know you're in Paris listening to the bells of Notre Dame and the Negro choir of the 9th American Air Force singing spirituals. In the next seconds of silence you move to the most advanced American air-strip in Germany. Some men just back from a sortie talk about their Christmas, send regards back home. Then CBS takes you 6000 miles east around the earth to the Philippines to hear its correspondent, Bill Dunn, talk to a soldier or a sailor you may know. A few minutes later you're at a G.I. party in Rome, listening to the laughter fade into the chimes of St. Peter's.

Now it's 2 p.m. EWT by the living-room clock. A familiar voice says "Come on—dinner's ready!"—so good feasting, and a Merry Christmas.

★

(Please buy another War Bond today)

This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

thusiastic booster for the Marquette's crew and for the National Maritime Union. He often tells Army officers new to the ship that some fifteen thousand of the union's ninety thousand members have been torpedoed while delivering men and munitions to the world's battlefronts and that approximately five thousand have lost their lives, a higher casualty rate than that of the armed forces.

Except for the officers, the members of the Merchant Marine do not wear uniforms at sea, unless the blue dungarees and white sweatshirts worn by most of them can be considered uniforms. They are fierce individualists, given to what they term "getting up on your hind legs and blowing your top." At some union meetings aboard ship the chairman has had to use a sledge hammer instead of a gavel to maintain order. The crew is composed of butchers from the A. & P. who rebelled against that organization's dictum that the customer is always right, of bartenders who suddenly wearied of endless alcoholic reminiscences, of clerks too old for combat who grew tired of keeping their shoes shined, of elderly farmers from Maine whose eighty acres seemed small and confining when the world was ablaze, and, of course, of the professional seamen and engineers who knew every port of the world long before the world had heard of Nazis. The men in the crew are patriotic, in an old-fashioned, Fourth of July way, and that is at least one reason many of them have joined the Merchant Marine. They are not self-conscious about speaking of the necessity of sacrifice for victory, and it is not unusual to hear dissertations about the duty of citizens in wartime. In the past year the Marquette's crewmen have bought $48,000 worth of War Bonds and contributed eight hundred pints of blood to the Red Cross. Eighty-six of the crew canvassed for the P.A.C. in getting out the vote when the Marquette returned to her home port just before the Presidential election and more than a dozen made street-corner speeches for one candidate or another.

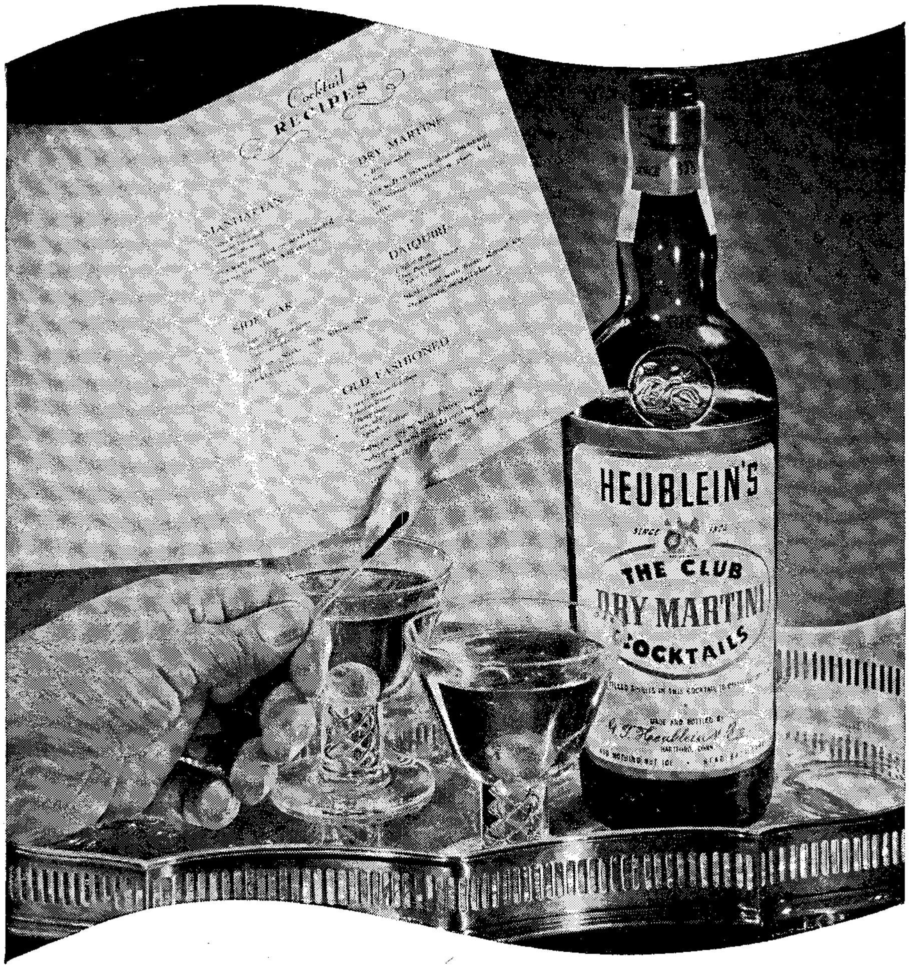
The first union business after the ship leaves port on a voyage is to elect a ship's committee, a delegate and an alternate from each of the ship's departments—deck, engineer, and steward. The committee has much the same relation to the Captain that a student council has to the president of a university. It can make recommendations to the Captain, who always has the final decision in matters of discipline while at sea, and it can penalize its members, after trial, for breaches of conduct. In addition to many smaller meetings during the voyage, a mass meeting is held at the beginning and the end of each trip. It is at the first of these big meetings that the election is held. In addition, topics ranging from all aspects of the ship's operation to national and world affairs are discussed in the spirit of a New England town meeting. Committees on health, safety, and education are elected, and lectures on current affairs and classes on seamanship are organized. For example, Sherwood Moore, a Negro baker, teaches a class in Postwar Perspectives aboard the Marquette. He tells his students that national unity must be preserved after the war and also that if the United States, Russia, and Britain continue to collaborate, an epoch of peace, prosperity, and democracy will result. He is forty-six and a veteran of the first World War and of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, which fought the Fascists in Spain. He was once a C.I.O. organizer in the South, where he was beaten up on more than one occasion. He is a chunky, dignified man with a scraggly mustache, a soft voice, a weak heart, and a weariness to which he will not let himself succumb. Richard Owens, a day pantryman whose grandfather fought under Pickett in the Civil War, teaches a class in the history of the National Maritime Union. He usually sits on a table when he is lecturing, his long legs drawn up almost to his chin. "By golly," he drawls, "before we had the union, going to sea was a form of slavery. Many good men lost their lives in building this union, and, by golly, we got to keep it strong."

Some forty union members volunteer each trip to help the Navy crew at the guns in case of an enemy attack, and after the voyage is over, Lieutenant D. S. Darbison, senior Navy officer aboard, posts a notice on the union bulletin board praising the crew for its coöperation. The seamen get along extremely well with the Navy men and with the soldiers they are ferrying across the ocean and as the transport nears the port where the troops will be disembarked, the emotion that runs through the vessel is something like that of the last day of school. Not long ago, at the end of one voyage, as the troops were clumping down the gangplanks onto European soil, an Indiana farm boy broke free from the column and went back to shake hands with Moore, the Negro baker. "Do good, boy," Moore said in a fatherly way.

THE Marquette was launched as a passenger liner in 1926 and was in the North Atlantic service until she was bought by the American government nine days after Pearl Harbor. She is now operated by the United States Lines under the supervision of the War Shipping Administration. Her present gaunt, gray outlines suggest little of the gleaming white vessel, trimmed in red, green, and buff, that for a dozen years was regarded as one of the world's beautiful liners. Decks on which the pop of champagne corks was once the loudest explosion now tremble at the practice blasts from the gun at the stern. The breakage aboard ship, which in times of peace ran to items such as glasses dropped by careless drinkers, now includes the steel that is wrenched awry by the concussion of test firing. Decks that were walked by royalty and Hollywood stars are now packed with anonymous young men on their way to a war. The hors d'œuvres served aboard the peacetime liner, which usually included hazel hen, pheasant, plover, cold asparagus, shrimp salad, crabmeat salad, smoked ham, boiled ham, roast ham, sardines, anchovies, aspics, and pâté de foie gras with truffles, has been replaced by the plainer fare of the Marquette, which runs to bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, frankfurters, baked beans, beefsteak, ice cream, and apple pie. Oil paintings, mirrors, glass-topped tables, stained-glass windows, grand pianos, sycamore panels, silver-plated door fittings, and sealskin rugs were removed from the liner to make room for the Marquette's stacks of life rafts, tons of life preservers, and huge three-decker bunks. The swimming pool is now dry, a storage place for stacked sacks of flour. The space occupied by the aquarium has been converted into an ammunition magazine. The cocktail lounge, once the scene of tea dances to the music of Louis of Mayfair, echoes to the debates of the National Maritime Union. Louis, whose full name is Louis Waleski, is working in a shipyard in Florida.

MAJOR HICKMAN sometimes sums up life aboard the Marquette by saying that it would make a good novel. "Nothing trashy, you under-

Burn your recipes!



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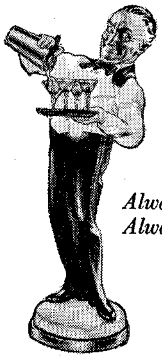

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THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
Famed "Nativity" and "Star Bright"

stand," he says. "Clean-cut. Inspiring." He likes to think that everyone aboard the ship would, as he says, "flash into life everlasting" if the Marquette sank with all hands. During the excitement that followed an attack by the Luftwaffe about a year ago, Major Hickman was galvanized into action and out of his bunk, and for several days he did some concrete work on a novel. He felt that he might be able to strike at the core of things if he could find out what the members of the ship's permanent Army detail and crew were doing at exactly 8:01 P.M., one minute before the Germans attacked and sank three other ships in the Marquette's convoy. "It was disappointing," he recently told one of the ship's new officers. "There was no nearness to God." He had discovered that, at 8:01 that night, Dr. John Sherman, ship's surgeon, instead of thinking of life everlasting, was lancing a boil on the neck of one Jesus Columbo, ordinary seaman. John Murphy, chief purser, was writing down some theories of his about industrial payrolls and tax deductions. George Panko, chief steward, was sniffing a can of suspect peaches. Arthur Wernecke was standing the wheel trick in the pilot house and wondering, he said, what he "should buy the old lady for Christmas." Russell Engstrom, second assistant senior purser, was drawing up plans for a goat farm he expects to operate after the war. Samuel Queed, pharmacist's mate, was studying the human circulatory system in preparation for a postwar examination on embalming. Martin Klein, third assistant steward, was speaking to a pal about his pet canary, Bobo. Lieutenant Sackler was on the flying bridge, boasting that the Marquette's signal flags were always hoisted faster than those of any other ship in the convoy. Walter Toler, chef, was writing out a menu. Edward Jenkins, second chef, was telling a friend how he had once tricked George Bernard Shaw into eating meat by putting it into a tomato. Ralph Cambridge, engineer's yeoman, was trying to figure out whether he had enough money to buy a new uniform. Alex Northrop, able-bodied seaman, was tightening up the guy wires aft on the boat deck and wondering whether he could find a drink aboard to treat a stuffed-up nose. Henry Drake, Army wireless operator, was in the wireless shack writing a song beginning "Please don't make me love you." Theophile de Lieu, baker, was in the kitchen icing a cake. Michael Paul, third engineer, was opening a valve. Sergeant Jonathan Howland, of the Army detail, was composing a fan letter to Amy Arnell, a radio singer. Dr. H. E. Lawton, ship's dentist, was pulling a bicuspid.

"It was discouraging," Major Hickman says. "But it would make a good novel. Nothing trashy, you understand. You could begin by having a refined Wac meet a chaplain."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the second of two articles about the Marquette.)

• •

CAROL

Flocks feed by darkness with a noise of whispers
In the dry grass of pastures
And lull the solemn night with their weak bells.

The little towns upon the rocky hills
Look down as meek as children
Because they have seen come this holy time.

God's glory, now, is kindled gentler than low lantern light,
Under the rafters of a barn.
Eternal Peace is sleeping in some hay,
Where Wisdom's born in secret, in a straw-built stable.

But oh! make holy music in the stars, you happy angels;
You shepherds, gather on a hill.
Look up, you timid flocks, where the three kings
Are coming through the wintry trees,

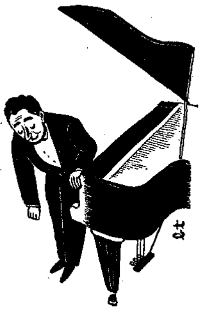
While we, unnumbered children of the wicked centuries,
Come after with our penances and prayers
And lay them down in the sweet-smelling hay
Beside the Wise Men's golden jars.

—THOMAS JAMES MERTON

MUSICAL EVENTS

Cheerful Enterprise

Joseph Szigeti and Harry Kaufman introduced Serge Prokofieff's sonata in D-major, a new composition for violin and piano, at Carnegie Hall last week, raising a long and merry din of enthusiasm among the listeners for both the performance and the performers. The sonata is tuneful and rhythmically attractive, and has its humorous quirks here and there. If the composer were to rewrite the piano part for orchestra, he would probably find he had a very popular violin concerto on his hands. In any case, the offering will do well, and it can go into the book as a Prokofieff success, along with the composer's "Classical Symphony," "Peter and the Wolf," and the rest of his winners.



Mr. Szigeti, one of the most enterprising as well as one of the most accomplished of violinists, also came up with another candidate for wide circulation—Ernst Bacon's "Buncombe County (N. C.)," a charming thing in the folksong manner. It was received with considerable approval. Still another novelty that drew plenty of attention was Henry Cowell's "How Old Is Song?," a pleasant melody whose accompaniment is strummed and plucked right on the piano strings. The composer took over from Mr. Kaufman for this item, and, succeeded in making the piano sound like a large and amiable zither. It was an interesting trick, but I wouldn't advise you to try it on your own piano, unless, of course, you happen to have a competent repairman and tuner idling somewhere about the premises.

There were other enterprising people at work last week, among them Rose Dirman and Vladimir Dukelsky, who gave two concerts of "Unfamiliar Music, Old and New" in the New York Times Hall. Miss Dirman, an accomplished and musicianly soprano, and Mr. Dukelsky, a skillful and versatile pianist and composer (as you no doubt know, he is Vernon Duke when he writes music for Broadway or Hollywood), dug up a raft of songs that haven't had much circulation and gave them smooth and understanding treatments. These recitals of unfamiliars were delightful affairs, and I hope that Miss Dirman and Mr. Dukelsky will continue their digging.

Blanche Thebom, who had been heard hereabouts in recitals, movies, and radio, made her Metropolitan début last week as Fricka in "Die Walküre" and proved to be an important addition to Edward Johnson's company. The rôle of Fricka is not long and it offers only a few minutes of straight singing. Dramatically, it's no cinch, however, because Fricka's function in this music drama is to reproach her husband, Wotan, for his misdeeds and remind him of the code of conduct for primitive gods. Miss Thebom, who has a notable voice, sang well, made the dramatic points convincingly, and maintained the majesty of the music, which is much more impressive than the words. Moreover, she made Wotan an unusually attractive wife.

The season's first "Lucia di Lammermoor" was memorable mostly because of its curious placidity. Much of it was underacted and undersung, and this is one opera that needs punch in the grand manner to be effective. Patrice Munsel, who has definite vocal and dramatic gifts, was rather heavily burdened by the title rôle, a difficult assignment at this early stage in her career. For all that, she drew a fine ovation from the audience. —Robert A. Simon

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CLEAR STATEMENT OF THE WAY THINGS ARE IN SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY

[*Letter to the editor of the Camden Courier*]

To the Editor:

Some farmers plough with horses.

Some farmers who own horses aren't very kind to them. Sometimes when a horse is too frisky the farmer lets his temper loose and knocks the horse by hitting him over the head.

Sometimes when the heat of the day is at its peak the farmer seeks shelter but lets the horse stand in the sun.

Some tie their dogs to very narrow ropes or chains, never giving the animals a chance to have a run.

Some children sent to feed the cows run off and play and forget about the feeding.

Those farmers forget that animals require food, drink, shelter, rest, exercise, protection; they feel heat and pain.

No person can escape God's law of compensation. He will repay us according to our acts. Mary Bard

Andrews road, Sicklerville.

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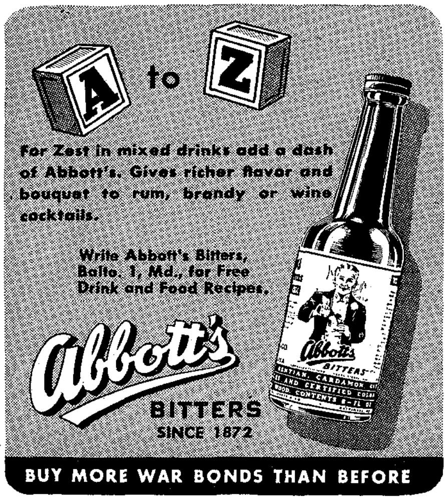
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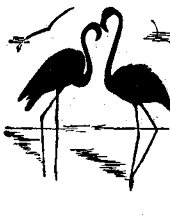


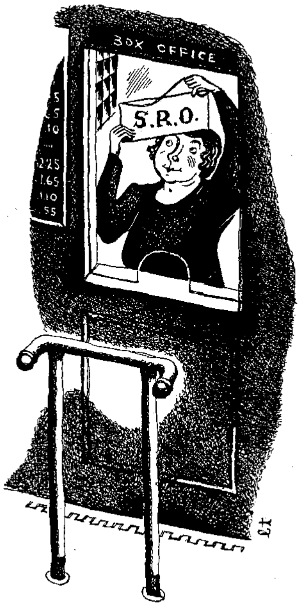
JAMES J. CARROLL, MANAGING DIRECTOR

THE THEATRE

YES AND NO

LAST week brought only two new contributions to Broadway. The first of these was called "Dark Hammock" (a title that irritated me even after I found out what it meant), and it closed after two very painful performances at the Forrest. The other, "Dear Ruth," a comedy by Norman Krasna, at the Henry Miller, looks from here very much like a success. We will consider the living first.

"Dear Ruth" is just a variation of a good many other pieces about the girl and the soldier on a brief leave, but it is an intelligent one, thanks not only to Mr. Krasna's tidy construction and literate humor but also to a very impressive directing job by Moss Hart. The story is slight and, as noted, not altogether unfamiliar. Miriam Wilkins, one of those teen-age girls who so often seem to make family life in America harder than strictly necessary, has been writing letters to a lieutenant overseas, signing them with her elder sister's name, for reasons never quite clear to me. They are exhaustive and rather stimulating compositions, dealing with such advanced matters as Love, Life, Swinburne, and the sex habits of the Soviets, and the lieutenant, hurrying to call on his correspondent at her home in Kew Gardens, is under certain hopeful misapprehensions. Anyway, he gets there, and since Miriam has also enclosed her sister's picture in one of her letters, he makes a very natural mistake (Mr. Krasna's plot seems to be getting a little too much for me along here) and goes right to work on the wrong girl. Ruth, which happens to be the sister's name, is engaged to a young banker who is just about as stuffy as they come (it is apparently a convention of our stage that young suburban bankers are all bores), but on the theory that a girl can't be too nice to a hero, especially when he can be counted on to go away in a couple of days, she is very nice indeed to the lieutenant.



The rest ought to be obvious, even to a very casual student of the theatre, and anyway I suppose it is more or less Mr. Krasna's secret, so I will say only that everything turns out very neatly in the end. The issue is slightly complicated by a secondary love affair, also military, but you don't have to pay any particular attention to it. All this, I can see now, sounds like a moderately exasperating little piece of work. As a matter of fact, it is really quite pleasant in an elementary sort of way. I guess you'll just have to take my word for it.

Virginia Gilmore, as Ruth, is very decorative, and if her performance often suggests the one given by Margaret Sullavan in "The Voice of the Turtle," it is probably just that the parts are rather similar. Lenore Lonergan, as the demon Miriam; Phyllis Povah and Howard Smith, as her harried parents; and John Dall, as the lieutenant who gets his girls mixed up, are all attractive in their various ways.

PASSING rapidly from the quick to the dead, "Dark Hammock" was a memoir of the Taft administration, having to do with a young woman who chipped the heads off kitchen matches and fed them to her husband in his eggnog. One of the most curious program notes of the season reads, "The authors are anxious to express their thanks to the late Dr. J. Carlind Browne, of the Doctors' Hospital, New York City, whose ingenious diagnosis helped them to set down the facts concerning Marvin Platt's mysterious ailment." I am happy to report that my own physician, still current, is of the opinion that matches are now so constructed that they can be eaten with impunity, though, of course, preferably in moderation. Anyway, Mrs. Platt's motive for trying to remove Mr. Platt was that she wanted to inherit his money so that she could rejoin a younger and more appetizing lover in New York. That she failed was only because of the fortunate arrival of a female scientist (played by Elissa Landi), who found a big jug of phosphorus right under a trapdoor in the living room and cleared everything up in an executive though slightly high-handed way (she tricked Mrs. Platt into drinking her own witches' brew). Miss Landi was abetted in these glum doings by such agreeable actors as Mary Wickes, Arthur Hunnicutt, and Mary Orr. Miss Orr, I regret to say, collaborated with Reginald Denham in writing the darn thing.

I THINK you had better make up your own mind about "Little Women," which will be at the City Center through December 23rd. It is a nice enough production, though by no means as nice as the one Hollywood gave Katharine Hepburn, but I'm afraid that somehow or other the girls are beginning to get on my nerves. Probably I've just known them too long.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ICE STORM

No ice so pure and clear
as this that tips
the boughs of birches, dips
the twigs in glass;

the grove, a chandelier
the land to light—
a land of angel white,
a land of strass.

The looping trees bestow
from branches bent
each loosened ornament
upon the snow.

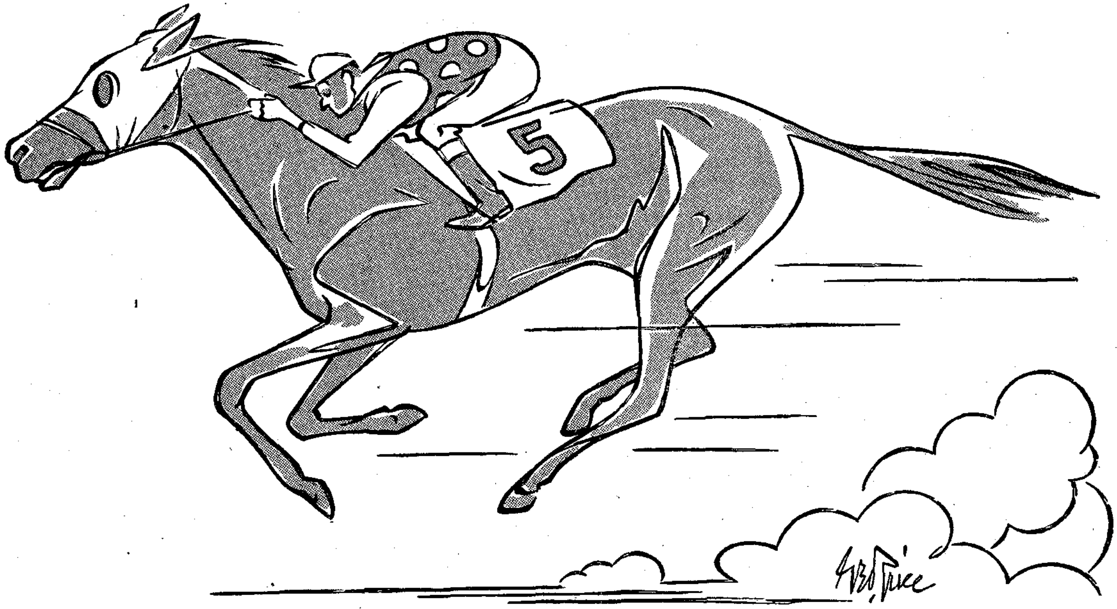
Earth is no longer earth
and sky not sky;
the clouds around us lie,
a heavenly birth.

World without shadow, world
without a sound,
a changeling planet found
all plumed and pearled,

no hue for eyes', no lute
for ears' delight,
a Paradise of white,
an Eden mute.

—PEGGY BACON

How far away is Chicago?



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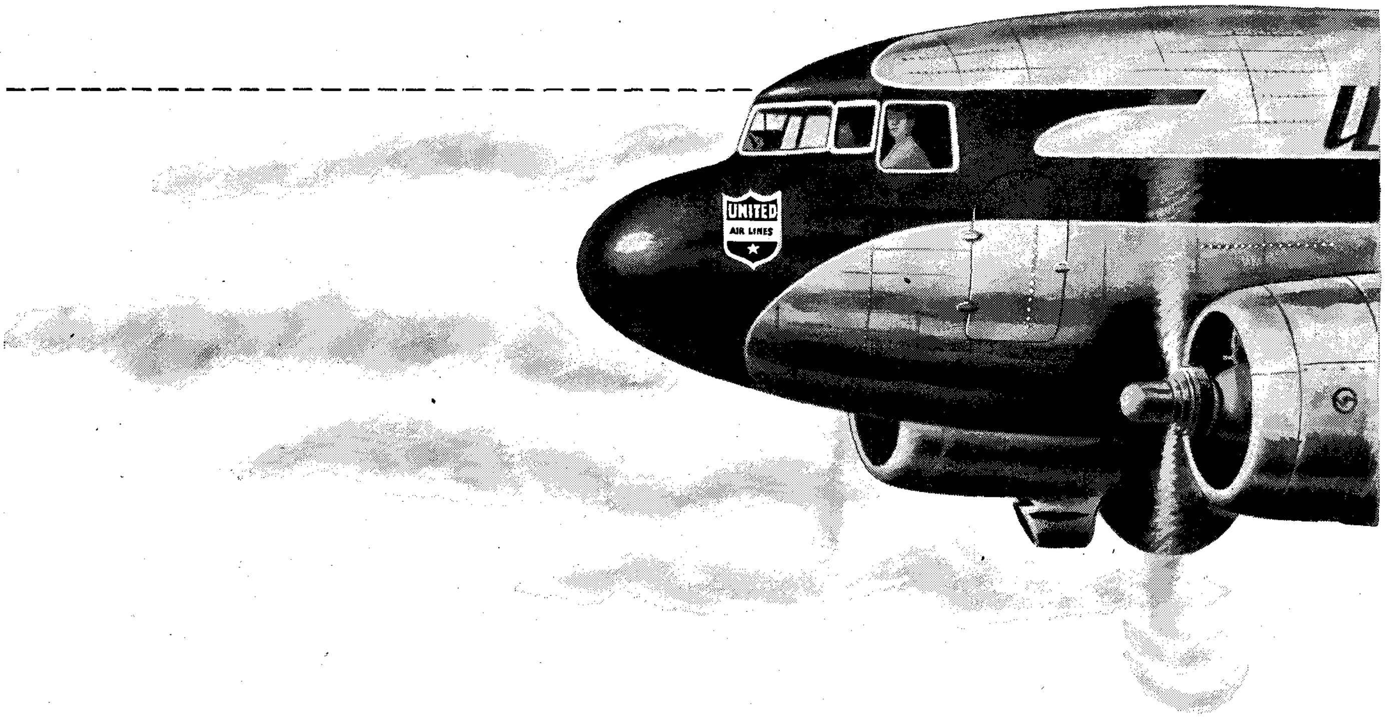

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UNITED
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LETTER FROM PARIS

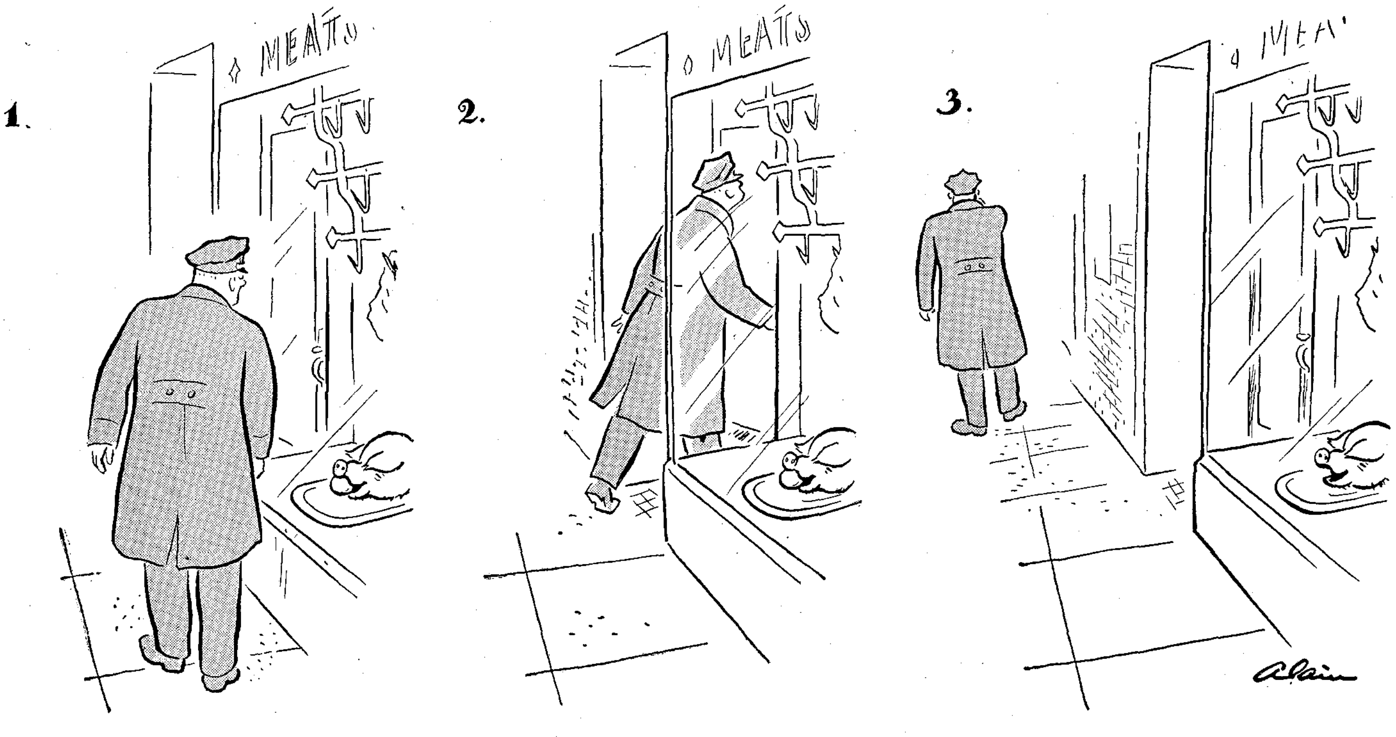
DECEMBER 15 (BY WIRELESS)

THIS is a period of high visibility in France. The surface of Paris today consists of fundamentals, as it has before during the country's crucial mutations. The good and bad that lie at the base of French life are now being temporarily pressed to the top. Today is a French date, like the date after the French Revolution, like the date after the fall of Napoleon, like the date after the rise of Bismarck in Berlin. On such a calendar, it seems evident, 1918 was no date at all.

What, each according to his station in life, the citizens of Paris, four months after its liberation, hope that they will live to see in the way of a revived and reformed France, and what, rich or poor, they know they cannot live through again are doubtless clearer now than they will be later, when normal living and forgetfulness begin to dim the scene. Existence in Paris is still abnormal with relief, with belief. The two together make for confusion. The population of Paris is still a mass of uncoördinated individuals, each walking through the ceaseless winter rains with his memories. Government, because it is a novelty after four years of occupation, seems so intimate that each citizen feels he can keep his eye on it in vigilant curiosity. News, too, is intimate, as if the globe had shrunk to suit the size of the one-sheet French newspapers. Large events, when reduced to a paragraph, seem personal, and battlefronts on which millions of men of various nationalities are struggling assume, in print, the intense, direct interest of a family affair in which three of its members are involved, since France metaphysically considers that she has three armies—her soldiers, her deportees, and her tortured civilian dead. No Parisian, worker or capitalist, patriot or turncoat, important or obscure, has enough of everything. Nourished by liberation, warmed by the country's return to active battle, Paris is still, physically, living largely on vegetables and mostly without heat. France, which was the strained and straining leader of Europe for so many years that finally she no longer had the strength to lead herself, is now probably the most fortunate survivor of an Old World that is being destroyed into something new.

For five years Europe has been the victim of cannibalism, with one country trying to eat the other countries, trying to eat the grain, the meat, the oil, the steel, the liberties, the governments, and the men of all the others. The half-consumed corpses of ideologies and of the civilians who believed in them have rotted the soil of Europe, and in this day of the most luxurious war machinery the world has ever seen, the inhabitants of the Continent's capital cities have been reduced to the primitive problems of survival, of finding something to eat, of hatred, of revenge, of fawning, of being for or against themselves or someone else, and of hiding, like savages with ration cards. The desperate economic competition which will arrive with the peace will be scarcely less bloodthirsty. The country whose men, machines, and municipalities are the least wrecked physically; the country lucky enough to have unweary, educated brains, young or old, which will volunteer their services to public life, like youthful corporals or middle-aged colonels volunteering for a dangerous, unrewarded front-line mission; the country which, above all, has in readiness a leader not identified with military defeat or, even worse, what peacefully led up to it—that country should have the best chance for survival. At this moment of semi-liberation in Europe, with the end of hostilities surely situated somewhere across the Rhine, in a field or village not yet in history's view, France seems the Continental nation most favored for the future. As *Combat*, a former underground newspaper that has assumed great importance here, has just declared, this is the time, in France, for harsh intelligence. As *Figaro*, which represents a new, noble-hearted Right, has just stated, the French must rethink many things which up to now they have failed to think through. As the Communist *Humanité* repeats in its slogan, which sounds strangely like an imperial throwback, it is now or never for the "French Renaissance."

UNTIL the Renaissance gets under way, mouths and hands are more important than intellects and hopes. The shortages of food and employment are equally great; there is a nice balance between the empty factories and the nearly empty stomachs. When the Germans disappeared from Paris last August, the black market began to disappear, too. This has not turned out to be the bless-

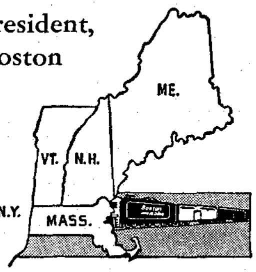


WHAT ABOUT YOUR LABOR SITUATION AFTER THE WAR?

When the whistle blows in Northern New England Jim Brown, machinist, has something extra to look forward to. For Jim owns his own home just as do 52% of all the workmen in the towns along Boston and Maine lines. Like most of his fellow workers Jim lived here before Pearl Harbor—plans to keep on living here after the war. He and his wife and children are happy. They like New England; New England likes them.

When labor questions come up at the factory they're likely to be settled, as in Jim's family circle, by a home-made labor-management committee. That's why Northern New England has had fewer strikes than any other equivalent industrial section of the country. That's why Northern New England is a good place in which to locate—for management as well as labor. Here management will find better cooperation on the production line, reduced turnover of skilled help, and a far higher quality of output. Labor will find working *and* living conditions that can mean far more than just a job—the satisfaction of a rewarding home life and the promise of a brighter future for their children through New England's unsurpassed educational opportunities.

Boston and Maine can advise management about advantageous locations and contacts in Northern New England. We suggest you write to L. F. Whittemore, Assistant to the President, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston 14, Massachusetts.



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ing one might have expected. The black market, and even the gray market—the constant bartering, selling, and haggling that went on among friends—devastated what was left of French morale and cheapened the value of time, since it consumed hours of each day, but it also saved French lives. The black market was built upon the French peasant's classic cupidity and the Vichy government's stupidity in thinking that it is a farmer's social duty to grow things whether they profit him or not. Because the French peasant was paid parsimoniously low official prices in an attempt to keep consumer prices down, he found that he was receiving only a fraction of what it cost him to produce what he sold. Therefore, humanly, he not only lied to the authorities about the quantity he could bring to market but, inhumanely, he undersupplied even his assessed regional share for the needy. And while the Parisian, in the four years of the occupation, was losing, on the average, forty pounds in weight because of inadequate rations, the peasant was selling his surplus on the black market at profits which, if he had big herds, flocks, and fields, made him a franc millionaire. Now, as one of the money-minded *nouveaux riches*, he fears the inflation he helped to create. Thus nowadays a cow in the bush seems a better bet than thirty thousand francs in the hand. The peasant has stopped selling, the black market is drying up, and Parisians, who expected to fill up on something more than freedom after the liberation, are still underfed. This week's fat-and-flesh ration for a family of three in Paris is a half pound of fresh meat, three-fifths of a pound of butter, and nine twenty-fifths of a pound of sausage. On this much food the family of three will not starve, but neither will any member of it feel full. Since the breakup of the excellently organized black market, substitute arrangements have come into being and with them have come hijacking, robberies, connivances, and Chicagoesque gangs drawn from the Mauvais Maquis, which was composed of thugs who had nothing to do with the original Maquis (the Communist Maquis Rouge) or the subsequent non-political Maquis Blanc and who have done the properly sacred Maquis legend harm. It is nothing now for helpless officials to announce that en route from Normandy to Paris two tons of butter have melted from a six-ton truckload. For that matter, whole trainloads of food have been reported lost, including the locomotive.

THE first of the two major attacks by the Consultative Assembly on de Gaulle's Cabinet to date was made by slightly hungry Deputies, who asked questions about supplies. Last year, under the Nazis, the Deputies pointed out, there were turkeys for those who could pay a thousand francs for them. This year there were only bombed bridges, too few freight cars, and blasted railroad tracks. The Germans departed on and with two-thirds of the country's railway equipment and two-thirds of the country's trucks. This year, too, on the war maps, there is a great food-producing slice of France which even the Deputies may have forgotten about, since it is never mentioned and is still controlled by the Germans—from the lamb-grazing pasture lands above Bordeaux up into southern Brittany, secondary butter-and-egg basket of the country. Anyway, even if there were quantities of food in Paris, there would be nearly no fuel with which to cook it. The coal is in the north. There can be no transportation without coal and no coal without transportation. Two months of continuous rain have so swollen the rivers and canals that coal barges are tied up to the banks. Because of the lack of coal, there is no electric power for the city's factories, so they remain closed and the men have no work to do. But if they were open, who would fill all the jobs? Eight hundred thousand of the most skilled French factory workers are still labor slaves in Germany, working against the Allies. Because of the lack of electricity, a dozen of the Métro stations have been closed in an effort to force people to walk and reduce the number of passengers. The government has just announced that no public buildings will be heated before January 1st. The Academicians, old and wise men, have just announced that they will not hold their end-of-the-year annual meeting until some nice day next spring.

Then, because of the coal shortage, there is a gas shortage. Gas for cooking is rationed to an hour and a half for luncheon—it is on between noon and one-thirty—and an hour for supper, between seven and eight. There is no gas to heat the breakfast coffee of burned barley. Parisians rich enough to buy sawdust by the ton, and black-market gasoline for trucks to deliver it, can store a winter's supply of several tons of sawdust in half of an apartment and keep the other half warm with special sawdust-burning stoves. With equally special low-current electrical attachments, the newly invented stone-lined stoves here can be heated during the night, after which the hot stones give warmth most of the next day. But these attachments are no longer available. For nearly everybody in Paris, the only available commodity is the cold. Except for the first winter after the defeat, this is the most uncomfortable winter of the war. Nevertheless, to the freed Parisians, dining in their overcoats on a meagre soup of carrots and turnips, the only obtainable vegetables, Paris seems like home for the first time since the Christmas before the war.

THE second attack by the Consultative Assembly on the de Gaulle Cabinet was on the question of *Epuration*, as the cleaning up of the collaborationists is called. The appetite of many people in France for justice, too, is unsatisfied. Certainly there are families to whom the word "justice" will lose all meaning, except to serve as a mocking epitaph for the tombs of sons, husbands, and even daughters and wives—provided their bodies could be found to be buried—unless some traitor's life is taken (legally and quickly, by a firing squad) in payment for each patriot's life (taken slowly, behind locked doors and in agony). During the early, idealistic, inexperienced days of the resistance, a member of a group was trusted never to betray his comrades, who therefore did not disband and disperse if he was caught. Statistics later proved that the average member could not resist the Nazi tortures more than twelve hours, which was all, finally, that his comrades asked of him, the half day being sufficient for them to hide. *Le Franc-Tireur*, the resistance paper that has remained most faithful to the memory of the dead, has just candidly demanded a thousand heads and five thousand arrests to wipe out the old score. On the other hand, eloquent, calm pleas against repeating what in France's Revolutionary days was called *Le Terreur* have been made, usually by good citizens not in mourning. There sometimes seem to be few who are not. In two families I knew well, an only son, in each instance a Sorbonne student, was killed in the street fighting on the Place St. Michel during the liberation of Paris. A fashion editor's daughter, a delicate, blond figure in the early intellectual resistance, lived through a year's solitary confinement in a cell in the Santé Prison and today is a slave factory worker in Germany. A French Catholic poet, great-nephew of a cardinal and betrothed when the war broke out to an American Jewish girl, officially declared himself an *Enjuivé*, or Semitic sympathizer, then lived in hiding for four years without ration cards. He is now an eighty-five-pound skeleton. The son of an anti-Nazi refugee German woman intellectual, who aided the son to flee to England and the R.A.F., became a parachutist and made jumps in France to obtain information for the British about the resistance. Just before the Nazis left Paris, they captured him in the suburbs, and before taking him off, they tortured him, mutilating his hands. Behind the cushions of a French police car into which the Germans put him after the torture, he left a blood-stained note addressed to his mother. She does not know who mailed it to her. One of the best-known women journalists of Paris, who refused to be party to the collaboration of her old paper, *Le Matin*, is crippled by rheumatic fever from having lived for years, without a job, in an unheated house. A Jewish singing teacher developed such severe chilblains on her hands in the Jewish concentration camp at Drancy that they turned black. They are still too swollen for her to play scales for her pupils. A White Russian, sister of a famous painter, became a seamstress, a Communist, and a sufferer from tuberculosis in the course of the war. A composer of modern music who had been aiding the resistance was deported, after being arrested by the Gestapo at a house where he had called by mistake and where the Germans were seeking a man he did not know and who had already fled. In the Rue Jacob, where a printer was seized, to be shot, for setting type for an underground resistance paper, Gestapo agents discovered a wedding list left in the shop by a matron who had ordered invitations for her daughter's marriage; all the people on the list were arrested. One American woman, in her château near Chartres, had to quarter the of-

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Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED., SAT. & DEC. 25

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
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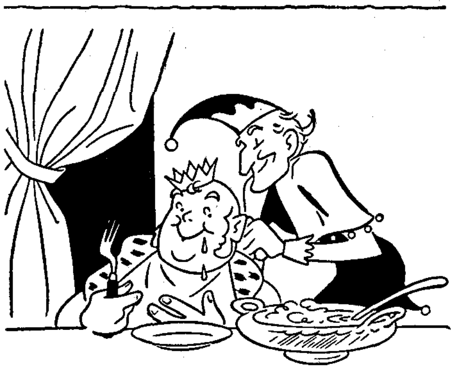

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ficers of the local German command in her downstairs rooms for two months while she hid five men of the Maquis on an upper floor; the two groups never met, but her hair began to turn white. One music-loving New Yorker with a small country cottage not far from Paris hid and fed, by her own labors on her patch of land, one singer and one church organist wanted by the Gestapo for helping the Maquis, one French poet wanted by the Paris police, and one Polish deserter from a German artillery regiment camped on a farm above her little valley. In the past week three friends from the old days have written me letters on black-edged stationery but have not said what their loss is.

FRENCH politics, unfortunately, will have to get going again soon. Local elections for the Municipal and General Councils will be held in February, the first balloting since the liberation and the first in the country's history in which women will cast their vote. To make it easier for them, they are being registered as they pick up their December food-ration cards. They will outvote the males of France by four million. Two and a half million Frenchmen are, of course, disfranchized, being still sealed inside Germany. So far, General de Gaulle has no political party; instead, he has popularity. What program he has is social; his slogan is "*Rénovation*," which means reforming France out of the nineteenth century into the twentieth. Even people who are against him believe that he has been the savior of France. The grand old political parties have not yet raised their heads or voices to say what they think of *rénovation*. Nobody in France any longer has the courage to describe himself as a conservative and at the other end of the line there is also lacking a party of revolution. The Communists are now, realistically, the party for construction. The Communists, who were the great heroes of the resistance, are also, as the result of their excellently organized underground years, the best organized party in France. They have just accepted affiliation with the weakened Socialist group, as a healthy man might take on an invalid wife. French Communism seems to be something very different from what it was in the old international days, since it is avowedly pro-French. In an important editorial that appeared in *L'Humanité*, just before de Gaulle and Stalin signed the Franco-Russo alliance—which intelligent Frenchmen appear to be grateful for and hope they will never have to fear—the editors declared that the supreme desirability of the Russian alliance lay in the fact that the Soviets could assure France her complete freedom, political and economic. On the extreme right is what remains of the rich owner class, who seem readier than they were during the Front Populaire for a sort of belated New Deal. This they describe as Saint-Simonisme, which calls for a Christian, responsible élite, with precepts laid down by the French social philosopher of more than a century ago, Saint-Simon.

There has been a great national deviation from morality as the result of the French people's contact with the Nazi doctrines and of the French people's unhappy, defeated, introverted contact with itself. The materialism of the nineteenth century, the *enrichissez-vous* of the Bourbon revival, the formal corruption of the kings named Louis all established habits which the Third Republic inherited and which only the now silent anti-democratic French fools can suppose began with the Third Republic's first ballot. Citizens who vote have to have political parties to vote for, but what France needs most, now that she clearly has a leader without a past, is not the salvation offered by any one political party but a revival of morality, to be practiced alike by the governing and the governed. —GENÊT

•

The author defines a radical ideal I in the ring R to be a two-sided nilideal such that R/I contains no nilpotent ideals. In general there are many radical ideals, but their union U and intersection L are again radical ideals called the upper and lower radical, respectively. A surprising example shows that an ideal between L and U is not necessarily a radical ideal. (In this connection it might be noted that Levitzki's version of the radical (Bull. Amer. Math. Soc. *49*, 462-466 (1943); these Rev. *4*, 238) is a radical ideal in general distinct from L or U.) . . . This suggests the dual concept of the union of the minimal right ideals (if any), which the author calls the anti-radical M (perhaps better the right anti-radical?). Under suitable conditions M consists precisely of all left annihilators of U. . . . Some readers may join the reviewer in wondering whether all the various forms of the minimal condition used by the author are distinct.—*Mathematical Reviews.*

Yes, they may.

OF ALL THINGS

THE solution that Mr. Churchill offers for the Russo-Polish problem is disarmingly simple. He suggests that we just pick Poland up and move it a bit west.

•

We are told that the Superfortress raids on Japan have passed the experimental stage. From now on, our enemies may expect regular service, especially in the regions where it will do them the least good.

•

Secretary Stettinius's six-man team was confirmed with reasonable promptness by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The only delay was caused by the failure of some unworldly senators to understand Mr. MacLeish's poems.

•

The Tokio radio claims that thousands of New Yorkers are evacuating the city because they are in terror of German bombs. The crowds we see in the stores these days, it seems, are simply jittery people laying in supplies for the trip.

•

The survey by the Senate War Investigating Committee added little to our knowledge of the cigarette famine. Apparently all we can do is try to persuade a lot of people to get rid of the habit.

•

Red Barber, the sports announcer, has been named chairman of the Greater New York Red Cross drive. It should be clearly understood that none of the money he raises will be spent to relieve the sufferings of Dodger fans.

•

The threatened butchers' holiday may be postponed at the urgent request of the O.P.A. If it is, the meat men will continue to stand behind their counters and say no.

•

Hamilton Fish announces that he is going to Mexico to write a book. He warns us, however, that he will run for office again when it is safe for a non-interventionist to intervene.

•

Selective Service plans to distribute 1-A cards to many registrants in the twenty-six-to-thirty-eight age range after February 1st. It must be heartening to these fellows to know that they are no longer regarded as tired old men. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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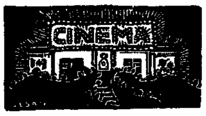
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Foolish But Fun

Enid Bagnold's "National Velvet," which was a charming and preposterous novel, has been made into just about the same sort of picture. The story of a twelve-year-old girl called Velvet Brown, who wins a horse for a shilling in the village lottery, makes up her mind to enter him in the Grand National, is obliged for complicated reasons to pose as a boy and ride him herself, and then, almost too rapidly for the human eye, wins the race by a neck, collapses (revealing her sex), and, though disqualified by the stewards, becomes a worldwide celebrity overnight, has, of course, more the shape of a lovely, childish dream than anything in humdrum life. It is, however, such an intelligent and high-spirited fantasy—Miss Bagnold is one of the few who can successfully place real people in unreal situations—that I cheerfully sat through more assorted absurdities than you'd think it would be possible to crowd into one winter afternoon.



In addition to the heroine, an enchanting little monomaniac with braces on her teeth, "National Velvet" contains such other unusual characters as Velvet's sister, who seems to have dedicated her life to a bunch of canaries; her mother, who once swam the Channel breast stroke and is now, I'm afraid, inclined to be rather dogmatic or stuffy about the brevity of fame; an ex-jockey who once had an accident and now is afraid to ride; and a wonderful little boy called Donald, who seems to be the most majestic liar in the world.

The picture is in Technicolor and, though the sea is much too blue, the grass too green, and the people all too pink, it is less bothersome than usual, and the sequences devoted to the running of the National (four and a half miles and thirty jumps) are very exciting and, for all I know, reasonably authentic. Elizabeth Taylor, who plays Velvet, is not only a serious and touching child but apparently also a considerable horsewoman, though I doubt if I'd mistake her for a boy at anything under half a mile. She is principally assisted by Mickey Rooney, Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, and Jackie Jenkins, whose interpretation of a demon infant is enough to scare the daylights out of you.

With the exception of several newsreel shots of bombers in flight, the screen version of Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" is a faithful photograph of the play. As one who admired the original only temperately, I can't say that I was really enchanted this time either. Mr. Hart's fliers still strike me as cases of partially arrested development, his romantic complications still seem silly, and his use of theatrical coincidence and synthetic pathos is still abundant, to be as genial about it as possible. It is, I suppose, surefire stuff to have the Japanese bombers come over at the very moment when a singer has reached the word "peace" in "Silent Night," but the feeling I get from things like that is that I would be grateful if just once Mr. Hart could overlook a chance to rearrange life in the shape of art. It is probably unfair to apply the same standards of criticism to a film as to a play, but nevertheless it seems to me that when a man sets out seriously to write about heroes, in any medium, he is under a certain obligation to produce heroes and not characters out of Richard Harding Davis.

Since "Winged Victory" was spiritually a moving picture in the first place, it has obviously been possible to heighten a good many effects that could never be fully developed on the stage. The fliers' aptitude tests, for instance, seen in closeup and considerably more detail, are remarkable in a documentary sense, and the graduation exercises, given unlimited space and numbers, are more impressive than they were before. On the whole, however, I fear it is a vacant and pretentious piece of work and, as George Jean Nathan observed of the play, the great Army Air Forces certainly deserve something better.

On the stage, "Tomorrow the World" struck me as an honest and interesting play, badly handicapped by overemphasis. As you probably remember, it was about the entrance of a twelve-year-old boy, thoroughly indoctrinated with Nazi principles, into an American family and his final and suspiciously abrupt conversion to democracy. In it, among other exasperating things, he cut up a portrait of his father, called his host's fiancée a Jewish whore, and finally beat a little girl vigorously over the head with a poker. It all seemed a little excessive. Compared with the adaptation released by United Artists, however, it was a very restrained performance indeed. This time, in addition to all that, he tries to carve up a playmate with a dagger, threatens another with the total extermination of her family in Germany, and behaves generally in such a sinister (or maniacal) manner that many customers, the day I was there, seemed to think he was supposed to be funny. Fredric March and Betty Field, as those principally in charge of this monster, are very dismal examples of Christian forbearance, and Skippy Homeier, again playing the little Nazi, seems now to be giving a parody of his performance on the stage.

“Music for Millions” is a pleasant if somewhat congested operation, involving José Iturbi, Jimmy Durante, and that increasingly celebrated little girl called Margaret O'Brien. As much as anything else, the picture is about a pregnant war bride (June Allyson) who plays the cello in an orchestra directed by Mr. Iturbi and composed chiefly of extraordinarily pretty girls who manage to look pretty even when blowing horns. Miss O'Brien is obliged at one point to hide in a cello case and at another to discuss sex with Mr. Durante, but she always preserves her maidenly composure; Mr. Iturbi, a notable musician, turns out to be also an extremely ingratiating actor; and Mr. Durante, after a good many lean years in Hollywood, is permitted to be the old Durante some graybeards may remember from the Silver Slipper.

“The Climax” features Boris Karloff as a mad doctor who hypnotizes one woman and strangles another (both played by Susanna Foster). It would hardly alarm even the patients in an alcoholic ward.—W. G.

•

Abington police have been requested to look for F—— B———, 17, of 510 C—— ave., Ardsley, who left her home 8 A.M. Friday and has not been heard from since. She wore a black Chesterfield coat with a velvet collar, a white scarf, blue skirt, and black shoes. She is 9 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.—*Philadelphia Record.*

And they can't find her?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Boston Globe*]

Denver (AP)—Capt. Grace Polk of Corsicana, Tex., commanding officer of the Buckley Field WAC detachment, was burned up too when she learned what had happened.

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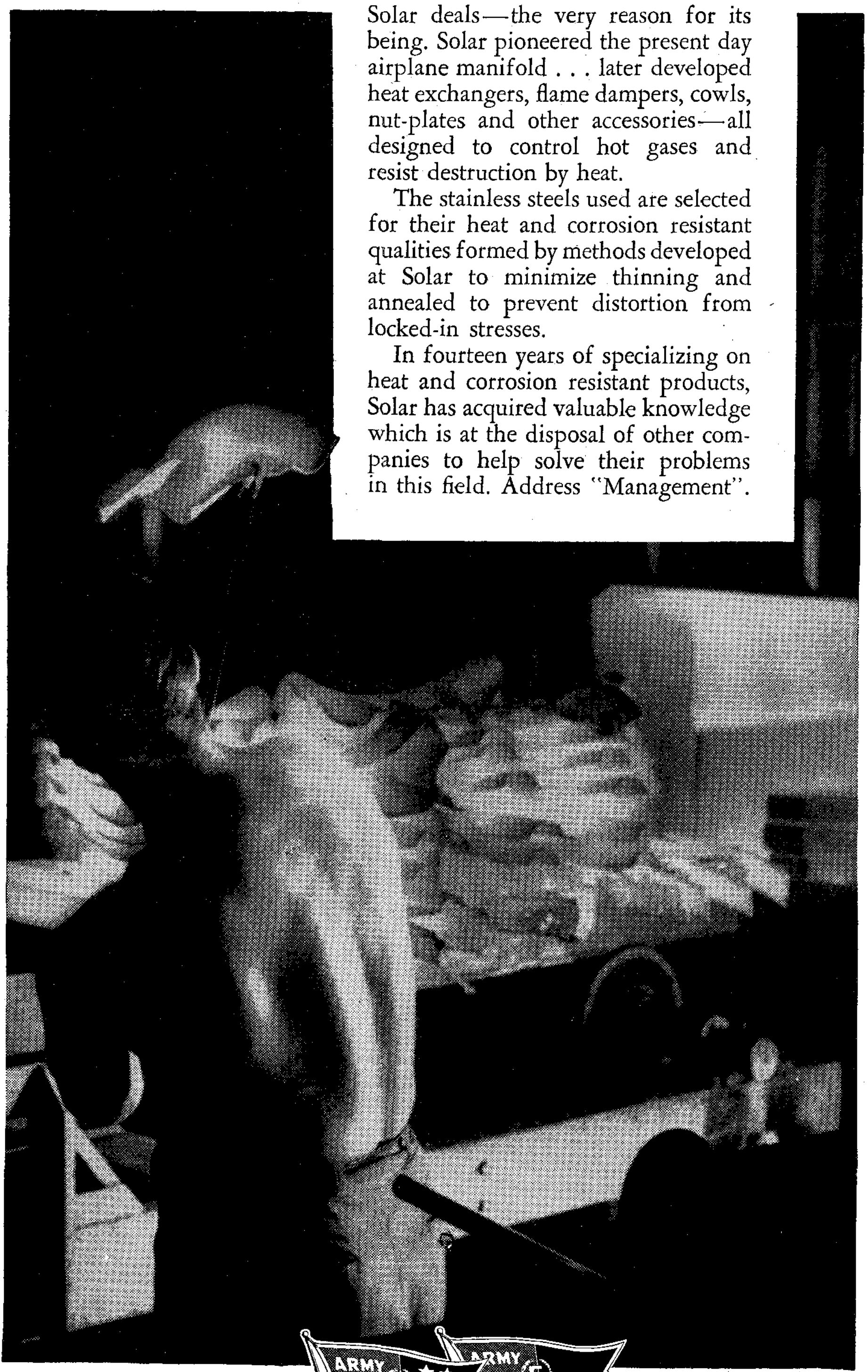

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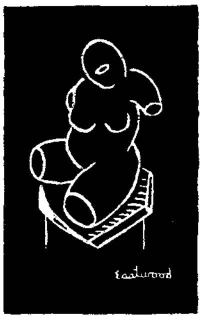
THE ART GALLERIES

Assorted Moderns

THERE'S a scattering of one-man and group shows this week—Kurt Seligmann at Durlacher, David Burliuk at the A.C.A., a modern French collection at Pierre Matisse, and an American one at the 67 Gallery—and although they are all pleasant enough to see, they're as difficult to describe, consecutively, as a patchwork quilt. I was a little disappointed in the new Seligmanns, to begin with him, and I think the color he employs in his current set of paintings is at the root of the difficulty. To be sure, he has never been particularly noteworthy as a colorist. It's that queer half-Surrealist, half-medieval mythology he has created, with its tatterdemalion knights, bony and distorted, cavorting against backgrounds of ruins, that chiefly arouses the interest, and I have frequently felt that he does rather better in his etchings and other black-and-whites than he does in his paintings.

Until now, his color has never seemed greatly to interfere with his artistic intentions, but in the group of paintings at Durlacher there is a kind of candy-coated brilliance, a gaudy mingling of reds and greens and yellows, that just gets in the way all the time. Seligmann's philosophy always has been essentially a sombre one. What he paints is the poetry of decay, of a world going tortuously downhill, and the trouble is that the bright coloration he applies to his pattern irresistibly suggests quite another mythology, that of the child's story book, in which knights and other medieval characters are also depicted but in which the whole line of thought is on a lighter, more cheerful plane. Mr. Seligmann may have some deliberate plan behind this incongruity. Looking at his "Quattuor" and "Full Daylight," I almost thought so, for in both these there is a cold glare about the color that enhances the design. But in a number of others, such as "Isis," "Acteon," "Alaska," and "Apparition," the conflict between pigment and portent produces only confusion. In effect, you don't know whether to laugh or to cry, to clap your hands childishly or think deeply, and the effort to decide detracts a good deal from the power of his painting. Perhaps the most important requirement set upon any artist, abstract, representational, or otherwise, is that he must control the emotional response of his audience.



BY contrast, David Burliuk, at the A.C.A., goes on in the same delightful fashion, as always, of just being Burliuk. He still paints in at least four styles at once—naïve, Dutch realist, Expressionist, and Surrealist—and in spite of this wild disparity in techniques he still manages to give each picture a quality that stamps it as unmistakably his. This is not as easy a trick as it sounds. I can think of at least a dozen other artists, though I name no names, as well known as or even better known than Burliuk, artists who, if they varied an inch from their established methods and content, would almost certainly drop instantly into anonymity.

Burliuk's identity, however, shows through all his work, and although it is difficult to say straight off why, I think the reason is to be found in the quality of innocent earnestness that runs through it. In that sense, no matter what style he uses, he is always naïve. Whether he offers you Surrealism, as in his portrait of Nicolai Cikovsky, or switches to primitivism, as in his meticulously detailed "Village on the Sea," whether he paints realistically, as in his jolly, bucolic little "Montauk Bar," or expressionistically, as in his big, swirling "Two Flowers," he is always trying to tell you something. And though it may seem at first glance paradoxical, Burliuk, with his four styles, is no different from naïve painters who have only one or none; there is the same reaching-out quality about them all. It's a lovely quality to have, and I for one hope that Burliuk goes on and on having it.

THE group show at the Pierre Matisse is called Hommage au Salon de la Libération, by which is meant the 1944 Salon d'Automne, held in Paris hardly more than a month after the freeing of the city from the Germans and in which the outpouring of art (most of it, by its very nature, detestable to the Fascists) was an even realler symbol of the independent spirit of the French than the outcropping of flags, equally long-hidden, which greeted the entering Allied troops. There

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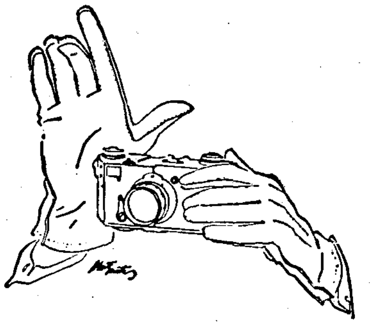

DANIEL HAYS
DANIEL HAYS
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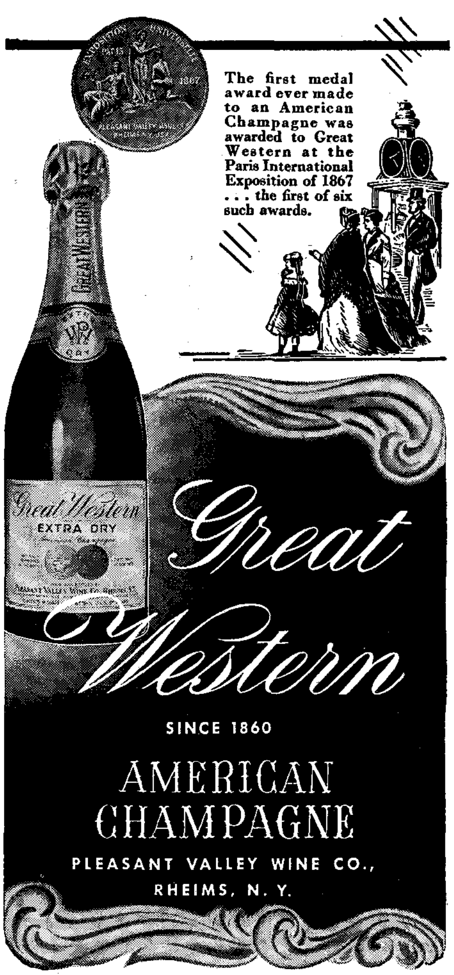

The first medal award ever made to an American Champagne was awarded to Great Western at the Paris International Exposition of 1867 . . . the first of six such awards.
Great Western
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are twenty-eight painters and sculptors in the show. One, Chaim Soutine, is dead, nine are in France, and the remainder are in this country, and the total effect is at once an indication of the dispersion of French artists because of the war and a testimonial to the strength of the tradition behind them. I found it an unexpectedly moving exhibition, and I think you may find it so too. At any rate, disentangling the artistic from the political, let me recommend the Soutine study of a red-vested valet de chambre called "Peinture," the brilliant "Ma Vie Blanche et Noire" by Yves Tanguy, the slightly precious but still touching memento of the flight from Paris, by Eugene Berman, called "Les Enfants Perdus sur la Route," and the solidly painted, securely Impressionist still life by Bonnard, also called "Peinture."... There's a style of painting gaining ground in this country which is neither Abstract nor Surrealist, though it has suggestions of both, while the way the paint is applied —usually in a pretty free-swinging, spattery fashion, with only vague hints at subject matter—is suggestive of the methods of Expressionism. I feel some new name will have to be coined for it, but at the moment I can't think of any. Jackson Pollock, Lee Hersch, and William Baziotes are of this school, and you will find all three in the show at the 67 Gallery, in addition to some forty other contemporaries, all of them in the by now hallowed Abstract or Surrealist manner. Except for Pollock's work, which frequently shows real power, I can't say that I am quite up to this new school yet; it still seems too aggressively undisciplined to me. But there it is, and it has to be taken into account. In addition, there are a nice Mark Rothko abstraction (listed simply as "Untitled" in the catalogue), as well as an extremely delicate painting on glass by I. Rice Pereira, called "Interpenetrating Planes," and a pleasant little "Dancers" by David Smith.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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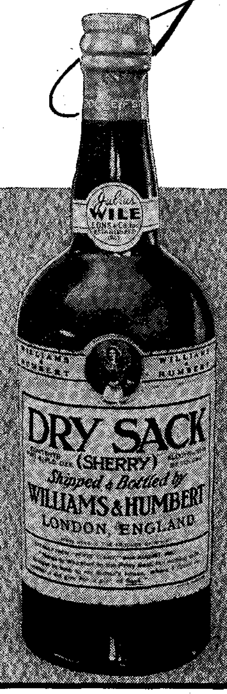

REJOICE! REJOICE!

IT was Christmas Eve, 1916. The porcelain pig's head in Mr. Fink's *Wurst* store that my brother Gregor and I passed every day on our way to school was crowned with a thick wreath of parsley. Between its shiny ears sat a fluffy paper bell, and the eyes blinked—first one eye, then the other. Onderdonk Avenue, far out in the German section of Brooklyn, where we lived, was crowded with last-minute shoppers. The air was filled with large snowflakes. It was almost eight-thirty and we were the only children on the avenue. Gregor was nine years old and I was six. We were standing on the sparkling sidewalk gazing at the blinking pig when a fat man with a long white apron suddenly appeared behind the window. It was Mr. Fink. He waved to us, pressed a button, and the porcelain pig stopped blinking. With a smile and a little bow, as if to indicate that the show was over, Mr. Fink pulled the wide green shade down.

"Come on," Gregor said to me. "It's getting late." He ran down the snow-matted sidewalk in the opposite direction from home.

On the corner, the Salvation Army lady in her red cloak and hood was stomping her feet and ringing her bell and turning slowly from side to side on her wooden platform, like a mechanical toy. When we came up to her, she stood still. I stopped to stare at her, but Gregor moved on. "Are you coming?" he called.

"Just a minute," I said.

I stood waiting for the Salvation Army lady to perform. She saw me and said in a cracked voice, "Get y'self home, you, before Santa Claus finds ya out so late." People laughed and I pushed through the crowd in fright.

Gregor was yelling at me from across the street. I stumbled after him, not wanting to lose him and with no idea where he was going.

At Kolmeyer's ice-cream parlor, they were turning out the lights. People leaving the store called back, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Mrs. Kolmeyer reached inside the show window and picked up a row of pudgy chocolate Santa Clauses. I wanted to stay, but Gregor yanked me along by the hand. We collided with Mrs. Geist, our next-door neighbor, just coming out of Schmidt's bakery, her arms full of packages. When she saw us, she cried, "Boys! Boys! Does your mother know where you are?"

I didn't answer her. Gregor had let go my hand when he saw Mrs. Geist and was running ahead of me, in and out of the crowd. I tried frantically not to lose sight of him. Not until he reached Hager's grocery store did he stop. When I caught up with him, he was standing in front of the store, critically examining a row of tall Christmas trees as though he might buy one of them. The trees were leaning against a rope that had been stretched between two poles along the curb. Old Mr. Hager took no notice of us. He was getting ready to lock up. He had the straw hat on that he wore summer and winter, and he was busy pulling heavy baskets of nuts and spice cookies into the store from underneath the scalloped awning. The baskets made wide tracks in the snow.

When he went to the back of the store, Gregor squeezed between two delivery carts on the sidewalk, pushed some branches aside, and disappeared into the gutter, behind the Christmas trees. I thought he was trying to run away from me. "Gregor!" I called, and went after him.

In the gutter it was dark and still. Gregor was simply standing there in the slush. The Christmas trees made a screen, shielding us from the crowd hurrying home along the sidewalk.

"Get out of here," he said under his breath.

I thrust my hands into my mackinaw pockets and stood there stubbornly.

"We better get home, Gregor," I said.

"Shut up!" he whispered.

Gregor walked down to the end of the row of Christmas trees. He looked at them, searching for one particular branch. I felt he was about to do something bad. I was worried and excited.

Suddenly he began tugging at a big branch at the base of one of the trees. He bent it up and down, twisted it, turned it around and around, but the thick branch would not break off. I stood in the gutter watching him, with my heart pounding.

There was a squeaking sound on the sidewalk and Gregor peered through the Christmas trees. Old Mr. Hager had come out of the store and was pulling up the awning. The snow slid off it and plopped onto the sidewalk. He took his straw hat and banged it against his knee to shake the snow off. Then he put the hat back on his head and glanced toward the curb. In a moment he would be coming for his Christmas trees.

Gregor put his two hands on the branch and yanked. The branch broke off. He looked stunned for a moment. Then he said, "Don't just stand there! Get one for yourself!"

I tried to twist off a branch. My hands kept slipping on it. I ran to another tree. The same thing happened. I tried one branch after another. I was afraid I was going to cry.

"Hurry!" Gregor called. "He's coming!"

I reached up for a thinner branch, pulled it down, and began tugging on it. It slipped through my hands and sprang up again.

Mr. Hager started across the sidewalk toward the delivery carts. Gregor ran down to where I was standing,

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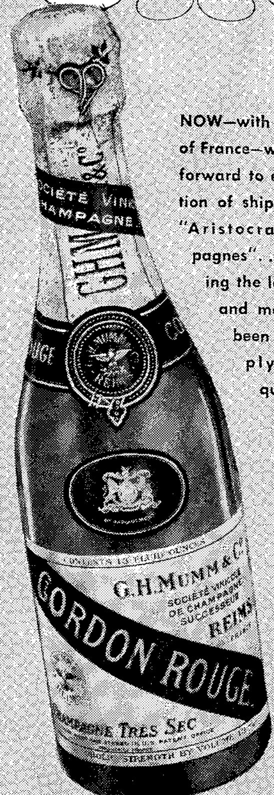

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pushed me aside, grabbed hold of the branch with his two hands, and ripped it off. We turned and fled down the gutter, with the slush splashing up on our black stockings. Gregor held the branches close to his coat. At the end of the block, he turned and pushed his way roughly through the crowds on Onderdonk Avenue. People scowled and one man called after him, "Hey, *you!*" Gregor ran up a dark side street and I ran after him calling, "Gregor, wait! Wait!"

MY father was sitting at the kitchen table reading a Socialist newspaper, the *Call*, the only paper he ever read, when Gregor and I walked in. He was a handsome man with wonderful mustaches. There was an air of elegance about him, like an actor's, even as he sat there in his bare feet. He had untied the rope which served him as belt and had unfastened the top button of his pants. He was at home for the evening. A glass of steaming tea stood on the kitchen table, next to a saucer.

My mother was bending over the sink. She had finished with the supper dishes and was washing my father's heavy socks in a white enamelled pan. Though it was Christmas Eve, nothing was changed.

Christmas in our house was never a time for rejoicing. My father was a freethinker and an ex-revolutionist. He had been in America for sixteen years, but he had also spent several Christmases in a Czarist prison. He was not enthusiastic about this holiday. Besides, we were Jews. "What is Christmas?" my father would shout during this joyous season, given the slightest provocation. "Christmas is a bourgeois contraption! A device to wring from the workers their hard-earned money! Who profits from Christmas? The businessman!" Gregor and I had learned from other years to steer clear of the subject of Christmas. For our friends in this German neighborhood, Christmas was the peak of the year. For Gregor and me it was our season of exile, of excommunication. We would stand in the streets looking up at the holly wreaths in their windows and the Christmas trees sparkling in their front rooms, behind the stiff lace curtains. In our house we never had a Christmas tree and my mother's sign, "DRESSMAKING," remained the only decoration in our front window.

Gregor crossed the kitchen with our stolen branches under his coat. He went into the dining room—used for "dining" only on Sundays, when the oil stove would be brought in to heat it—where he and I slept. I hung my coat on a hook on the back of the door and sat down across the table from my father. Every now and then he would bite into a piece of lump sugar, pour some tea out of the glass into the saucer, raise the saucer to his mouth, and take a long, noisy sip.

"Papa," I said cautiously, "guess what."

"What?" my father said, without looking up from the *Call*.

"I made a string of popcorn in school today and Gregor made a chain of colored paper."

"That's nice," he said.

The clock on the paper-box factory around the corner struck nine and my father yawned. He put down his Socialist paper, and, holding his pants up with one hand, went over to the big black stove and picked up the alarm clock that stood on the iron shelf above it. He placed the clock against his stomach, so that he could hold it and his pants with one hand. Then, with the other hand, he wound the clock.

Gregor came back from the dining room and hastily shut the door behind him, as we had been taught to do, so that none of the heat would escape from the one warm room in the flat. He had taken off his coat. I wondered what he had done with the Christmas-tree branches.

"It's still snowing out," he said.

My father set the clock on the table. "A regular blizzard," he said, and went over to the coffee grinder on the wall. He always ground the coffee at night so as not to wake us at four in the morning, when he got his breakfast before leaving for Myrtle Avenue, where he picked up the newspapers for his morning route.

My mother squeezed the dark-blue water out of his socks. "Poor Papa," she said as she hung them up on the line over the stove. "He has to go tramping around in the streets even tomorrow morning."

My father stopped grinding the coffee. I could hear a church bell ringing.

"Please tell me," he said, "what's so special about tomorrow morning."

None of us answered. He continued to grind the coffee. When the little glass under the grinder was filled, he said, "Well, come sleep, boys," and picked up the alarm clock.

"It's Christmas tomorrow morning!" Gregor suddenly cried out. "That's what's so special!"

My father stood and stared down at Gregor. "Oho," he said, like an actor.

My mother said, "Gregor, please."

"So we ought to have a Christmas tree on Christmas," Gregor said defiantly.

My father looked at Gregor and then turned haughtily to my mother, as though this were all her fault. "Did you hear him?" he asked.

My mother quickly wiped her hands on her apron. "Gregor," she said, "how many times must I tell you? Jewish people do not have Christmas trees."

"Why must you always bring religion into it?" my father shouted at her in a fury. "We all belong to one class—Jews, gentiles! All my life I've taught you that, no? We are all workers! Did the workers think up Christmas?"

He went down the cold corridor to the front room, where he and my mother slept. My mother looked as if she were about to cry. Outside, other church bells were starting up.

"Ma," Gregor said.

"Go sleep, go sleep," my mother said to us quickly. "You've made enough trouble already. He'll be upset the whole day." She sighed and shook her head. "He lives already in another world—no Jews, no gentiles, all one class. Poor man, he works so hard."

Gregor and I went out into the dining room. As always, my mother stayed behind in the kitchen. I knew she would sit up for half an hour more, sewing on a dress or making apple sauce or chopping vegetables in the wooden bowl for soup the next day, as though it were like any other day. In the dining room we undressed without saying a word. Gregor slipped his pajamas on over his underwear and went out into the kitchen. Our bed was a couch which we opened out at night. I was about to crawl in between the covers when I saw the Christmas-tree branches on the floor, under the couch. I got down on my hands and knees and looked at them. Gregor came back with an empty milk bottle, which he placed on the table. Then he turned out the gaslight and hopped into bed. I stood there in the dark, wondering why Gregor had brought in a milk bottle.

"Get in and warm your side of the bed," Gregor said, his teeth chattering. I slipped under the covers and waited for the cold sheets to warm up.

The light from other windows, reflected by the snow in the back yard, came into the room. The milk bottle gleamed. The bells from the Lutheran church on the corner were ringing steadily now. Then, far off, in the big church on Palmetto Street, deeper, more solemn bells began to ring. "It's Christmas Eve," I thought.

I wondered if Gregor was asleep. I wondered if he felt as outside of everything as I did. I was sure he didn't and I knew I would never, never ask him.

I MUST have slept for some time before I woke suddenly, realized that Gregor was not beside me, and opened my eyes. There was no light under the kitchen door, and I knew that my mother had gone to bed. Gregor was standing by the dining-room table. The house was quiet. I felt it must still be snowing, that all the back yards were thickly padded now. There were no bells, no sounds of any kind.

"Gregor!" I called softly.

"S-s-sh. You'll wake them," he said.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Never mind."

I got up out of bed and went over to the table.

Gregor had placed our stolen Christmas-tree branches in the milk bottle and was curling the colored-paper chain he had made in school around them. He draped the chain first one way, then another, looking for the most pleasing effect.

I went to the orange crate in the corner, where I kept my schoolbooks, and came back with my string of popcorn. Without a word, I added my decoration to our Christmas tree. Gregor did not interfere. "We'll have to hide it all away before Papa gets up," he said, and I nodded.

My contribution in place, Gregor went to the closet, took some tissue paper out of a shoe box, and bunched it around the base of the milk bottle. "Snow," he said.

We went back to bed and lay beneath the covers, gazing across the dark room at our first Christmas tree. In the front room my father, the freethinker, the ex-revolutionist, the man who already lived in a world of no Jews and no gentiles, was snoring.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

•

NOTICE

Pocket book lost Friday night. Was not in beer joint at time of loss or anytime that evening. Viola Pierce.—*Palmyra (N.Y.) Courier-Journal.*

O.K., Viola, take it easy.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Christmas is a busy time. There's no letdown in war work...the year-end pressure of business is always great.

But Christmas is the time of good will and cheer, the occasion for many homecomings . . . sons and daughters from school...loved ones on leave from the armed services. What better tonic with which to face the tasks of 1945?

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TABLES FOR TWO

Sound and Fury

WHETHER we want it or not, what we are going to get for Christmas some year, not too far distant, is the night club to end all night clubs. It will use up a whole block, and it will have more moving stages, runways, staircases, balconies, comic busboys, and lackadaisical waiters than any other establishment has ever had before. Two orchestras will play for dancing, simultaneously but not necessarily eye to eye, and the boys of a third band will just wander up and down the aisles, carrying their instrument cases, during the floor show, which will run two hours and thirty-five minutes. Vast though the place will be, an intimate atmosphere will be maintained at all costs; if your table is up under the eaves, there will be a commentator at your elbow to tell you what is happening on the stage. No one, finally, will be permitted to leave the premises, once the show is under way, unless he has a doctor's certificate.

RESERVED
PS

Actually, the show at the Zanzibar, which is what induced me to fall into this fitful, dream-ridden slumber, runs only an hour and a half, and the Zanzibar, while it gets bigger year by year, has not achieved megalomania. It is, furthermore, really intimate for all its size; because of an ingenious arrangement of pillars flanking the stage, it is possible to sit twenty feet from ringside and yet be so secluded that you see only a little of the performance. Unhappily, there is no way of choosing what fragments of it you are going to get. There are two orchestras, but they are not simultaneous. One of them does, however, give the effect of two, possibly because of an occasional mild disagreement among the twenty-odd saxophones about the key in which they are working. This orchestra, which is Louis Armstrong's, and therefore presumably equipped to raise the roof a good six inches, comes partly to life while Mr. A. is tootling on his trumpet, but the rest of the time it seems perfectly content to do no more than murmur sweet nothings in your ear. The other band, which belongs to Claude Hopkins, didn't happen to be on deck while I was there. The principal comedian is Bill Robinson, who is wonderful when he is demonstrating that you don't have to be an acrobat to be a good tap dancer and who is something else again when he is demonstrating that a comic is basically not much funnier than the book he uses. This season's book is on sale at all the better Woolworths (and no cabaret tax, either). The soloist with the Armstrong Symphony is Maurice Rocco, who, like a number of other pianists in town for the holidays, has risen to eminence the hard way—by learning to play the piano. The Zanzibar's interior decorators have been at his instrument, first muffling it in gold-studded patent leather and then seeking to offset this handicap by installing some sort of electrical device which gives every note in the treble the strident tone of a calliope. Pianos are moody and intractable affairs, lending themselves to mechanization much less readily than guitars, and Rocco doesn't sound quite as well as he used to on an unadorned and unmutilated Steinway. He does a satisfying job, just the same, and the stompings, moans, and prancings with which he accompanies himself, while scarcely germane to the work in progress, are entertaining rather than annoying. If the Zanzibar were mine, there would be a lot more of Rocco, but in his pristine, unelectrified state.

THERE are plenty of places where you can hear good piano without having to wade through any elaborate foolishness. Harry Gibson is now at work in a new storefront on Fifty-second Street, named, at least for the time being, the Spotlite (the word for which they were fumbling is, I believe, Spotlight). Gibson is no longer a barefoot boy; he, too, has become a symphony soloist, even though his symphony is no more than a two-piece background for his singing and playing. There can be no argument about Gibson's piano playing. As for his singing, the way he mugs through "Harry the Hipster" or trifles with "Two Sleepy People," in which his hair, his eyebrows, and finally his feet get involved in the keyboard, may well be awful. I can only say that to me he is one of the funniest men who ever sat down to a piano. . . . Down the street, at the Three Deuces, Art Tatum is currently displaying his special talents. Tatum is one of the few pianists alive who, when they are in the mood, can lead with their left and keep the right hand free for triplets and grace notes. Even more admirable is his habit of transposing a number up, step by step, through five or six keys and then bringing it back to earth again without a bump. . . . Café Society Downtown, which already had Mary Lou Williams as piano soloist, has had the bright idea of adding Cliff Jackson, who muses at the piano during intermission. Jackson is nothing if not polite, which is to his disadvantage, for there are still plenty of people about who want to hear things like "Temptation." Left, however, to his own devices, and choices, Jackson is all right. Café Society also has Josh White, whose songs and guitar need no introduction from me, and Phil Moore's orchestra, which seems rather matter-of-fact. . . . This brings us to James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith, who have been playing piano at the Pied Piper, off and on, for months. Both men have now blossomed out with bands of their own, and the Pied Piper is a far better place for it, without any more of those half-hour intervals of dead silence which used to slacken even the most relentless enthusiasm. The main thing about the Johnson sextet, aside from Johnson himself, is that it has the brass section of Wilbur de Paris's old band—de Paris as trombone and his brother Sidney as trumpet—and Franz Jackson as saxophone and clarinet. I have always thought well of this particular trio, which blends handsomely with Johnson's piano. The other participants are Israel Crosby as bass and Goldie Lucas as drummer. It must be several years, by the way, since Crosby has been on view in New York. I mention all hands because, as of last Thursday evening, the group seemed to me the best new band I had heard in months. Willie the Lion's group is a more modest affair—piano, bass, and guitar. The bass is Allen McLean, a promising newcomer. The piano, naturally, is Willie the Lion, very gay indeed as he plays and sings, now and then, songs he appears to be making up as he goes along.

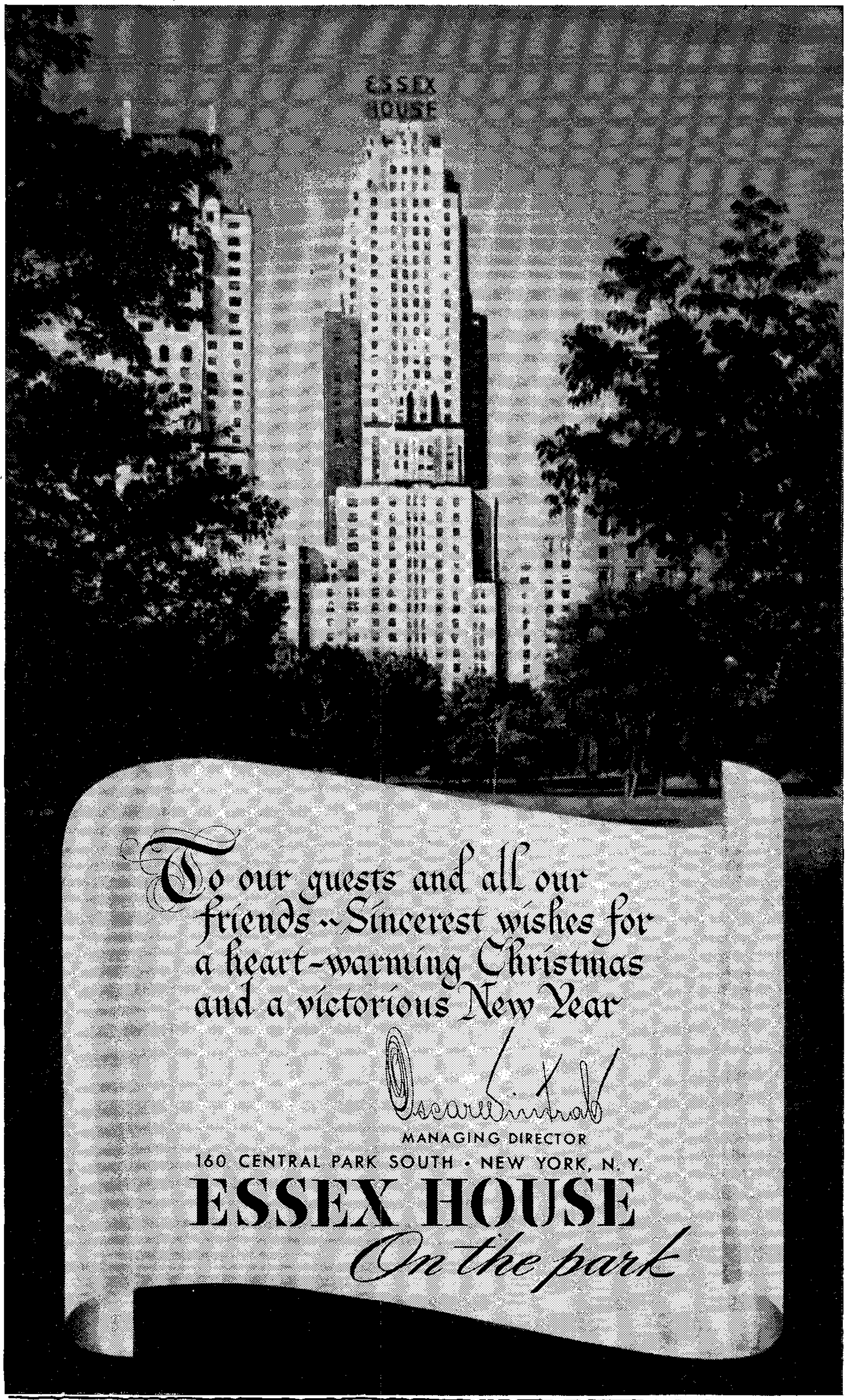
—R. E. M. W.

•

QUESTION: What do you do when you can't fall asleep?

JACK SPINDLER, Customs Broker, 48-51 43d St., Woodside, Queens—When I find I am restless and can't fall asleep I usually wake up my wife and begin talking to her about my former days in the Army, and about my buddies who are now scattered all over the face of the globe. It always works and I fall off into a good sound sleep.—*The Post.*

That *still* leaves one bedfellow in a nasty fix.



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Oscar Wintrab

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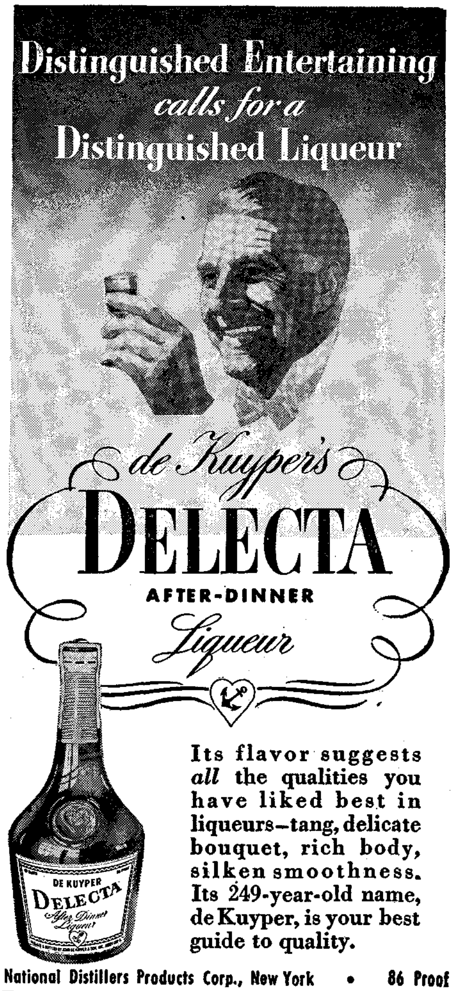
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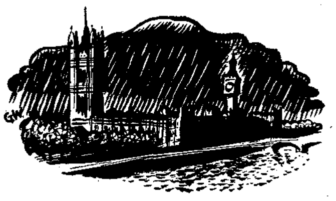
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 17 (BY CABLE)

THIS Christmas will be the saddest one of the war for most of the English unless the tragic Greek situation is settled. The deep uneasiness and gloom of the public mood this past fortnight have been reminiscent of the days of Munich. There have been many times since 1938 when the people could not bring themselves to approve what their government was doing, but Munich was the last comparable occasion when the British heart so warmly and honestly denied what its head was dictating. Nevertheless, now, as in those unhappy days, there is usually someone in every conversation who will assert that the British action in Greece, unpleasant though it is, was the only possible choice under the circumstances. Many of the apologists have no particularly violent shade of political coloring and their attitude seems to be merely that it was a good gamble, which might easily have come off. They are, however, in a minority. On the whole, neither the columns of vindication of British policy which have appeared in some of the papers nor the endorsement of Mr. Churchill's stand by such respected characters as Ernest Bevin and General Smuts have been very widely reassuring. Judging by the expressions on most people's faces as they read the latest battle communiqué from Athens, the situation has produced a sour taste which is likely to linger, with bad effects for the Tories when the postwar elections come around. Actually, only a few newspapers seemed to swallow the Prime Minister's statement in Parliament unquestioningly. The Beaverbrook press, which loyally toes the Churchill line on all occasions, was, to no one's surprise, loyal on this one. The *Manchester Guardian*, the best barometer of liberal thought, spoke warningly and with startling bluntness. Possibly the most informative non-partisan guide to what this country is thinking has been provided by the *Times*. The Old Thunderer used to be regarded as the organ of the Government and the exclusive reading matter of gentlemen in silk hats and striped trousers, but its rumbling dissatisfaction with what is happening in Greece makes it sound right now like a spokesman for the unpressed majority. There is no political crisis here and it is unlikely that anybody ever really expected one to develop, but the events in Greece will, it is believed, cost Mr. Churchill votes in the elections. His statement was a fine piece of fighting Churchillian prose, but it apparently wasn't very convincing either inside the House or out of it. In fact, to many listeners it seemed curiously old-fashioned in its insistence that constitutional government is invariably on the side of the angels and that everyone outside is, willy-nilly, an Al Capone. Mr. Eden's quiet and well-reasoned speech on the matter was, without departing an inch from anything the Prime Minister had said, more successful and even went a long way toward restoring to the Foreign Secretary some of the popularity he had lost in liberal circles over the Sforza affair.



The ordinary individual is sick and sorry over the way things are going in Athens and he doesn't care who knows it. The only approach to comedy in the whole sad business was the naïve satisfaction with which some of the London papers announced that the Hearst press had given the British Government's policy its unqualified blessing. At the moment, the fighting in Greece has driven the bigger and far more important fighting out of the top headlines, out of the leading place in B.B.C. news programs, and almost out of conversations up and down the country. A great many are inclined to feel that Greece is a test case which will determine whether the idea for which people have been enduring and dying for over five years is the one they started out with or has turned out to be merely a couple of other ideas.

LAST week, the inescapable fact that the season of peace and good will is at hand sank, belatedly, into the public consciousness. There were enormous crowds in every shopping center. The gift hunter's wild expression and vacant eye are more noticeable than ever this year, for anything worth buying needs either coupons or a fat pocketbook, or both. Even books, the customary happy solution, aren't very easy to find. Classic standbys, which everybody wants, seem to have melted away and anything new and good is limited by the paper shortage to small editions, which are quickly exhausted. The toys look as though they had been knocked together out of an old sugar box by a ten-year-old with his first fret saw, and the prices are painful. "I'm giving my children clothes and they'll have to like it," one mother grimly told a friend the other day. With luck, children may be consoled by once more finding the traditional orange and nuts in the toe of their stocking, since the Food Minister has promised a supply of both these delicacies. Already greengrocers are slipping bulging paper bags to regular customers, many of whom would have been surprised in prewar days if they could have foreseen what a thrill the sight of a pound of peanuts (the amount allotted to each family) would someday give them.

The children also have been remembered by the theatres, which are tempting nervous out-of-town parents to take the risk of bringing the youngsters in to see "Peter Pan," Robert Donat's musical play "The Glass Slipper," or one of a number of pantomimes. The current sellout in entertainment for all ages is Laurence Olivier's handsome Technicolor film "Henry V," a sumptuously mounted affair with a score by William Walton. Londoners have been finding it a heartening escapist dip into a comfortable past, when wars were simple, unpolitical affairs fought only by armies. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR GUEST

SHOCK ON A DINER

That better world that is to be
 I glimpsed upon a train,
A sight I never hoped to see
 And may not see again.

E'en now the memory of it thrills
 So new it was and strange:
The waiter brought four dollar bills
 And fifteen cents in change!

He took to meet the breakfast slip
 My fiver on a tray,
But did not seek the larger tip
 As is the waiter's way.

An end to one of travel's ills
 He managed to arrange,
He brought me back four dollar bills
 And fifteen cents in change!

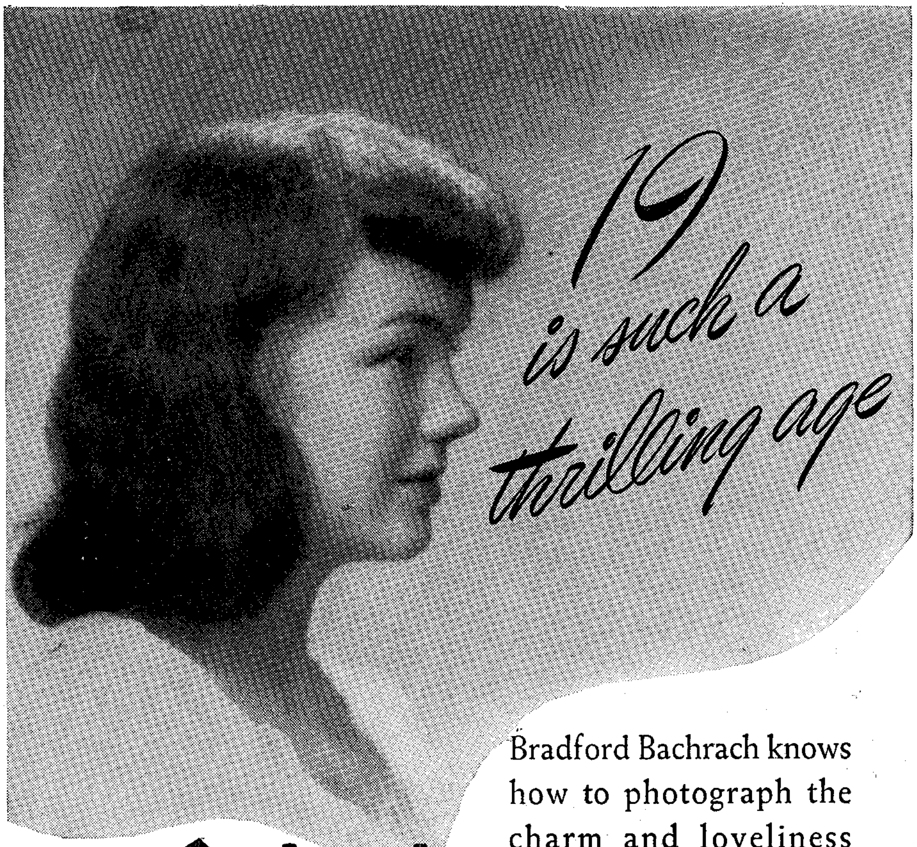
He did not strew the silver tray
 With quarters, halves and dimes,
As is the waiter's usual way,
 Though these are troubled times:

Now hope is shining on the hills
 And every mountain range,
He brought me back four dollar bills
 And fifteen cents in change!

(Copyright, 1944, for The Observer.)

A dinner in Kunming, China, for 12 American airplane pilots cost $2,000 in Chinese currency.—*Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.*

Including a fifteen-cent tip?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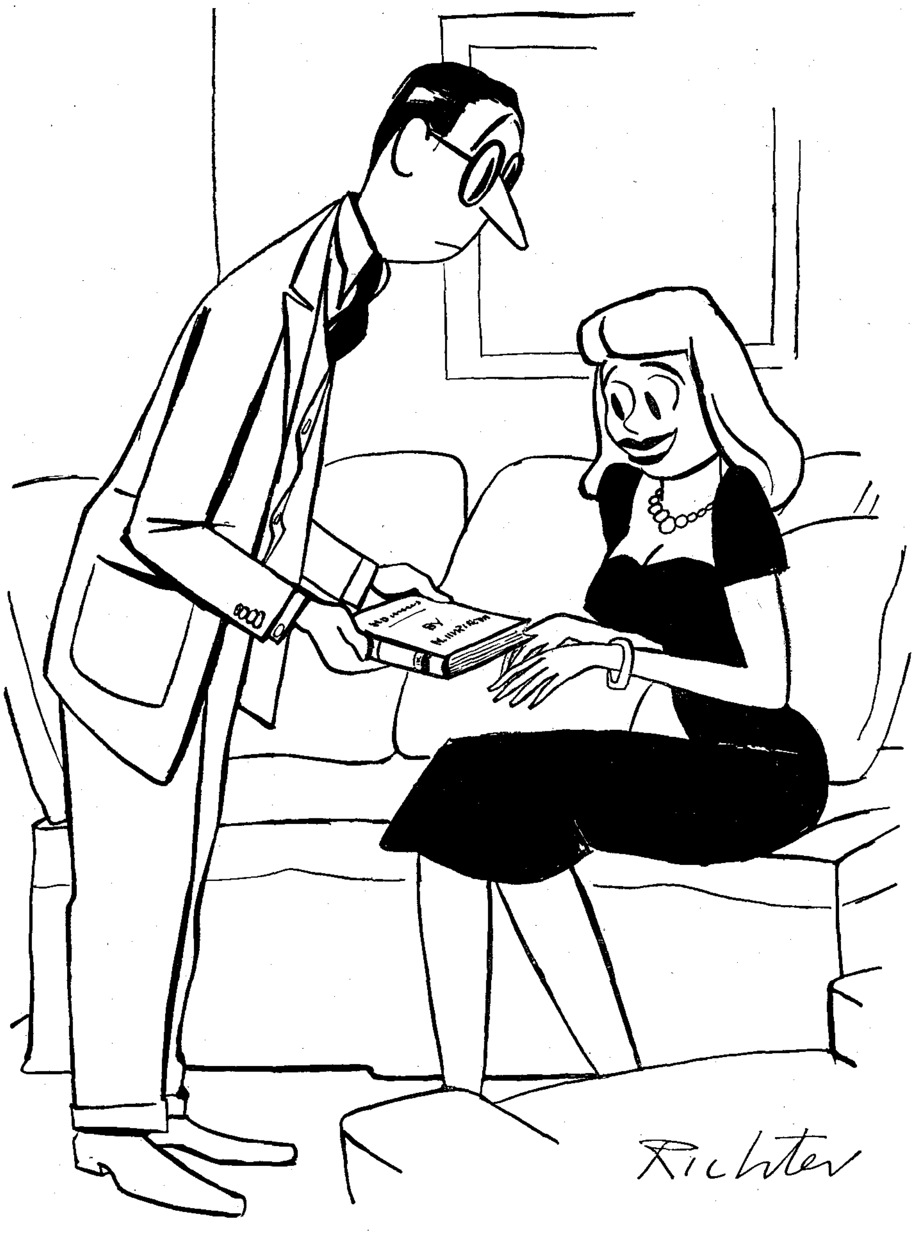
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

BOOKS

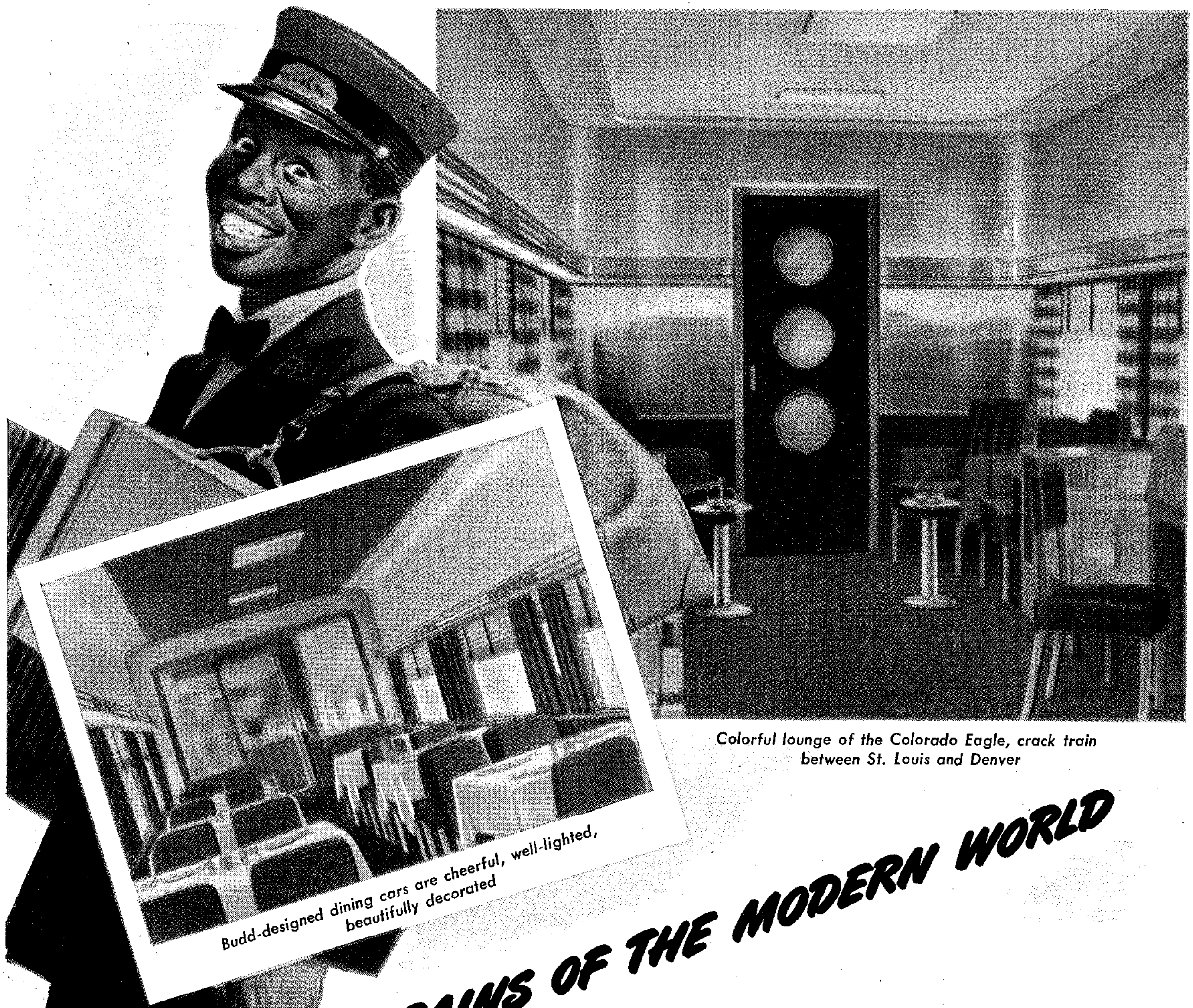
A New "Curiosity of Literature": The Exploits of Thomas J. Wise

THE importance of "Letters of Thomas J. Wise to John Henry Wrenn" (Knopf) is more accurately indicated by its subtitle, "A Further Inquiry into the Guilt of Certain Nineteenth-Century Forgers," for it contains a long essay by the editor, Fannie E. Ratchford, on what must be one of the most curious cases of fraud in the whole of literary history: the career of the celebrated book collector, Thomas J. Wise. Wise, an Englishman of obscure origins and imperfect education, began as a businessman of moderate means who collected books for a pastime and ended as the proprietor of the "Ashley Library" of first editions and other rare books, said to be one of the greatest collections of its kind in the world. In the meantime, however, he had launched in the book trade some fifty forgeries of first editions. These forgeries were not fabrications of first editions already known, but pretended first separate printings of, say, poems by Swinburne or Browning which had in reality been first published in collected volumes. There are reasons for believing, furthermore—unlikely though it may appear—that he was abetted in putting over these impostures by H. Buxton Forman, the Shelley scholar, and even by Sir Edmund Gosse. Wise invented plausible stories to explain how the books had come into his hands, sometimes claiming that they had formerly belonged to well-known people who were safely dead, sometimes creating imaginary collectors such as a certain happily named "Dr. Underwood," and he seems even to have amused himself gratuitously by elaborating such devices.

One of the most scandalous of these frauds on the book-buying world was the concoction of a false first printing of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It had always been assumed, correctly, that the sonnets had been published first in Mrs. Browning's "Poems" of 1850, but Edmund Gosse made himself the authority for a story that Mrs. Browning had told her husband about the sonnets at Pisa soon after their marriage and that they had then—in 1847—had a few copies printed to send to their intimate friends. Gosse first put this legend on record, as something that had been told him by someone else, in an introduction of 1894 which he wrote for an edition of the sonnets, and the two book experts who exposed Wise were of the opinion that Wise himself had made up the story and induced Gosse to print it for the purpose of authenticating his forgery. But Miss Ratchford points out that Gosse continued to sponsor the myth through three editions of a book called "Critical Kit-Kats," the last of which, in 1914, is said by Gosse to have been "carefully revised," and up through a letter of 1927, in which he asserted that the story had been told him by Browning himself and that he had made notes of the conversation—in spite of the fact that a statement by Browning's son had appeared in a book on the Brownings published in 1911 to the effect that his father had not learned of the sonnets till two years after the date of the forgery and that this had not taken place at Pisa. This account was later confirmed by a joint letter of Robert's and Elizabeth's, which was not published till 1933, after Gosse's death, but which had passed through the hands of Wise. Gosse, who was himself a collector, had in any case worked closely with Wise in getting out limited editions of reprints, and he was found to have had in his library no less than twenty of the first editions either known or suspected as forgeries, which were sold after his death as genuine. Miss Ratchford also believes that she has identified Gosse's hand in the bogus corrections written in on a set of imitation

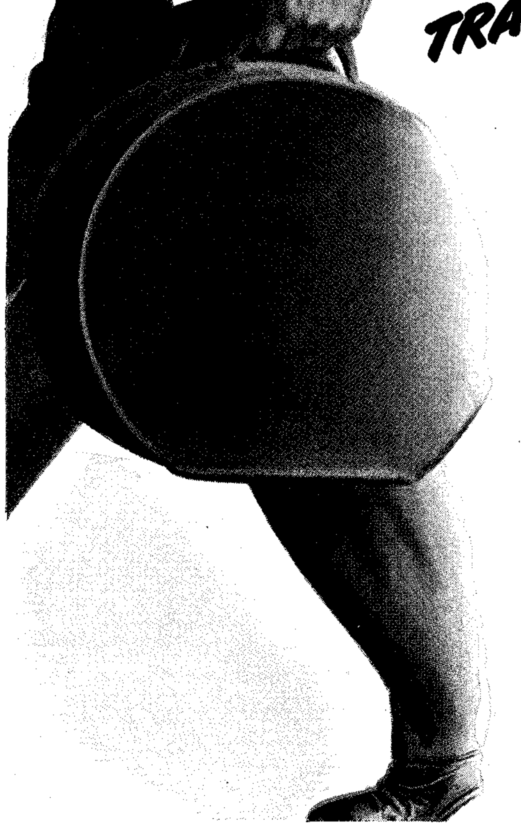


"For me? Why, darling, it looks beautiful."



Colorful lounge of the Colorado Eagle, crack train between St. Louis and Denver

Budd-designed dining cars are cheerful, well-lighted, beautifully decorated



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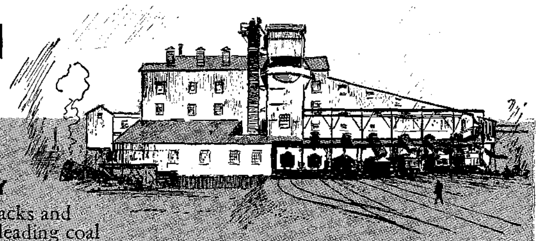
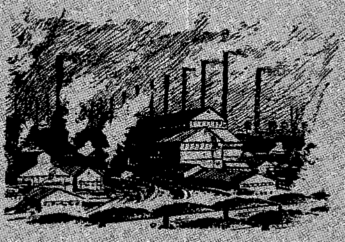


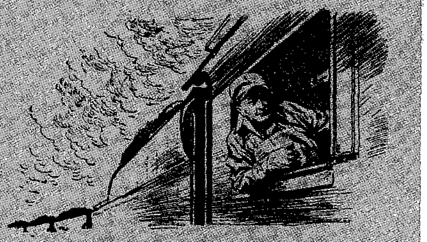
"SPURS" TO VICTORY

New York Central "spur" tracks and branches serve mines in five leading coal states. At each mine, loaded cars must be picked up daily and replaced by empties to maintain the vital flow of coal.



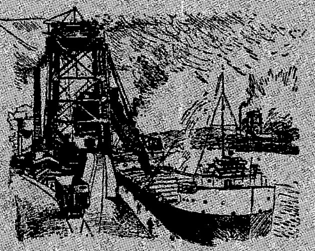
STOKING THE FIRES OF WAR

One big plant may burn as much as 200 carloads of coal a day. Those cars must be delivered in endless procession from the mines to the plant siding... and the empties speeded back for more coal.



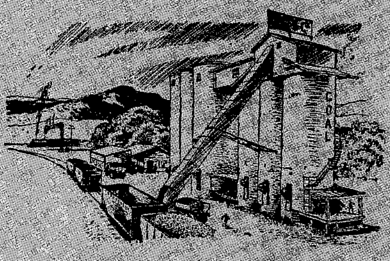
"SINGLE HEADERS"

Even when coal moves in 90-car trains, one engine hauls it on the almost gradeless *Water Level Route*. Yet, despite this natural efficiency, Central uses some 14,000,000 tons of coal a year.



GENTLE GIANT

This giant coal dumper picks up a car and pours its 70-ton load into a ship as easily as you'd pour sugar from a spoon. Gently, too. For New York Central takes *extra* care to prevent coal breakage.



HELP SAVE FIGHTING FUEL

Due to war demands, it's not always possible to deliver to your dealer as many cars of coal as he or we or you could wish. So please use your coal supply with care ...help conserve America's fighting fuel.

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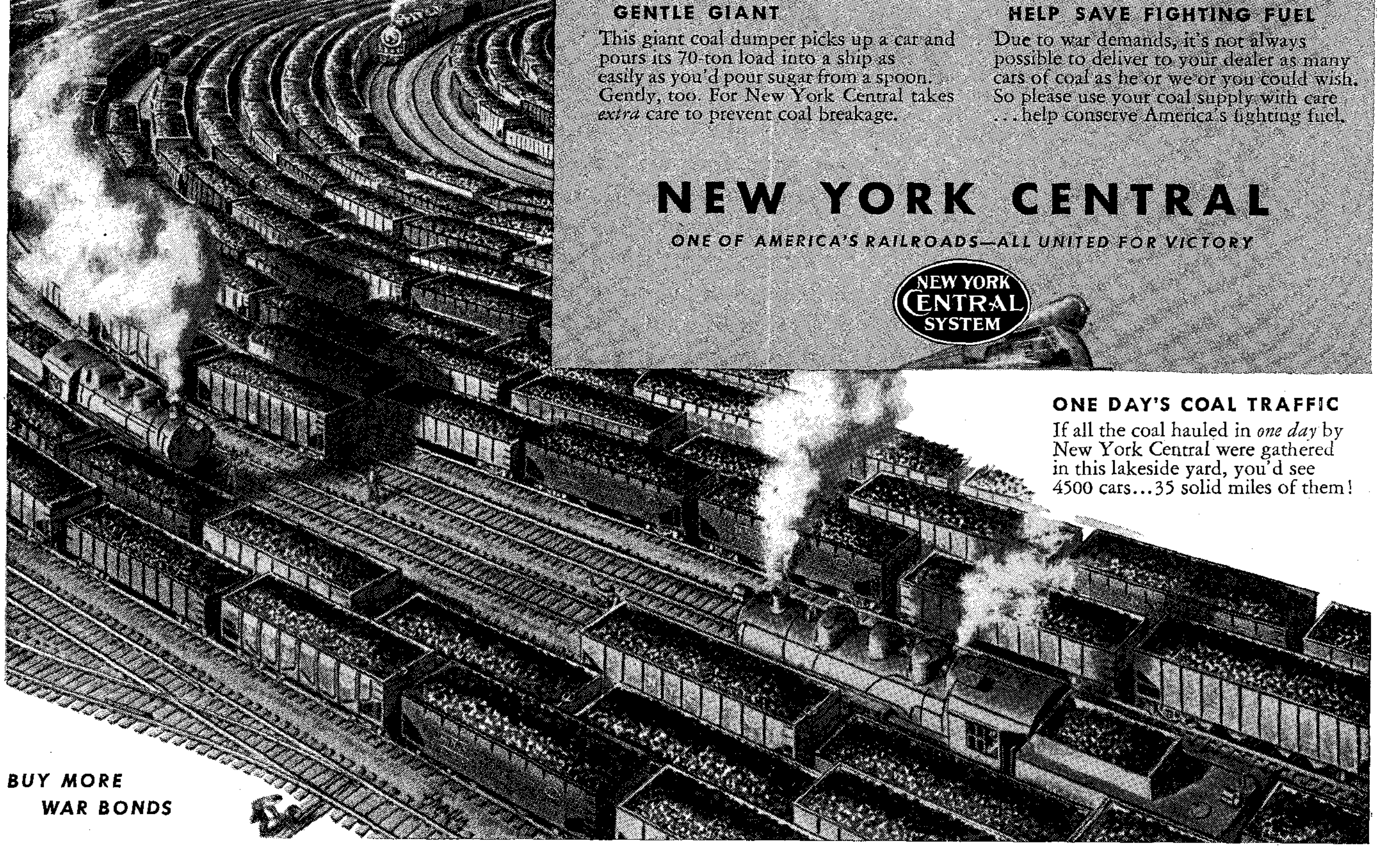
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM



ONE DAY'S COAL TRAFFIC

If all the coal hauled in *one day* by New York Central were gathered in this lakeside yard, you'd see 4500 cars...35 solid miles of them!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

proofs of one of Mrs. Browning's poems.

The 1847 edition of the sonnets was long ago found out by the book dealers and some of them refused to handle it, though in 1934, it seems, at the time of the exposure of Wise, there were still thirty-six copies in circulation, which had brought prices that ranged from $150 to $1,250; and certain of the other forgeries were also considered doubtful. But no systematic study of them was carried out till John Carter and Graham Pollard, by a chemical analysis of the paper on which the forgeries were printed, discovered that it could not have been made before 1874, long after the dates on the title pages, and found also that some of the type could not have been cast before 1880. They published these and other arguments in 1934 in a book called "An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth-Century Pamphlets." Though they did not accuse Wise directly, they indicated him as the source of the forgeries. Wise could not defend himself; he spluttered that Messrs. Carter and Pollard were "low fellows" and "underground rats," but was advised by one of his trusted associates that he had better confess or be silent, and had his wife write a letter to the London *Times* explaining that her husband was too ill to engage in a public controversy. It was true that Wise was ill: he was seventy-five years old when the book experts finally caught up with him, and he had scarcely three more years to live, having enjoyed every honor short of knighthood, including a degree from Oxford, that was possible for an Englishman distinguished in his field.

The long and complicated story of Wise is full of comedy for bibliophiles, but it makes rather uncomfortable, even creepy reading for anyone who is interested in books from the point of view of what is in them rather than from that of their desirability as items for rich collectors. The bulk of the volume consists of the letters of Wise to John Henry Wrenn, a Chicago banker and broker and the collector of a valuable library, which was to a considerable extent stocked by Wise. It fairly makes one's blood run cold to hear Wise so quietly and winningly titillating his customer's interest in his faked first editions, casually mentioning certain printings of Tennyson "so rare that very few people know anything about them" and saying that he hopes someday to obtain them, then later explaining that he has been lucky enough to turn up "a beautifully fresh copy . . . clean as new in the original cloth" of a different Tennyson item, equally little known and equally a fabrication. A kind of ominous purring goes on through the whole of this correspondence: "Altogether I think," he will write, "that John H. Wrenn will smile cheerily unto himself when he reads this letter" (though the treasure he has secured in this case is not one of the phony ones), and he remarks, since he is purchasing it from Gosse: "Of course the Gosse association will add immensely to the value as well as to the interest of the book."

You may well find Thomas Wise's career not only shocking but even hard to explain. He was supposed to be a serious scholar and had been made President of the British Bibliographical Society, yet he went on through more than three decades introducing or sponsoring fakes which were more and more messing up the bibliographical record of the nineteenth-century writers. Why did he do it? He had probably two motives, according to Mr. Carter. One was the desire for money during the period in the nineties when he had already the appetite for collecting but found his resources small; and Mr. Carter points out that, after all, he put the money all back into his library, that this library was of very great real value, and that he eventually gave it to the nation. But he had also been moved, Mr. Carter believes, by "the vanity of the rising collector-bibliographer in the discovery of new and exciting first editions."

Certainly this must have been true, but there must have been a little more to it. Every literary critic of imagination has probably known what it is to be tempted to go too far in finding in a book or a poem something which had not seemed to be there—either because the author had not been aware of it or because nobody else had thought of it—and which the critic has the satisfaction of feeling he has added himself. Unfinished and fragmentary works offer a particularly inviting field for this, as do works that have survived from a past so remote that we know little about the people who wrote them or little about their historical settings. The impulse may lead to new interpretations which are brilliant and valid in their way, but it has also betrayed learned scholars into hair-raising aberrations. Now, it is probable that Thomas J. Wise was influenced by a similar impulse: he could not dote on first edi-

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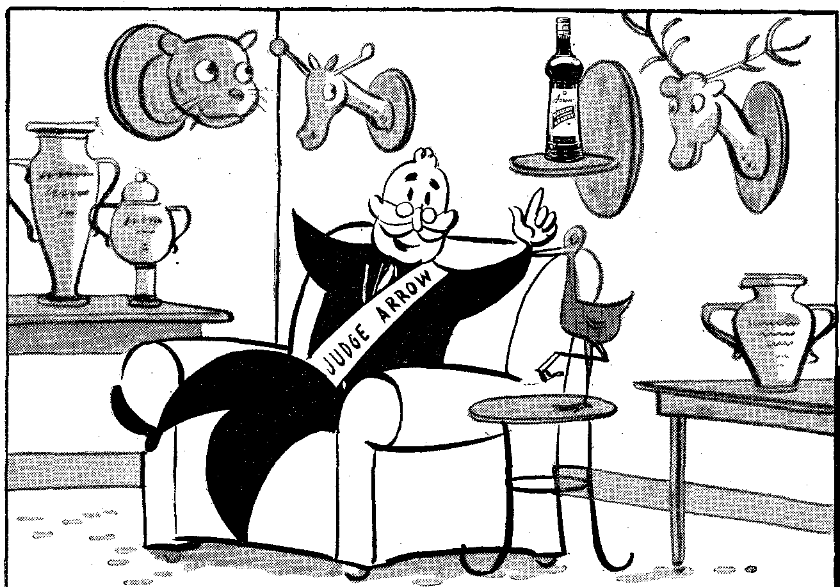

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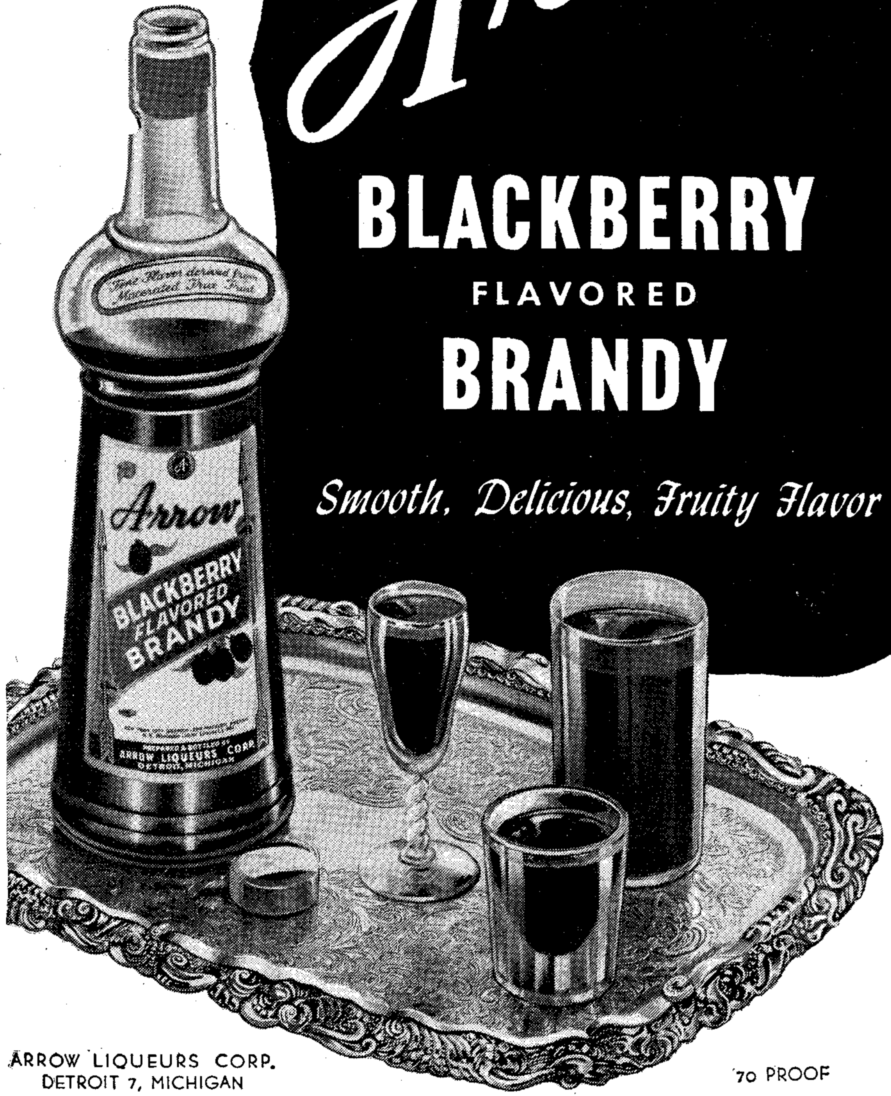

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70 PROOF

tions without wanting to produce them himself. He was already issuing reprints of classics, and it may not have seemed to him so long a step to pre-date these neat little volumes in such a way as to make them "firsts." Just as he boasted that a Sir Thomas Wyse who had once sponsored Shelley on a platform had been a distant cousin of his, so he longed to associate himself more intimately with his favorites' bibliographical life. In the case of the Browning fraud, what was created was not merely an edition but an event in the lives of the Brownings: the scene in Pisa just after their elopement, when Robert was standing one morning at the window and felt Elizabeth come behind him and hold him so that he could not turn and thrust something into his pocket; when she asked him to read her manuscript and tear it up if he did not like it, and then ran away to her room. So the incident was described by Gosse, and it was somebody's charming idea to make the Brownings have their private copies printed in England by Mary Russell Mitford, the author of "Our Village," so that a further "association value" was brought to enrich the romance. We regard it as comparatively venial when an enthusiastic improviser like Chesterton writes for the English Men of Letters series a study of Robert Browning full of points that are made on the basis of misstatements or incorrect facts, and even, in quoting from memory, invents a line for one of Browning's poems; and we shouldn't perhaps be too hard on Wise for intervening in the bibliographical chronicles of several of the great English writers. How he must have loved those first editions which nobody else had ever even seen up to the moment when they came into his hands! How he must have enjoyed listing a date hitherto completely unknown but henceforth to look as real to all the other bibliographers as any other of the dates they listed! He was leaving his library to the British Museum, and he was able to take pride, no doubt, in the feeling that he had added a little to the history of English literature. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE END OF ALL MEN, by C. F. Ramuz, translated by Allan Ross Macdougall (Pantheon). Oddly, in view of the great esteem which he has enjoyed for the past twenty years in France, this is only the second Ramuz novel to be published in

America. It is, moreover, the first really characteristic example of the author's work to appear over here at all, "The Reign of the Evil One" (published by Harcourt, Brace in 1922) having been written before he developed many of the eccentricities he has since made his own. In "The End of All Men," Ramuz outdoes Ramuz in highly stylized manner and in an insistent anti-literary quality that is, in an ingenuous way, enormously effective. The book (it cannot possibly be called a story, for there is absolutely no plot and no characters, either, in the usual sense) is built of atmosphere rather than incident. From a series of scenes which give the impression of being drawn instead of written, there emerges a universal catastrophe in which, at one stroke, the world is coming to an end. It is with this very last moment, just before the final condemnation of everything, that the novel is concerned. It is hard to think of any other writer who can propound eternal metaphysical questions with such simplicity, but if you are not in the mood to contemplate the metaphysical, maybe you had better sidestep "The End of All Men."

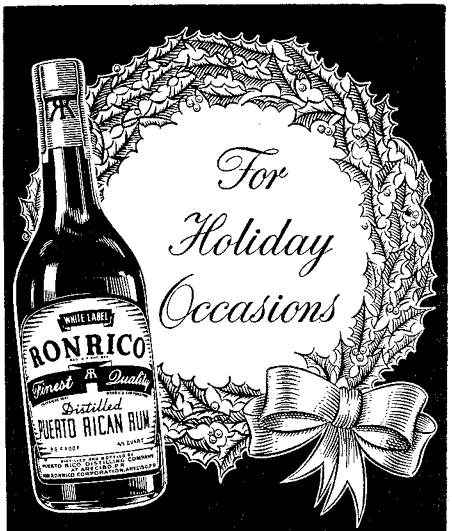
PERILS IN PROVENCE AND OTHER TICKLISH PLACES, by Theodore Pratt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A collection of short, brisk sketches, mostly from this magazine, based on what and whom the author and his wife encountered in France, Italy, and Spain, before the war, and in quite as ticklish Manhattan, Westchester, and Florida.

GENERAL

BATTLE REPORT, by Commander Walter Karig and Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley (Farrar & Rinehart). This record of the activities of the Navy, from Pearl Harbor to the Battle of the Coral Sea, is so much better than anything else that has been written about our Pacific Fleet (or any of our fleets) that a Distinguished Service Medal might as well be pinned on its jacket. There has been no other book quite like it, with the possible exception of "Combined Operations," Hilary St. George Saunders' one about the British Commandos, and perhaps it is the war book of the year. The authors, who had access to the Navy's official sources (they were ordered to write the book by Secretary Knox a few months before his death), naturally were a couple of jumps ahead of those correspondents who could draw only on their own observations and notebooks. However, it is not the factual material in the book that makes it such a fine job; it is the way the material is presented. The authors have made it a point to confine themselves to a description of what happened to the Navy's men and ships and planes and bases. They do not give helpful hints on strategy, they do not criticize battle plans, and they do not offer any logistic or diplomatic advice. Because of this, and also because they didn't mess up the works by trying to write what is called dramatic prose, their narrative has all the suspense and the excitement of the events they set out to describe. The story is one of nearly total defeat, in case anybody has forgotten the licking we took in the Pacific at first, but it was, as they say, a defeat of which nobody need be ashamed, least of all the officers and men who fought back with all the weapons and courage they had. The Navy's casualty list for the period covered, as well as a list of citations and awards, and many pages of maps, diagrams, and photographs, are included. Succeeding volumes are planned to cover the Navy's war in the Atlantic and the later Pacific operations.

EDWARD BELLAMY, by Arthur E. Morgan (Columbia University Press). The first published biography of the author of the Utopian novel "Looking Backward," which had so great an influence on American thought when it appeared in 1888. Mr. Morgan makes very large claims for Bellamy as a many-sided thinker and says that his psychological studies of the New England sense of guilt and the nature of personality might, if they had been further pursued, have led to work as important as Freud's, but it is impossible to judge of this, because Mr. Morgan is editing these papers to appear in a separate volume and has hardly discussed them here. A valuable book, based on unpublished documents, by the remarkable hydraulic engineer who has been both president of Antioch College and chairman of the T.V.A.

CHINESE WIT, WISDOM, AND WRITTEN CHARACTERS, by Rose Quong (Pantheon). An unusual and very attractive little book which is half instructive, half purely aesthetic. Miss Quong has undertaken to explain a few of the principal Chinese characters in terms of their pictorial ori-



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gins. She leads us from the simple to the more complex, illustrating with quotations from the Chinese classics and aided by beautiful calligraphic characters in red done by Dr. Kinn Wei Shan. A glance at this book will give you a better idea of what the Chinese language is like than the article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and it stimulates you to want to learn it.

THEY CALLED IT "PURPLE HEART VALLEY," by Margaret Bourke-White (Simon & Schuster). A portfolio of photographs, taken by Miss Bourke-White on the Italian front, along with a lot of words that tell about her adventures there. The photographs are fine.

THE U. S. A. AT WAR: U. S. CAMERA, 1945 (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The war through the camera's eye. This year's camera annual includes pictures taken on all fronts and, while it ought to be kept out of the children's reach, a better collection of war photographs hasn't been seen since Matthew Brady went out of business. There is one sequence taken in the Pacific by Sergeant John Bushemi of *Yank*, who was soon after killed in action, that is perfect photography, and there is a closeup of Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., taken by Harry Harris of the Associated Press, that tells more about "Old Blood and Guts" than anything that has been written.

ARTIST IN IOWA, by Darrell Garwood (Norton). A life of Grant Wood. Mr. Garwood, judging by his introduction, has spent the past ten years digging up facts about his man and has taken the trouble, rather rare these days, to organize his material into a narrative that has a beginning, a middle, and an end. His book, more often than not, reads like an extended feature story, but it manages to strike off a good freehand drawing of the man who did a much better job of painting his own portrait, even though indirectly, in such pictures as "Adolescence," "January," and "American Gothic." Illustrated with a photograph of the artist and black-and-white reproductions of nine of his paintings.

OUR FLYING NAVY (Macmillan). The story of naval aviation, from pre-flight school to combat, told in words and pictures. The words, which have been "prepared with the assistance of the Office of the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air)," are printed on big, flat pages like those of a child's story book and could easily be part of one. The pictures, by Howard Baer, Adolf Dehn, Robert Benney, Don Freeman, Joseph Hirsch, Lawrence Beall Smith, and Georges Schreiber, don't seem out of place. Introduction by Secretary James Forrestal, preface by Rear Admiral Arthur W. Radford, and a foreword about the pictures by Thomas Craven.

S. R. O., compiled by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell (Doubleday, Doran). Complete texts of the fourteen most successful (financially) plays in the history of the American theatre—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne," "The Two Orphans," "The Old Homestead," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Man from Home," "Lightnin'," "Peg o' My Heart," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Tobacco Road," "Life with Father," "The Bat," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and "Oklahoma!" Strange place, the theatre.

FIGHTING WINGS, by Gilbert Paust and Milton Lancelot (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A pictorial record of aerial combat from the first World War to this one. The photographs are not always as clear as they could be and the text gets fancy at times, but it is a good survey of the development of military aviation in the past thirty years.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GREAT BLACK KANBA, by Constance and Gwenyth Little (Doubleday, Doran). An amnesic young lady, rummaging through her suitcase on a trans-Australian express, finds papers apparently proving she is Cleo Ballister, an American actress, as well as love letters from several unknown young men. Things get even more difficult when Miss Ballister's fiancé and a number of her relatives board the train and one of them is murdered. A good idea, worked out in a rather slapdash manner.

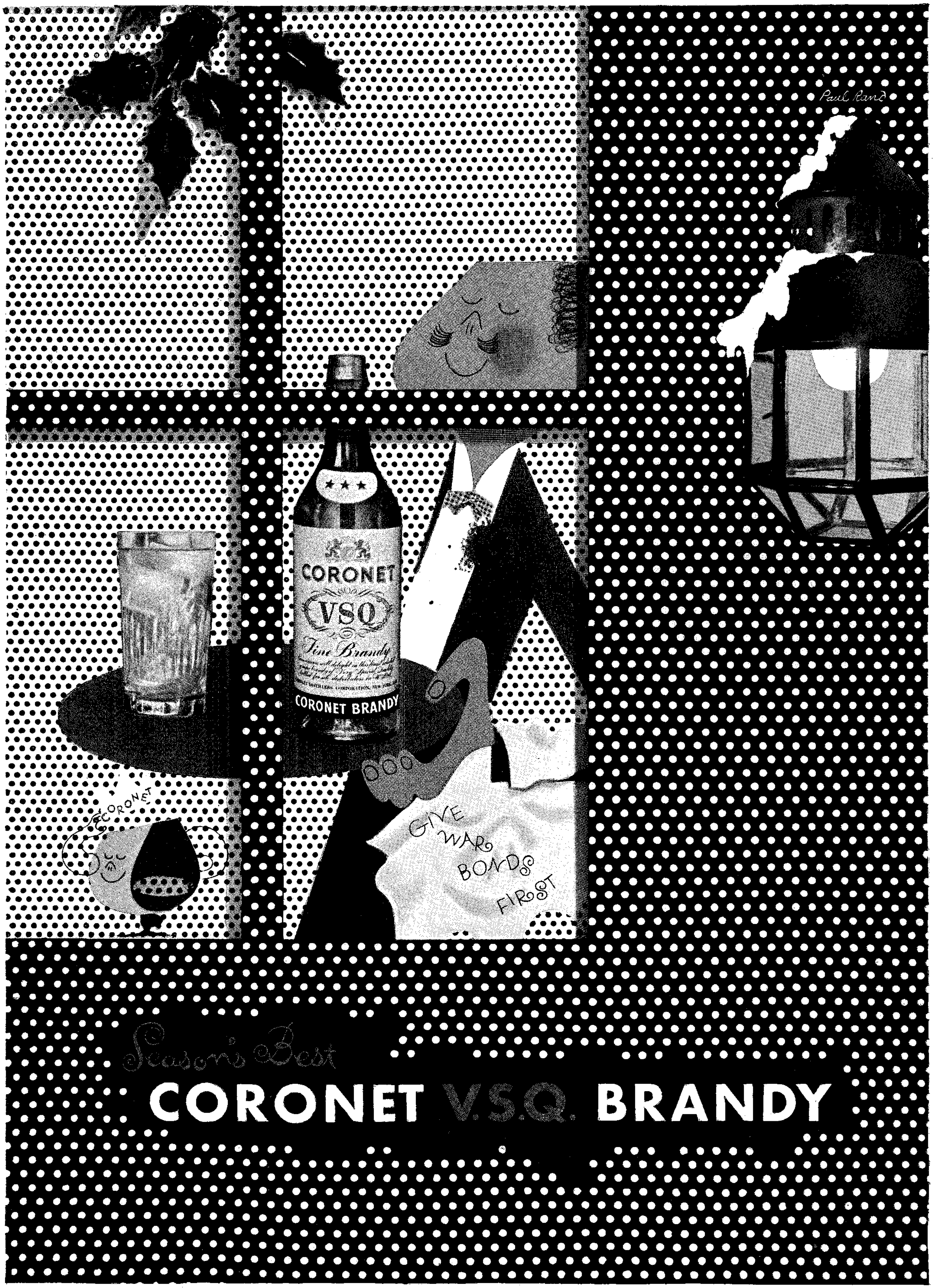
•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Peter Donald: The Jap Fleet is playing hide and sink.—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror, October 22nd.*

Lucky Millinder says that the Japs have perfected a new game: Hide and Sink. —*Ed Sullivan in the News, November 18th.*

News commenter Jim Doyle was giving dialers the lowdown on the recent big naval victory in the Pacific. "In fact," said Doyle, "that Jap navy sure is playing hide and sink!"—*Nick Kenny in the Mirror, November 20th.*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